

## Survivor

### The Devil Wears Prada

I am one of the last few standing, a survivor on a farm,  
Just along the outskirts of a small city.  
Like most that have made it this far,  
I live off of old canned goods and a healthy back stock of ammunition.

Greetings from extermination, Kansas  
Death in the midwest.  
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Death in the midwest.

Even with the godless reaching my property every few days, I am  
tortured by solitude.  
The whispering of the cornfields haunt me like the moans of my  
undead enemies.  
My depression grows stronger, its bitter claws around my neck.  
I will always be tortured, tortured by solitude.

Will anything get better for me?  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.  
Will this sickness ever leave this world?  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.  
I am haunted, I am haunted by all that surrounds me.  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.  
What I've known has been taken from me.  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.

I am one of the last few standing, a survivor on a farm,  
Just along the outskirts of a small city.  
No one living has been within this house since my wife died two  
years ago.  
Another occasion of when the undead came across some innocence  
Came across some innocence.

I will never see through this nightmare. I will never know sunlight  
again.  
I will never see through this nightmare. I will never taste her  
lips again.