

Pestilence

The Faceless

A flourishing plague consumes the masses
Emaciated figures dying in the streets
Boils and sores devour their flesh

Vital organs turn to sludge
This inescapable fate captures humanity
With everyhour more victims fall

Mass hysteria becomes the protocol

Civilization turns to savagery
With no hope for a cure in sight
Science becomes futile in the chaos
Diseased ridden humans play out their final
Days as ravenous animals
A bastardized version of man which cannot be reversed
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Limbs and appendages rot and fall off
Leaving hideous cratures in tormented hell
Mass fraves filled with diseased bodies
Spreading sickness posthumously
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Suffering life forms await death in the misery of defeat
Vital organs turn to sludge
This inescapable fate captures humanity
With everyhour more victims fall

Diseased ridden humans play out their final
Days as ravenous animals
Sinless torsos wither away