

A Catastrophe Of Epic Proportions

Through the Eyes of the Dead

Followers led to rot among their waste
A putrid path of torment and human debris
Infection of the soul
No purity
Tearing apart from the inside out
Sickness spreading further from the host
Spiraling out of control
As the 11th hour rears its ugly head
We embrace death as the only way
Consumed with fear and no apparent cure
Condemned as humanity's demise
Incinerated to remove the plague
Thrown to the fires screaming
Burning half alive
We are the disease
We are the virus
There is no cure
Only extinction
Insanity only a step away
The sun begins to fade
This foreseen image of madness and the sheer panic floods the s
treets
We are the disease
We are the virus
There is no cure
Only extinction
Sickness spreading further from the host
Spiraling out of control
We are the disease
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