

# 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 streets  
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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