

Necromancer

Zandelle

Crouching in the darkness listening for the slightest sound
Finger on the trigger, praying I don't die in this forsaken place
Filled with dread, my heart is racing
Never in my life did I ever think I'd see what I have seen

Two weeks ago, I was given my new orders
Travel to an island in a classified location
There I was to seek out my target which I was to eliminate
Mission was need to know / They felt I had no need
Orders shrouded in darkness / They left me in the dark
That was all I was told / They had told me
Nothing more

A mission just like any other, or so I thought
At first all seemed quiet, much too quiet
Through the jungles I traversed
My eyes and ears were focused on all sights and sounds
Toward some castle that stood for centuries
Unopposed was I

The only other information given to me was the ID of my objective
A scientist was he working for the enemy
On some top secret weapon that would turn the tides of the war
Little did I know
I was not prepared for what I then saw

Foul creatures swarmed in all around me
Vile creations once were human
But not any more
They are the living dead
The product of a mad man
A race of zombies designed for war

How I survived this long I do not know
Will I make it through the night?
I can feel that I've not long to go
I just pray that if I die
I will not become like the vile creatures I fight

How can I fight this evil spawn?
I unload my clip before one of them falls
For each one I drop ten take its place
I am losing this unholy race
Unending wave of the undead
Filling my soul with ghastly dread
I do not know how I'll survive
I pray I make it out alive