

Abhorrance

"Pestilential Mists"

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From suppurating sores
From bloated bodies
From bubonic blisters
The stench is slowly rising!

It's floating in the air
The reek of decay and death
As the infested bodies fester
Exuding this rotten breath
The air is warm and stale
With premature maturation
All medicines will fail
You can't stop the suppuration

Black Death, the pestilential mists
The disease is rapidly spreading
The Curse of god on the sinners
The Plague won't ask for a cause

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