

Fallen Victim "Infestation"

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Stepping, Cracking shells
Crawling on your back
Massing an attack
Strength in numbers

Crowds are gathering
Streets are blackening
Cries pass by unheard
No use for words

There is nothing beneath infestation
Urges in born
Path to meaninglessness

Days of pestilence
Are Swarming overhead
Primal mass as one spills out to
Obscure the sun

Breeding to ensure
Another day unpure
A night falls on this town
The insects raining down

There is nothing beneath infestation
Urges in born
Path to meaninglessness

There is nothing beneath infestation
Those who oppose the hive are lowered, consumed
inside

Devoured by the weak
No hope for what you seek
Alone we face their eyes
A martyr dawn will rise

Deny all that you are

To absolve

Fall, shake the ground

Exterminate

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