

The Acacia Strain "Angry Mob Justice"

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Beautiful day, you would hardly notice all the disease.
And we are all to become desperate, as desperation is
grounds for remorse.

And suddenly everything else bows down in
comparison.

When the blast wave hit, the impact burned paint from
the walls onto their skin, inadvertently mixing new hues
of green and blue that would never be seen again.

Human ash fell like snow as winter began around the
world.

Clouds covered every inch of the earth as the survivors
came out of whatever holes they found.

And the sun ceased its shine.

Radiation coupled with toxic fumes strangled whatever
was left alive.

And now the real horror begins.

This is when they begin to think.

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