

Oceano

"Viral Re-animation"

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The streets are overflown with the presence of
stagnant corpses.
The first victims of infection.
Their stricken bodies omit bodies a formidable stench
of dermal decomposition.
The vile scent has crept unto your doorstep.
Intruded your sensory glands, stimulating a thirst for
further investigation.
An urge you should never have acted upon.
Oblivious to the perils you've entered.
Presumed to be dead, the infected are resurrected.
Like a swarm they approach with malicious intent and
amongst them all you're surrounded.
The starving horded overtakes you.
Teeth and nails desperately serrate through delicate
flesh.
Their abuse rips open fresh wounds, exposing your
blood to their hazardous pathogens.
You're now one with the infected.
Soon to be revitalized by an unholy resurrection.
Let it spread.
With each person infected, the contagion grows
stronger.
Virally re-animated, through a continuous cycle, you
have risen as a vessel of contaminants by which the
contagion shall spread.

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