

Ritual Carnage

"The Perfect Strain"

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Behind sealed doors the plot is born
Complex pathogen
Modernizing ways to kill
You revenue at work
Chocking clouds of noxious fumes
Hover overhead
Internally feeding on the flesh
Implementing death

Smothering constricting
Impossible to breath
Plagues and virus seal their fate
Annihilation awaits

Slipping, the seconds tick away
A vile creation, devastation
No one is spared it's wrath

Create the perfect strain
Cower in fear the perfect strain

Blue suited, beauracrats
Funds their silent wars
Ignites and radiates
Demise of their world

Chocking clouds of noxious fumes
Hover overhead
Internally feeding on the flesh
Implementing death

Create the perfect strain
Cower in fear the perfect strain

Slipping, the seconds tick away
A vile creation, devastation
Infects the flesh without mercy
Swift and silent death

Smothering constricting
Impossible to breath

Plagues and virus seal their fate
Annihilation awaits

Create the perfect strain
Cower in fear the perfect strain

Plummet to, a shallow grave
The perfect strain, silent death

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