

Torchbearer "Pest Cometh"

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Microorgasmic agent of the reaper, ther bubonic
plague wielded high.
Brought from afar to the western Europe,
A sickness worse than any war, seal yourself away.
Run as fast as you can.
Still it shall end the day, no matter how fast you ran.
Pest cometh. Invisible, spreading ever on,
Until all is quiet and dead.
The great tool of death, the raiser of mundane hell.
Coming without warning in great speed.
A travelling bacteria, a death vagabond.
Seeing no difference between rich an poor,
Leaving nothing but the stench of rot.

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