

Zombie Apocalypse "Every Horror Every Day"

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What are you telling me,
With sideways glances
And demure disposition to what I want to hear?
And what's the difference
If you stay sitting for another couple of minutes
With your needs written into slogans?
You're so much more honest than me.
So much less of a joke.
Consuming.
Decaying.
Reliving every horror every day.
When you lay down to die
Will you forget the truth about the lie you lived?
Idle hands wringing your neck,
Flesh crawls right off of the bone.
Blood falling down from the sky.
Tears falling down like rats run from the light.
Silent genocide.

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