

## **Acacia Strain**

### **"Seacrest Out"**

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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 couples 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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