

## Acacia Strain, The "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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