

## **Devil Wears Prada, The "Survivor"**

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I am one of the last few standing, a survivor on a farm  
Just along the outskirts of a small city  
Like most that have made it this far  
I live off of old canned goods and a healthy back stock  
of ammunition

Greetings from extermination  
Kansas - death in the midwest  
Greetings from extermination  
Kansas - death in the midwest

Even with the godless reaching my property every few  
days  
I am tortured by solitude  
The whispering of the cornfields haunt me  
Like the moans of my undead enemies  
My depression grows stronger: its bitter claws around  
my neck  
I will always be tortured... tortured by solitude

Will anything get better for me?  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret  
Will this sickness ever leave this world?  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret  
I am haunted, I am haunted by all that surrounds me  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret  
What I've known has been taken from me  
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret

I am one of the last few standing, a survivor on a farm  
Just along the outskirts of a small city  
No one living has been within this house  
Since my wife died two years ago  
Another occasion of when the undead came across  
some innocence  
...came across some innocence

I will never see through this nightmare  
I will never know sunlight again  
I will never see through this nightmare  
I will never taste her lips again

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