

W.P.D. (World Pandemic Destruction)

Agent Steel

Raining from the sky
Sickness and disaster
Spider webs dispensing untold tiny sticky strands
Teeming with disease
Arrive while vaporizing
Germs are cast adrift infecting we who share the land

Hemorrhagic lungs
Drenched with body fluids
Suffocating liquid is the sharp edge of the sword
Tens of millions dead
Bodies stacked and rotting
Refrigerator trucks are used as temporary morgues

Painting trails to smear the sky
Governments colluding in this airborne genocide
Are we born to die?
The writing is no lie
The authors speak with pens of pesticide

Pandemic epidemic
The scouring of earth
A virus resurrected
The rebirth of a curse
And as we die a voice inside reminds us
We're betrayed
Let it fall
Let it rain
Cull the herd
Without shame

Don't believe the lies
We are all in danger
Offered not protection
But to illness supplicate
We've been bred to serve

But the need for us has ended
And like all pests to be controlled they shall eradicate

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