

## The Last Horror

### And Hell Followed With

I awaken to the darkness  
within this foul, decrepit place;  
six feet of earth, my entombment.  
Blooming forth from these wretched grounds,  
convulsing from pain of decay,  
we legions of the night proceed  
to perish those who buried us.  
I've never known a hunger such as this, before.  
Archaic hands, outstretched in seek of living flesh.  
The world will be enveloped,  
for we are many.  
In silence, we've risen.  
The dead stand side by side in mute.  
No longer will the world  
claim ignorance of our names.  
Knee deep in human waste,  
our hands and mouths full of innards.  
The walls of my confinement,  
no longer all I know.  
We walk, a thousand nameless remnants of the past.  
We walk, a thousand faceless remnants of the past.  
We walk with gruesome slowness in our every step. We crawl, we  
crawl.  
Flies, consuming all we know; the animosity of the grave.  
Flies, engulfing our loved ones.  
Their flesh shall sustain this blasphemous life.  
Hungering no more...  
"Oh God."  
We will hunger no more.  
"Oh God."  
We will hunger no more.  
I awaken to the darkness  
within this foul, decrepit place;  
six feet of earth, my entombment.  
I awaken to the darkness  
within this foul, decrepit place.  
Convulsing from pain of decay,  
six feet of earth a memory.