

Dropping Like Flies

Blood Feast

Hunger calling, stomach growling
No food around to feast
Haven't eaten for so long
Tastebuds no longer in need
Looking upon mirages
Of piles of infested grain
Bellies bloated beyond their limit
They're only filled with air and pain

The smell of rotting flesh
Fill the air from the dead
Utter madness
Eyes glazed over with
A blank stare, nothing said
Mind destituted

Extinction and sickness
Hovering clouds of stench
The weak ones will vanish
Human jaws taste human flesh

Now they're Dropping Like Flies
One by one
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Constant moaning and crying
Very hard to think
Only filthy water to consume
Famine pushing you to the brink
No one even helping
UNICEF, what a joke!
Must eat the insects
Fell them crawl up your throat
Excruciating pain
Amputate limbs for food
Convulsing stomach
Drinking blood to quench the thirst

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