

## Omen of Disease

### Broken Hope

Infected blood rains down with frogs,  
An amphibious, crimson deluge,  
Black clouds of locusts and flies,  
Choke every molecule of impure air.

Skies darken—a prelude to pandemic,  
Infected precursors—oblivion septicemic.

Rotting livestock, poisoned water,  
Witness dark and inauspicious signs,  
Boils and cankers eat human skin,  
Pestilence delivered, ravages us all.

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Infected precursors—oblivion septicemic.

Omen...I am the omen of disease,  
Omen...I am the omen of disease,  
Omen...I am the omen of disease,  
Omen...I am the omen of disease.

Black death and leprosy, Upstarts to morbidity,  
Ebola's hemorrhagic quickness,  
Harbingers of eternal sickness.

Omen of disease...  
Omen of disease...

A reaping coming for us all,  
Mortal flesh heir to necrosis,  
Premonitory offerings of sepsis,  
Apocalyptic pyorrhea bile.

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Horrific threats and warnings, yet eyes refuse to see,  
Impending plagues and cankered gods wield lividity,  
Super virus contagions, we're already dead.

Omen...

I am the omen of disease.