

Hollow Human Husks

Deeds of Flesh

The human race continues dwindling
Victim's reduced to hollow human husks
The obsessed juggernaut
Growing ever so massive
Enveloping by the hundreds
The remaining survivors
Into a labyrinth of dark tunnels
Twisting, knotting, and clotting

Burrowing deeper and deeper
Into the crust of the Earth
Out of reach from the known threat
The tribe descends farther and farther

Bestial vocals from above
Resonate and crescendo
Throughout the underground
Eroded mazes

Vibrations feed off one another
Growing in strength, size and power
Quaking the Earth

An avalanche of rock rains down
From the cavernous ceilings
Blocking all potential paths
Light morphs into darkness
And darkness to madness

The strong move as one
Relying on sound and touch
To lead the subterranean expedition

A crusade through
Through the stone labyrinth
Becomes a journey
Through the trenches of the brain
The sound of
Reverberated droplets
Birthed from stalactites
Mold into false commands

The psyche takes control of their bodies
Solo missions of the weak end in certain death
carcasses left to rot basking in decay
Corpses of the insane are found along the path

Once settles
Fallen comrades keep their tribe sustained
Some perish by famine
Their bodies are picked clean of flesh