

Fall In Disease

Immolation

Miles away the dead are left
Quarantined contain the death
Brought to man a gift from hell
Infectious blood devours all

Filtered through Your blood it flows
Your icy corpse frozen glance
Rapid spreading unrelenting plague
We`re sucked into its realm

Infected flesh... peels
Falls to the ground... rots
Rots in the heat... burns
Burns away

Vomit blood into Your hands
Hemorrhaging internally
Organs breaking through Your skin
Slow decay from within

Silent screams are never heard
Echo through the fields of dead
Doomed to face a painful end
Alone to die where You fall

Bodies now are thrown
Onto a pile, decay
Infect the populace
All behold the dead
Rest eternally
Now condemned to die
Eradicates our race

Ablaze in fire, corpses burn
Upon a mound of flesh
Cleansed in flames, this rampant plague
Crimson blood so pure

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Falls to the ground... rots
Rots in the heat... burns
Burns away