

Outnumbered

The Devil Wears Prada

We are outnumbered...

The virus has completely devastated over 150 of the world's major regions and is spreading rapidly.

At this point in time we know of only one method of killing the creatures: destroy the brain.

Beyond the guard of any loved ones who may have recently been in any sort of contact could be infected.

And if you find yourself out in a threatening position, please do not hesitate to act.

Again, this is not a test.

This is not a joke.

We as a species are overwhelmed.

We are outnumbered!

Standing at accuracy's demise we have reached the new world wasteland.

Population converted: One by one (one by one), thousands upon thousands.

Like scavengers on waste, like vultures on the sick, zombies outnumber the living.

We are the outnumbered. We are the outnumbered.

Find your post, find your shelter in hopes of outliving the undead.

Build your walls, maintain protection with ambitions of beating the odds.

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In a sea of stinking rot, in a place where living humans are no longer the hunters,

all the money in the world won't satisfy the enemy.... Hunted.

Hunted. Hunted. Hunted.

Standing at accuracy's demise we have reached the new world wasteland. Go...

Mankind is the losing faction; retreat is eternally hopeless.

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Find your post, find your shelter in hopes of outliving the undead.

Build your walls, maintain protection.... oh ya ...with ambitions of beating the odds.

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