Survivor

The Devil Wears Prada

I am one of the last few standing, a survivor on a farm,
Just along the outskirts of a small city.
Like most that have made it this far,
I live off of old canned goods and a healthy back stock of ammunition.
Greetings from extermination, Kansas - death in the midwest.
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Even with the godless reaching my property every few days, I am tortured by solitude.
The whispering of the cornfields haunt me like the moans of my undead enemies.
My depression grows stronger: its bitter claws around my neck.
I will always be tortured... tortured by solitude.
Will anything get better for me?
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.

Will this sickness ever leave this world?
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.
I am haunted, I am haunted by all that surrounds me.
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.
What I've known has been taken from me.
I have watched the world die, all I know now is regret.
I am one of the last few standing, a survivor on a farm,
Just along the outskirts of a small city.
No one living has been within this house since my wife died two years ago.
Another occasion of when the undead came across some innocence...
...came across some innocence.
I will never see through this nightmare. I will never know sunlight again.
I will never see through this nightmare. I will never taste her lips again.

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