Angry Mob Justice

The Acacia Strain

Beautiful day, you would hardly notice all the disease.
And we are all to become desperate, as desperation is grounds for remorse.
And suddenly everything else bows down in comparison.
When the blast wave hit, the impact burned paint from the walls onto their skin, inadvertently mixing new hues of green and blue that would never bee seen again.
Human ash fell like snow as winter began around the world.
Clouds covered every inch of the earth as the survivors came out of whatever holes they found.
And the sun ceased its shine.
Radiation coupled with toxic fumes strangled whatever was left alive.
And now the real horror begins.
This is when they begin to think.

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