

Infected

Obituary

Rot beneath below
Killing the chance to die
The rising of the dead
The pain denies the soul Even after the killing gently
Dissection of the light
The rotting of the soul
The pain realize the wounds, lives You light the soul
Killing ones they save
The rotting of the soul
Dying of the pain Killing the soul
Killing send you to your grave
Dying soon the one they save
Tearing rid you of your limbs Infection soon sets in
Peeling rid you of your skin infection
Coming soon the end of life
Die, cure you of infliction

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