Bloodlust

From Ashes Rise

Wild dogs are running, bearing their fangs to the scent of blood on the air,
ready to rip the flesh from our bones.
Until the cracks and hollows are scoured, scratching at the doors and begging.
Scouring the cracks and hollows for the last bit of life on the earth.
Wild dogs are running, bearing their fangs.
In shock and fury, bloodlust controls.
Lock your doors, the dogs want in.

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