Spit Forth the Dead

Benediction

Released from nether regions, bowels of the earth.
Seeping through cracks to foul the air above.
A lifeline to those to which sleep is eternal.
Concocted since the dawn of time.
To now release agonized souls.
Spit forth the dead!
Carried on the air, purity aiding the filth.
Seeking consecrated ground, sensing cemetaries in a blanket of dust.
Fertalizing the infertile from six feet under.
Intoxicating with false life, coaxing from the brink of decay.
Animating the inanimate, from wooden box to light of day.
Exodus from the ground, stale forms tasting air.
Each united in their cause, yet of it's ground.
Ground mates unaware.
Now the dead govern the earth.
All resistance to them crushed.
Life is now minority, the world another hell.
Wipeout!

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