

Return To The Sky (From Whence You Came)

Nekrogoblikon

Scanning the sky with eyes open wide, I'm not ready to die!
My hands are trembling;
They are descending down!

From the mountains... they fly!
From the seas... they rise!

Diving down from crimson skies,
The giant birds peck out our eyes,
Fight for your lives! Kill all of them!
Every last one will be dead!

Severed humans are flying left and right,
An arm, a leg, a spleen, our brains are taking flight!
They will take our organs 'til we die,
Dismembered bodies rain down from the sky!

Please don't feed the fucking birds!
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Panic erupts as the newscast airs,
Denizens of earth have just been made aware
Of the terrible fate that awaits them all,
The unbearable truth; the impending squall.

In the skies above, the birds all proudly soar,
Hungry for more,
Ready to pluck every being off the face of the Earth,
Breaking the infants with rigorous mirth.

Everyone is dead.
What was once the proud human race has been reduced to
Nothing more than common bird droppings.