

The Combine

The Acacia Strain

I thought I was dead.
Nothing moves in the land of death.
Nothing moves in the land of decay.
This is something I have always wished for.
Complete extermination.
A bruised and beaten mongrel gasping for her dying breath.
Ultimate extinction.
No remorse for anything.
No salvation for anyone.
You want a war?
Survival of the fittest was a bullshit lie.
The stench of rot owns the earth.
You want a war?
I'll give you a fucking war.
You wanted a war, so I gave you a fucking war.
I thought I was dead.
I'm the only one left...