

# Necromancer

Zandelle

Crouching in the darkness listening for the slightest sound  
Finger on the trigger, praying I don't die in this forsaken place  
Filled with dread, my heart is racing  
Never in my life did I ever think I'd see what I have seen

Two weeks ago, I was given my new orders  
Travel to an island in a classified location  
There I was to seek out my target which I was to eliminate  
Mission was need to know / They felt I had no need  
Orders shrouded in darkness / They left me in the dark  
That was all I was told / They had told me  
Nothing more

A mission just like any other, or so I thought  
At first all seemed quiet, much too quiet  
Through the jungles I traversed  
My eyes and ears were focused on all sights and sounds  
Toward some castle that stood for centuries  
Unopposed was I

The only other information given to me was the ID of my objective  
A scientist was he working for the enemy  
On some top secret weapon that would turn the tides of the war  
Little did I know  
I was not prepared for what I then saw

Foul creatures swarmed in all around me  
Vile creations once were human  
But not any more  
They are the living dead  
The product of a mad man  
A race of zombies designed for war

How I survived this long I do not know  
Will I make it through the night?  
I can feel that I've not long to go  
I just pray that if I die  
I will not become like the vile creatures I fight

How can I fight this evil spawn?  
I unload my clip before one of them falls  
For each one I drop ten take its place  
I am losing this unholy race  
Unending wave of the undead  
Filling my soul with ghastly dread  
I do not know how I'll survive  
I pray I make it out alive