Pungent Stench, Only Hunger Remains

Lifeless they are prowling Dark deserted streets Raw are their faces close is their sense of smell

Shadows of the past life Marked their facial expressions Forgotten are emotions And only hunger remains

Silent they are reeling Bodies cold like ice Lost in a dream Bones wrapped out in proud flesh

Aesthetic is the play Of their uncovered sinews Breed of the demised Signs of transistoriness

Deep inside Maggots and gruels have their nests Guts can be The home for a worm-family

They can't remember
The names they had once
Besides after death
Names have no consequence

They won't recognise
Parents, children and friends
memories are extinguished
And only hunger remains

Mouldy are their incisors
Appearance are deceptive
They're able to crunch a thighbone
It seems that they don't know compassion
Because they would even assault
A 3 years old girl in a wheelchair
Eager for booty and foaming
They rush at everything that moves
Believe me their greed knows no bounds
One bite of them is enough
And you will become one of them
You would lose your human nature

And only hunger remains