

Survivor

The Devil Wears Prada

I am one of the last few standing
A survivor on a farm
Just along the outskirts of a small city Like most that have made it this far
I live off of old canned goods
And a healthy back stock of ammunition Greetings from extermination, Kansas
Death in the Midwest
Greetings from extermination, Kansas
Death in the Midwest Even with the godless
Reaching my property every few days
I am tortured by solitude
The whispering of the cornfields
Haunt me like the moans
Of my undead enemies
My depression grows stronger
Its bitter claws around my neck
I will always be tortured
Tortured by solitude Will anything get better for me?
I have watched the world die
All I know now is regret
Will this sickness ever leave this world?
I have watched the world die
All I know now is regret I am haunted, I am haunted
By all that surrounds me
I have watched the world die
All I know now is regret What I've known
Has been taken from me
I have watched the world die
All I know now is regret
I am one of the last few standing
A survivor on a farm
Just along the outskirts of a small city No one living has been within this house
Since my wife died two years ago
Another occasion of when
The undead came across some innocence
Came across some innocence I will never see through this nightmare
I will never know sunlight again
I will never see through this nightmare
I will never taste her lips again

