

"EnRaged: The Poem"

# "EnRaged: The Poem"

By : Alex Sharpe

"Forever is never, at night they are clever. They will take your mind to the deepest, darkest pits and rape your soul. Their hands will bust open and break your skull. Their bloody fists will replace your face, and your soul will, forevermore, be an empty place."



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## "EnRaged: The Poem"

### EnRaged: The Poem

The infection is spreading  
The infection is here  
The infection is killing  
The infection is near  
The infection is feeding  
The infection is here

Forever is never, at night they are clever. They will take your mind to the deepest, darkest pits and rape your soul. Their hands will bust open and break your skull. Their bloody fists will replace your face, and your soul will, forevermore, be an empty place.

The infection is dire  
The infection is quick  
The infection is evil  
The infection is sick  
The infection is raging  
The infection is here

The darker the dark, the better they see. From their mouth, their eyes, comes the pain that they bleed. The more they want, the more they need, and the more they hunt, they see, the better they feed.

The Rage is coming  
The Rage is there  
The Rage is around  
The Rage is near  
The Rage is beyond  
The Rage is here

Eyes of Rage, eyes of blood. The more they feed, the faster they run. Their skin will fall off, baked by the sun. Their brain, and mind, turned into mush, fucked by a gun, and in their endless pain, will forever, never have fun.

The infection is spreading  
The Rage is near  
The infection is killing  
The Rage is coming  
The infection is here

He hunts you down. From this fucked up world he comes from he runs around, chasing his instincts, chasing the sounds, and killing in strife. In the endless pain, taken of life.

The blood drips down his face. His heart, at beat at over a thousand miles an hour. His bloodshot eyes, red as hell, as if stained by the devil. He hunts and he most certainly will kill. Beware, for he is... the EnRaged!

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