

Flesh

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A Poem About Zombies!



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Their bodies rotten there faces full of veins eyes glazed over with white

As They walk towards there victims they stumble and walk with a stiffness

Rotten teeth biting into flesh as they rip off skin

Blood running out of there victims as there victums die

All of them gather together and rip open a stomach and tear out intestines filled with blood and each of them eats a blood filled organ.

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