

Buried Dreams, Andromeda Strain

(Lyrics: Mendoza)

(Music: Mendoza)

A predator Awaits
His time to be discovered
Just waiting for a prey
The index case
He will spread the death
Through all the race
The horseman of the plague
Now it's useless
to pray . . .

Andromeda strain you will die soon
Loosing blood through every hole
Melena, myalgia and fever
Ebola-like disease

Now you have the touch of death
Deterioration by sweating blood
Repulsive body in
Agony . . .

The prophecy was true
Eradication of our kind
Alone we walk the path
Many of us will die
Only the chosen may survive this time . . .
Of chaos and death

Your face becomes a mask
Of expressionless white skin
From where the sunken eyeballs
Cry bloody tears that fall
Screams from all around
Everywhere the bloody eyes
That stare with the horror
Only death can paint
in the eyes . . .

(Chorus)

The prophecy was true...

(Solo Tono)

Struggling to breath
Walking through streets
Where convulsing bodies
Just fall and die
Before your eyes
The vision of the slaughter
Of a heartless killer

You see a pregnant women
With a fetal loss
And genital bleeding
There's nothing you can do
But pray for her
She died in a state of shock
And the pain of her lost

(Solo Ndua)

Your time has come
nausea , vomiting, bleeding, myalgia, fever
anuria, melena, delirium, tachypnea, convulsions
coma, stertor, death

(Chorus)
Has ended with our kind ?

There's no disease
That can kill us all
A few just may survive
There's hope, an other chance

(Lead Ndua)
But for now the silence reigns
Many corpses in the slaughter field
With their static bloody eyes
Just wondering why?
The smell of rotting flesh
Floats with the wind
That also carries the disease