

Lord Gore, Human Bot-Fly

LOST IN THE JUNGLE DEEP EMERALD ABYSS SEPARATED UNTOLD MILES FROM THE WO
STRANGLING UNDERGROWTH... THIS CLIMATE OFFERS NO HOPE
AWASH IN THE FILTH CRUSTED MUD AND FOUL EXCRETED WASTE SCABS FORM A RASH
TORRID BLISTERING HEAT DEMENTED PSYCHE CRUMBLING FAST
STENCH FETID FROM INFECTED WOUNDS RANCID GANGRENE GROWTH RICH WITH SICK
AS YOU RUN WITH MUCOUS FEVER FESTOONING YOU WITH BOILS NAUSEOUS GORGE E
SPRAWLED ON THE GROUND IN HORROR AND EXHAUSTION THE WHOLE OF YOU SKIN N
SOMETHING HAS YOUR SCENT A HUNGER STIRS PRIMORDIAL
CRAZED WITH THE FEVER SLEEP CONSCIOUSNESS A CRUEL FOE CONSUMED BY PATHO
NOW YOU SHAKE WITH FEAR AWAKENED BY THE WINGS OF DOOM
VILE LARVAE THE AFFLICTING PLAGUE AS AFFIXED TO THE WRETCHED ANOPOLAE BY IM
DERMATOBIA HOMINIS IS NOW CLINGING TO YOUR SKIN FORCED TO HATCH YOUR BODY
MOUTH RINGED WITH TEETH HOOKED INTO YOUR MEAT BARBED SEVERAL ROWS IT SEE
WRIGGLING DEEPER STILL ITCHING HORRID THRILL IF YOU TRY TO PULL THEM OUT THE

LEAD: MANIAC

GROWING FAT WITHIN UNDERNEATH SCABBY SKIN LIQUIFYING TISSUE TO COMPLETE TH
BRAIN IMPULSE ERODES SICKENING STIMULI ARE THEY REALLY THERE? OR MERELY MA