

Lord Gore, Trioxin

ENTER THE MORGUE OF CREATION
LIFELESS BODIES ARRANGED TO EXPERIMENT UPON
A CHAMBER HERMETICALLY SEALED
TO CONCEAL THE INSIDIOUS TOXINS WITHIN
DEvised BY MEDICAL MADMEN
AND EMBRACED BY NEFARIOUS MILITARY MINDS
TO CREATE AN INVINCIBLE SOLDIER
WHO FEELS NO PAIN AND REFUSES TO DIE
GAS ENERVATES THE BRAIN COMES TO LIFE
SPASMS RESULT IN THE CREAKING OF SINEWS
ROTTING CORPSES FLOP ABOUT THE TABLE
EYES OPEN WIDE NOW CONSCIOUS ALIVE
REFLECTING HUNGER AND CHAOS INSIDE
OVERWHELMING URGE TO EAT THE LIVING
STABLES OF MOULDERING BODIES
VARIED MASS OF DECAYED HUMAN BEINGS
SOME NEWLY DEAD OTHERS DRIPPING WITH ROT
STENCH ACRID THICK SLOUGHING FLESH DECOMPOSED
DRIVEN BY IMPULSES PRIMAL THE CRAVING IS ALL THAT REMAINS
GORGING ON FLESH TO FILL ROTTING GUTS
KILLING PAIN AS THEY FEAST ON LIVE BRAINS
ZOMBIES REBORN AS SOLDIERS UNDEAD
A CYBERNETIC REVISION OF LIFE
MECHANIZED WITH KILLING EXOSKELETONS
A CHEMO-TECHNO CONCEIVED NECROMANCE
HUMAN MEAT ENABLED BY MACHINES
SLOGGING FORTH A BRIGADE OF ROT
FOETID PUTRIFIC STINK FESTERING DECAY

LEAD: MANIAC

DRIPPING HORROR WALKING HAUNTING SOULLESS FROZEN EYES
SEEKING LIVING VISCERA TO FEED NEVER SATISFIED
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