

# Survivor

## The Devil Wears Prada

I am one of the last few standing  
A survivor on a farm  
Just along the outskirts of a small city Like most that have made it this far  
I live off of old canned goods  
And a healthy back stock of ammunition Greetings from extermination, Kansas  
Death in the Midwest  
Greetings from extermination, Kansas  
Death in the Midwest Even with the godless  
Reaching my property every few days  
I am tortured by solitude  
The whispering of the cornfields  
Haunt me like the moans  
Of my undead enemies  
My depression grows stronger  
Its bitter claws around my neck  
I will always be tortured  
Tortured by solitude Will anything get better for me?  
I have watched the world die  
All I know now is regret  
Will this sickness ever leave this world?  
I have watched the world die  
All I know now is regret I am haunted, I am haunted  
By all that surrounds me  
I have watched the world die  
All I know now is regret What I've known  
Has been taken from me  
I have watched the world die  
All I know now is regret  
I am one of the last few standing  
A survivor on a farm  
Just along the outskirts of a small city No one living has been within this house  
Since my wife died two years ago  
Another occasion of when  
The undead came across some innocence  
Came across some innocence I will never see through this nightmare  
I will never know sunlight again  
I will never see through this nightmare  
I will never taste her lips again  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

