

Paradise Delayed

[ZOMBIEVERSE - Orange County/California-Hardcore-Bands]

Von Grave

Prolog: Ground Zero

There's is nothing special to tell, nothing special to mention. I could tell you nothing you haven't heard already. Believe me. I'm the best person to tell you that.

It just happened like it always happens. Some humans don't know when to stop. Some humans don't know how to stop those humans who can't stop. Where it began doesn't matter. Neither that nor why. Details, small and minor as they are, don't matter. Not now. Not when everything happens or not happens. Or when everything is just over.

The result counts. Your life counts and who am I to believe, that when I find the beginning of all this... who am I to think I could be the person to stop it?

Day Zero was the day it happened or was already over or...whatever. When helicopters flew over the town, when the streets were full of cars, when every TV channel broadcasted the same.

Leave the cities. Come to the harbors. Come to the airports. Ground Zero. Ground Zero. Leave. Escape. Run. A Virus we can't control. Run for your life. Ground Zero.

When all towns and villages were submerged with people, with humans. What a sight for sore eyes, so many living, breathing humans trying to run for their lives.

But where to run? Where to fucking run? Just to see, that beyond the sea everything was looking the same fucking way. And that you couldn't get away, that one situation finally came where the whole world would collapse. Nowhere to fucking run.

And suddenly – I don't know, maybe two days? Maybe one week? – Everything was quiet.

Deadly quiet.

And not.

Something else was soaking the streets and the houses. Everywhere the same awful, rotten smell. A new time began in a few seconds.

In one blink of an eye, so fast spinning and crashing and breaking and coming to a halt. No cars, no harbors, no airports.

Nothing new, nothing special, and nothing you haven't already heard.

You don't believe how fast you can learn.

And how easy it can be to shoot your own family, your mother, father, sister, brother, friend and lover, right between the eyes.

When it comes down to it – God, there is no word for it. Scary isn't covering it a bit. When you realize that dying is not dying. That there are worse things than dying.

Your worst nightmare? No. Unbelievable? No. Too hard to bear? God no. No. No.

Don't you dare to even try imagining it.