

# Elvenking, Infection

(For all the ones who seek their dawn  
My wrath I breed, My wrath I spawn  
Behind a crooked cross they hide  
Forever I Shall be their bride)  
Amidst this fog my body twitches with the wolves growl  
A snuff utopia for the soul  
Wake up! emerging from this cruel poetry  
The real nightmare is the prison called reality  
I have seen to much waste of lives being thrown into the fire  
No way I'm gonna set you free  
You come to me with a piece of your shadow pretending to see  
Sown in my flesh the seed of your hatreds infecting me  
Dark embrace, cold embrace, sweet embrace unfolding  
Seeking for the end not written in your destiny  
This is not the cure and now I spill I spill on your deception  
Back to old "Hill Life Sanitarium" I go  
My home - my life - the only place I know  
No mirror holding the reflection of the emotions I feel  
And puppets hanging from the walls I see  
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