

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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