

Muldjord, Internal Degeneration

Flowing through your veins, growing deep inside.
It can not be seen, a master of disguise.

You won't feel a thing, of its evil fling, it lives in perfect symbiocity.
Crawling on your spleen, feasting on your genes, slowly forming an abnormality.

Crawling in you, deep inside.
Food and shelter, you provide.
Taking over, loose control.
Dominating, your soul.

Slowly you change, you will start to feel.
You will give in, to the parasite you kneel.

To the ground, you fall.
Your life slips away, the final call.
The parasite prepares, to drain.
The last bit of soul, from your brain.

The transformation is complete, the host comes alive.
Join the army of the dead, prepare to fight.

An ordinary human, it will pretend to be, now it lives in secrecy.
When the right moment comes, beating war drums, the world is in jeopardy.

Crawling in you, deep inside.
Food and shelter, you provide.
Taking over, loose control.
Dominating, your soul.

Slowly you change, you will start to feel.
You will give in, to the parasite you kneel.