

# Labyrinth, Infidels

Again bodies on the ground  
Covered by black shrouds  
One more time the holy war has left his scar  
But now is heavier than ever was before  
Into a school.... Do I need to say more??

A media speculation  
The pain here is for sale  
My candle keeps on burning

Infidels but so proud about it  
In the name of freedom  
Preachers without love and compassion  
Stay away from us

And now eggheads say the dialogue is the only way  
They don't have to dig another grave today  
Black widows, killers, pregnant of dynamite  
A little comfort is you too will die

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