

Legion Of The Damned, Chronic Infection

[Bonus Track]

[Pestilence cover]

Forced isolation in centuries of disgust
Disease of the soul, living lives which are lost
Muddled identities, living out days
Scaring it's victims, a formless face
Respiratory skin eruptions
With protrudes eyes they see
How facial features are rotting away
Mutilating, endlessly
Trapped, separated from humanity
Epidemic, fatal destiny
A foul odor from gangrenous parts
Incurable sick they'll be
Pain and suffering will stay
Bodies slowly will decay
Unable to provide curative treatment
Sudden death, morbidity
High, raise plague mortality
Corpses putrify horribly
Territories in dreariness
Neglected fields in what you see
People escaped
This unpredictable reality
Loss of men accelerates
Laicization of society
Extirpate indiscriminately
Bodies of the dead decayed where they had
Breathed last
Filled with fear, death is near
Belonging to the past
Thousands of man put away in isolation
Suffered from the chronic infection