

# Reinfection, They Die for Nothing

It wasn't important what they felt  
Absolutely lost, unconscious, helpless  
They were to die to satisfy the hunger  
And emptiness in a butcher's mind

Slaughtered one by one  
Feeling horrible pain  
They know the sorrow and despair was their destiny  
But the truth is like broken hope  
They die for nothing  
Being cut, gutted, destroyed  
Their rotting feelings-with no hope  
Nothing matters now  
When being cut like weeds  
They fall down into their predecessor's blood

And then others paralyzed by fear  
They perish like a weak race that was killed  
To stop inducing parasitic hazard  
But the truth.....