

# Infection

## Psychonaut 75

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 too 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 hatred's infecting me

    Woah, 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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    I spill on your deception, I spill on your infection

    I spill on your deception, I spill on your infection

        I spill on your infection

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The puritan filth, where ivy grows  
The poisoned tear, the thorn, the rose  
The sin, the pleasure, the sexual urge  
Is what I choose for my last dirge

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