Infection

Xperiment

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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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