The Swarm

At the Gates

Catch fire, just like a living disease
Unholy desire, a world on it's knees
Our burning minds, they are ridden of hope
In a dreaming utopia, dead on dapeA generation of obscenities
We have lost our faith in our own creativity
What is evil but good
Tortured by it's own hunger and thirst?The living end
The dwarfed soul of man
The living endThe sweetest of lies, it's embrace so warm
So void of life, one with the promised swarm
Our burning minds they are ridden of hope
In a dreaming utopia, dead on dopeA generation of obscenities
Our ignorance will be the end of humanity
A dead nation under one dead godThe living end
The dwarfed soul of man
The living endWritten in napalm over genetic wastelands
We move on, our fate is to die by our own hand
A dead nation under one dead godWhat is evil but good
Tortured by its own hunger and thirst?

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