

It feeds on the souls of the living.
And gets inside their minds.
Transforms their brains and their longings,
No consciousness it will find.

It feeds on their fears and emotions,
As it has for 2000 years
Its infected the Hindus, infected the Buddhists,
Kept them all in tears.

If you're nearly dead, it will keep you alive.
And if you're alive, it keeps you nearly dead.
It forces the body to seek uninfected,
And gets inside their heads.

Once your brain is infected,
It changes what makes you pleased.
It forces your body to seek uninfected,
And add them to the diseased.

And in this way it crept slowly
All across the land
But the wise and the strong can still join forces
Defending our last stand

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And if you're alive, it keeps you nearly dead.
It forces the body to seek the uninfected,
And gets inside their heads.