

## Infected

## Inquisicion

On the silence of this place  
Raise the head of growing pain.  
From the distant to your side  
Reaching highways far in time.

You're infected... Infected!

The poison's running like  
A bringer to the death  
An epidemic cold  
Forward faster going madness.

All the symptoms  
Blood, red, explodes  
It's the seed of  
Evil worms.

You're infected... Infected!  
The poison's running like  
A bringer to the death  
An epidemic cold  
Forward faster going madness.

Fools are waiting  
For these words  
They just listen  
Fancy wolves.

You're infected... Infected!

The poison's running like  
A bringer to the death  
An epidemic cold  
Forward faster going madness.