

At The Gates "The Swarm"

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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 dope

A 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 end

The seetest 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 dope

A generation of obscenities
Our ignorance will be the end of humanity
A dead nation under one dead god

The living end
The dwarfed soul of man
The living end

Written in napalm over genetic wastelands
We move on, our fate is to die by our own hand
A dead nation under one dead god
What is evil, buy good
Tortured by it's own hunger and thirst?

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