

## **Baphomet**

# **"Infection Of Death"**

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There comes a time in everyones  
Life where they dwell in death  
For some of escape the grip is what they seek  
For others, it's what they seek

Deep in my mind and flowing through me  
Is a plague that some can't see  
To blame it on your musik is quite absurd  
When it's brought on by your society

Infection spreading through my mind  
Turning my brain to pus  
Confusion comes so easily  
Infection of death I can't deny

To kill myself would it solve anything  
To focht this infection is it worth it to me  
The confusion I face everyday may be  
Beyond comprehension because of the life you lead

Condemn us and say it's help  
Torment for our good  
Cut our freedoms down  
Protest with what you differ

Challanged against everything in which we beleave  
Trapped in your society which tries to deceive  
With an infection of death spreading through me  
But one day our power will rise above thee

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