

Gbh **"Infected"**

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You wake up one day,
to find you've been thrown away.
You've got no energy to speak,
you're just too damn weak.

Infected, infected,
injected misdirected.
Infected, infected,
and to it we're all subjected.

Your true self can't be found,
too busy slothing around.
You're staring into the sky,
death reflected in your eye.

M8 debts are chasing you down the street,

you run along on unsteady feet.
Wonder why you've got a turkey attack,
with a monkey livin' on your back.

Go on and stick it in,
gotta puncture the skin.
All of your loves in vain,
it's like playin' with a train.

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