

Infected "Eternal Questions Of Existence"

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Run away from hell
Please, excuse my smell
Listen, now I'm dead
Fuck my if I sad

Why
You have to give
You've to forgive
You have to live

I can fly around
Pleaced of the ground
I can see my friends
Frig their balls with hands

It's my funeral
Ican see it all

Look - it's me in this coffin, I'm deaad
All this bastards pretend as thay sad
Fuck my aunt, It's so terrible sound
Oh, It's me, I'm at least under ground

You know what I mean
It feel like in dream
You free and don't care
What stuff you've to wear
Come on join me my friend
You'll find promised land
This bastards will suck
We'll newer could give a fuck...

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