

## Infected (ukraine) "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  
[CHORUS:]  
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  
[CHORUS]  
It's my funeral  
I can 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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