

Infested "Guiding Line"

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Here he stands, one of a million in a forest full of his kind

Captured by a voice talking to them again and again

Cutting through the skull into their brains

Lifeless eyes looking up to the throne

Waiting for new orders, the only guiding line

Fill up the red sea again, burn the corpses

Let the mechanical children grow up from the ashes

Clear the emotion sector

It's all a question of systematic surveillance

Reality is superfluous, a disturbing factor

In the voice they trust, no doubts at any time

Control is everything, the strenght that keeps the

system going

Pills for the organic tool, to get them up and down

Their lives reduced to this

It takes a period of time to make him listen

Taking out the colours from their eyes makes it so much easier

His decisions are routine

An automatic reaction with only one possible solution

Their pride is growing with every word they hear

Hungering for more, for the coming hibernation

Now they can take new orders

The voice still burning in the deepest thoughts

All seeking for perfection, this wish is breaking his mind

Maybe one will stand out, so he can carry the flag

The rest will burn soon and become a new breeding ground

Afterwards, they'll complete the process

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