

# Infested "Impulse"

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The death of thousands or one by the hand of men  
Countless lives ending at the same time  
Leads to a reaction, like a wave, a tremor through the  
whole  
Taking the way to somewhere else  
Or maybe staying at its place of birth  
Hanging above like a cloud of dust  
Waiting to come down, to unload the tension in this  
scene  
You feel it like a shiver, spreading and carrying what's  
gone  
A moment of peace, calm and deaf

Until it breaks down again  
It could be a beginning, it should be  
But the tightening ends like it began  
Time shows us the continuity  
Death follows death, for it's one  
Something changes, nothing without a reason  
And nothing is like it was before  
The wave finds the way to our hands  
It fades away taking some with it  
To create the balance, the silent shadow disappears  
And the next hands react

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