

## Chimaira

### "Malignant"

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[ Gibberish is the first verse spoken backwards ]  
Pollution of body and soul, the whole world is dying.  
Pollution of moral sin, there is no denying.  
Trapped in a swollen shell, barred away in a covert cell  
Encased by wire and thorn  
I stand and see, the hearts pour out of the hands which  
suffer.  
The Vile image encircles me.

In essence the substance is killed

Tainted in this authority, wicked is its rule.  
A cast of impure force  
Dine, the feast of the assumption is well at hand.  
Your physical appetite far surpasses any other.  
The putrid hate encompasses a million bleeding eyes.  
This is your way to kill the face of decay.  
With wounded lips, no voice will carry.  
And to the grave, corruption will take the blackened  
souls away.  
Wrapped up in the beautiful cedar boxes.  
The force had its way.  
Pollution of body and soul, the whole world is dying.  
Pollution of moral sin, there is no denying.

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