

The Infested

"Evolution Through Violence"

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Evolution through violence, only the violent survive?
All those living in peace don't mean a thing in our
history
Sooner or later they will pay
With their wives, with their lives
Is there no way out? Our aggression, the mother's gift
Hold them back in the distant cells
Two ways of coma, let them sleep 'till death
Or wake up the dirt for the last time
We wish our hands clean, a sterile procedure for
removing the crime
Only possible in a perverse society
They don't fear the death, it's every day life
But still I kill them all!
Don't you see the connection?
Murder, both legal and illegal
This most aggressive genotype, reserved for the
leaders of our world
The weak won't last for ever, it's the natural selection
When we reach the evolution's end, the beautiful and
final state of life
The closest to our creator
The clean human race, highest of all possible
A pure act of violence, at last
The day of chaos, the day of our redemption
Killing our own children
And so closing the circle, let it begin once again

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