

The Infested

"Grain Of Sand"

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An inhuman in our eyes, a failure
The mistake in the working clockwork, fullfilling our
thoughts
Isolated from the decaying outside, he's the one who is
inside
His consciousness is the far horizon
A grain of sand for a human being, nothing more,
nothing less
He took a fistful of it, just to see what happens in his
mind
The tour with the dead family, an indescribable
behaviour
Are we denying ourselves?
Behind the abhorrance there's more than admiration
Our secret wish, his deeds so absolute
Build up the walls of aversion, to stop the loaning
hands
His eyes are the only open, take a spoon
Deep inside us, the same image and desire
The fixation he knows well, take us under your wide
wings
The cripples judge the pillar, coarse grids for coarse
heads
He tried to cut off, but where is the sense among the
dead?

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