

## The 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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