

The Infested

"Raping For More"

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All we see are desolate similarities
Try to find the final ending of this
Never be able to look behind the wall of your hidden
face
Only a puppet with a knife, ready to destroy me
Believing in the unsure setting you've create, the chaos
But still there are some undaunted
Waiting for the showdown, for the resolution in blood
Their soul will be shorn and shaven
Underneath the wave of death
There is the deep black water
Waiting belligerently for the sense of life
Raping your family you beg for more
Your only strength are your followers
Eating and breathing your poison, while you abuse all
we are
Trained to bleed, not to think or to speak
Developing it to their psychological nature
Sharpen the knife you've got from the enemy
Our work is small and insignificant
The coming flood is the right end for you, but for me?
There is place for all of us, but you surely won't be the
last
The last one standing, 'cause I'll still be here
Waiting with patience, waiting with your knife
When the world is down and empty
I'll make you rape and kill yourself

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