

This is the volta  
Scuttle the ships, there's no return  
With our backs to the river  
I dream of it; am I a psycho?  
Watching you burn  
Nothing else feels this perfect to me

"Hands in the air"; salute or surrender?  
Close your eyes to open fire

We adapt, mutilate, replicate and survive  
Take your square from the arbiter of lives  
They look the same, the Right, Left, Rights  
But choose a side

The truth, the war; the rise, the fall  
The virus in our heads that infects us all  
Do you need it once more?  
Can you remember what it is we're dying for?  
Fighting for?

Unchecked it grows inside  
Urges for sororicide  
Apostates alone lacerate distant skies  
Little soldier, little girl  
Who used to love this fucking world  
To love, to despise: such a fine line

We adapt, we mutate, replicate and divide  
The hardest strikes always land when hands are tied  
Both the same: the X, the Y  
Choose your side

The truth, the war; the rise, the fall  
The virus in our heads that infects us all  
Do you need it once more?  
Can you remember what it is we're dying for?  
Fighting for?

The truth, the war

We adapt, we evolve, we destroy, we survive  
Outcome set long before we arrive  
Play the game: defect/comply  
But choose your side

The truth, the war; the rise, the fall  
The virus in our heads infects, manipulates our thoughts  
Once more: can we remember what it is we're dying for?  
Fighting for?