Blessed Infection

Darkest Hour

It sets in with a vengeance An attack on all the senses A paralyzing presence

They'll hunt you down One at a time They'll hunt you down one at a time

The closer they get There's nowhere to run from the ones with no reflection Hits when you last expect it Contagious and spreading it's blessed infection

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Defiled with malicious intent A sickness in your head A sickness with no end

Somewhere someone holds the cure Holding out on the rest of us Blessed and infectious

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