

## Pest

## Decapitated

It's raining birds  
Seagulls, nightingales  
They don't sing, they stink  
Feathers glow in the dark

Black clouds thicken  
Your shutters won't help  
No one to answer your prayers  
Lord of Flies sends his regards

What doesn't kill you makes you strive for death  
What doesn't wound you makes you cut your wrists

Fear not the sickness that harms your body  
This one will leave you in perfect shape  
This is the virus that kills illusions  
Fatal disease that opens the open cage

Be careful what you wish for  
Pitiful knowledge junkies  
Be careful what you pray for  
Your sheep chasing the slaughter  
You would have never thrown the dice  
If you had learnt the rules before  
But once you've started the game  
Don't leave the table  
Don't go home

Because

There is no home  
The war is on