

Infected

This Is Hell

And when they said this wasn't worth its weight in gold
We chose to clench our fists and spit in their eyes
Turn a deaf ear, a blind eye
To all the vultures looking for their chance to pick at our bones
A plague, disease
Breaking us down
Cancer, Red Death
It's in our bloodstream eating us alive
The poison pours down on us from high above
And seeps in through our skin
Ravaging our insides
With every antidote we try and each disaster we avert
We only add to the price we pay
We only add to the price we put on our heads
Scratch us, scratch us till we bleed
Inject the venom straight into our open wounds
A plague, disease, cancer, Red Death
Infected one by one