

Abney Park, Virus

It feeds on the souls of the living.
It gets inside their minds.
It transforms their brains and their longings,
No consciousness it will find.

It feeds on their fears and emotions,
As it has 2000 years.
It's infected the Hindus, infected the Buddhists,
And kept them all in tears.

If you're dead, it will keep you alive.
And if you're alive, it keeps you nearly dead.
It forces the body to seek the uninfected,
And gets inside their heads.

Once your brain is infected,
It changes what makes you pleased.
Your purpose in live is to seek out the healthy,
And add them to the diseased.

In this way it creeps slowly
All across the lands.
But the wise and the strong can still join forces,
Defending our last stand

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