

Labyrinth, Infidels

Again bodies on the ground
Covered by black shrouds
One more time the holy war has left his scar
But now is heavier than ever was before
Into a school.... Do I need to say more??

A media speculation
The pain here is for sale
My candle keeps on burning

Infidels but so proud about it
In the name of freedom
Preachers without love and compassion
Stay away from us

And now eggheads say the dialogue is the only way
They don't have to dig another grave today
Black widows, killers, pregnant of dynamite
A little comfort is you too will die

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