

This is the volta
Scuttle the ships, there's no return
With our backs to the river
I dream of it; am I a psycho?
Watching you burn
Nothing else feels this perfect to me

"Hands in the air"; salute or surrender?
Close your eyes to open fire

We adapt, mutilate, replicate and survive
Take your square from the arbiter of lives
They look the same, the Right, Left, Rights
But choose a side

The truth, the war; the rise, the fall
The virus in our heads that infects us all
Do you need it once more?
Can you remember what it is we're dying for?
Fighting for?

Unchecked it grows inside
Urges for sororicide
Apostates alone lacerate distant skies
Little soldier, little girl
Who used to love this fucking world
To love, to despise: such a fine line

We adapt, we mutate, replicate and divide
The hardest strikes always land when hands are tied
Both the same: the X, the Y
Choose your side

The truth, the war; the rise, the fall
The virus in our heads that infects us all
Do you need it once more?
Can you remember what it is we're dying for?
Fighting for?

The truth, the war

We adapt, we evolve, we destroy, we survive
Outcome set long before we arrive
Play the game: defect/comply
But choose your side

The truth, the war; the rise, the fall
The virus in our heads infects, manipulates our thoughts
Once more: can we remember what it is we're dying for?
Fighting for?