Infected

They're coming, taking over
It doesn't matter; they're inside and out.
I can feel it in my head,
No matter, I can't escape
My dreams, they reside there too.
I believe I've been infected

My home, my town have been infected
This fight, it's far from over.
I need to know, where can I run to?
I fear and feel there's no way out
If I run, my escape
Will be only in my head.

If it were simply in my head
Then I could write off this infection
As insane, but it's just an escape
And when it's all over,
My fictional way out
Would be damnable too.

Have you felt, or heard it too?
Come; confirm it's not in my head.
Will we work our way out?
Send me some cure for this infection,
And will you whisper, "It's over?"
Or that we need more than a hero with a cape?

I've found the way to escape:
It's larger than just us two.
Fight, for it's finally over.
It's not a way to get ahead,
But rid ourselves of this infection.
Only now, follow me out.

You said to me, "Out
Here, it's too bright," but escape
From infiltration and infection
Will at first be painful to
My untrained senses but ahead
I saw my problem's over.

Now I'm out, and it's all over.
My escape started in my head,
But was bigger too, because I was infected..

—*Andrew Pinkerton*