

Gojira, Rise

History erased my story, my ancestors
but I'm still alive
Clenched fist, I bite the floor
My eyes turn to red
I raise my voice, show my fury
Wide open to the sun
I put my hands in this source of light
In that constant energy

Present at my funeral
I know I'll rise
And meet myself reborn

Sculpt entrance out of rock
Now advance without a respite
Go back to the source
I raise my head