

Sepultura, City Of Dis

Symptoms of life, our disbelief
Punished for severed hope
Outcast in life for having an opinion of our own
Sometimes things have to be said
No matter what the cost we spend
Can't force tradition
It won't come from suffering
Won't be a victim
In this bloody system
Lost soul you'll burn for your believe

Cast in the city of dis
I know the world has a way to work out on it's own
Don't need the insanity
Faith must be earned
I can live, with myself
I have faith, in myself

Can't force your own ways of tradition
It won't come from the suffering of victims
Can't believe in this filthy bloody system
Fires won't burn our right to have opinions

I can live, with myself
I have faith, in myself