

Sepultura, Floaters In Mud

Stuck in the ground
Shopping for the support, nothing can be found
The mind floats around
Crashing back and forth, never really stopping

Turn around and try to face yourself
You may think it looks like someone else

Look from the outside, they don't heal
I'm passing through, shaking hands
Eyeless, shit-faced, they're not real
Mud in the brain, all insane

Turn around and try to face yourself
You may think it looks like someone else

Raw display of pain
No shelter, refugee

Floaters in mud
Turn around and face yourself...