

# Sepultura, From The Past Comes The Storms

The sky throws up storms trying to avenge itself  
You feel a pain that burns your flesh  
Your reflection inside the mirror  
Shows a past soiled by the blood of innocents  
The human greed will be their own destruction  
The apes in their cages surrounded by thorns  
That are forcing us to live here

I feel an urge to melt and go through cracks  
To vanish like a fossil that will be found  
Flying on the universe  
Brains of armed lives hidden in pits  
It's a fight of dwarves strengthening the giants  
They are sons of the same father, fruit of the same mother  
All of them cry together in despair

But what's heard is only the buzz of flies  
Over the rotten flesh  
There's no more safe ground to be on  
Everybody around you reflects an image  
Distorted and wounded  
I can hear the cry of a million souls  
That have been already marked by their deaths  
While the laughs of satisfaction echo endlessly...

Insanity - lacerating the last sanity  
Endlessly - still remains on minds  
Lunacy - masses smashed by a holy shit  
No regret - from the past comes the storms

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