

Sepultura, Hungry

Rotting skinny corpses left alone
They're like an endless disease
Invisible, painful, eternal
Creatures fucked by a greedy past

Since you are born
You want to make money and power
A simple fuel to the corrupt
Way of mankind

Hungry for living, to live like a slave
Without knowing your master
You have no value, you're just another one
Death will quench your hunger

Hunger for confidence
To shake the hand of your best friend
And later to be betrayed
The law rules the mind of ignorance

Hungry for pleasure
You act like a robot
The tears in your eyes
As red as blood

Your pleasure is pain
Your pleasure is torture
Hunger is your pleasure
Hungry for the future