

Sepultura, Ostia

The skies are open before me
The crowd of souls in sudden flight
Hoping for prayers in the world

Late repentant, no stain from hell
I thought the worst had, I thought the worst had past
I will not trust what I can not see
None will have the time to strike a blow - the final blow

Hell - no stain from hell
Those fools are the ones we vote for
The kings and rules of negligence
Taking a nation to lead in decay
A shade announcing another law
Can not believe I couldn't escape
No chance to leave this plague
I have to be cleansed, from all the blame
The final blow!