Sepultura, The Past Reborns 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 - laceraring 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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