

Turbo, Embryo(ang.)

Standing on the edge of a precipice, looking downwards
You think whether to jump, whether to break life
A Life that does hurt, life which still is the tool of wars
You wage inner war
You do not give up
Still there is something wrong as you are hit on your shoulders,
youve got broken neck
You would like to make out, to go with them
But something does not let you
You wage inner war
Embryo
Of evil
Having nation in your power, looking straight,
you think whether to jump, whether to break life,
life that does hurt, life which is the tool of wars,
face to face, its looking and smiling
Embryo
Of evil