

# Cadaveres De Tortugas, Idols Without Regret

In plastic world a new day  
You don't wanna see  
Its reality you must feel  
The taste of the filth  
It's in your &lt;i>[dirty]&lt;/i> mouth  
Deep under your skin  
These are broken worms  
Try to grasp them

It must burn and hurt & cause that pain

You're lying into the faces  
You're smiling in the mirror  
You give a faith, an idol  
Devices in the hard of the terror

Dirty dignity surface  
Just scream of a slave  
Just spies in the whole life  
Stupid self break  
Supplication, imploring hands  
There's nothing to help  
It isn't worth it  
to worry about someone else