

# Cadaveres De Tortugas, Misgiving 2000

A dream made of plastic  
Desire sways me  
Death by the central power  
Will find you maybe

Torture-awakening  
Brain-dead loneliness  
Mass drifts with the current  
Are they really humen?

I hate this techno-logical belief  
I don't wanna talk to answering machines  
Mass-loneliness in this age of disease  
Why don't you let me hide behind my dreams?

Soul has been left behind  
Blind fight into a passion  
Sell yourself as a member of the  
daily-routine nation

Don't run away, you can't  
Machine keeps eyes on you  
They can't see through your walls  
Your mind has been bought