

# Gojira, Satan Is A Lawyer

Lawyer talks, he's so correct, he is respect  
He learned how to make you feel safe  
and kill you with a smile  
And the food so fast, the hair so clean  
The moon so far, fire so weak

All those words flying in the air  
Cannot see the stars  
Images, colors, like wrong perfection  
Wash my brain, dirty it's so clean  
But who are you?  
The mixture has no smell

Soon you will sit on the bench  
of those who deny I have my soul  
You sell a dream you create  
Condemned by what you condemned before  
Smooth are the words you sing down and high  
Underground is your joy your laws  
Satan is a lawyer  
You choose the appearance of the futile  
Trapped, a coner stops your back, you're out  
Before you grow you will die...