

# Gojira, Toxic Garbage Island

Mysterious form, soul in the dark  
under this heavy sealing concrete waves  
Followed by servants, funeral cortege  
this pale ghost is gathering his strength

Ghost, pale, the procession is crawling

Plastic form dead things it is now so clear  
How could I fail to understand  
Cities are burning the trees are dying  
My heart awake but still  
pain is killing me  
Pain is killing me

Take this pestilent destruction out of my way  
The great pacific garbage patch is exhausting  
And the world is sliding away  
in a vortex of floating refuse  
With the sacred one you have lost

Plastic bag in the sea  
Plastic bag in the sea  
Plastic bag in the sea  
Plastic bag in the sea