

III Nino, Revolution/Revoluci

We are given this knife, now we're taking their life
The pact is made;
We sold our souls for nothing more
The strands of life were once frayed
And now we're sacred and afraid
Living out the dreams that seem to be delayed

Que so mos libre pero un cancer
You say that you have found the answer
The future's not for me in your society
The light you see is never what it seems to be

Confusion, illusion
The nation that you took from me
Is one in which I won't burn
Because you won't learn that this is my
Turn to return

You can't sell us what you steal
We won't buy what isn't real
Our lives aren't secure;
Our hearts won't endure
Fuck you and your...

Y mi futuro es Negro, que yo soy un peligro
The vision that is sold
Just never seems to grow
The life that you cannot mold
Tu dices que es tu dolo
The fact is played, the story's old,
I'm fucking cold
To be like you and have your actions
To buy into the new perceptions
Of how my life should be, the vision I
Should see
The future and the light is not what seems
To be

Confusion, illusion
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Is one in which I won't burn
Because you won't learn that this is my
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We won't buy what isn't real
Our lives aren't secure;
Our hearts won't endure
Fuck you and your...

Fuck you and all your ways

Revolution/Revolucion!
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