

# Sepultura, Apes Of God

You can't look in these eye's  
Can't live out these lies  
Walk the walk, talk the talk

It doesn't leave my head staining my cells grey  
This all the thanks that I get from you  
Feed the fear, nothing's clear

You hear me, you  
You hear me, you

There's no rest for consequences of guilt  
Facing my own doubts about what is actually real  
I told myself that I would live again  
Lost all cause fought them all to the end  
All my aspirations fell to the bottom of hell  
The womb of mother earth is bleeding losing a son  
Can't deny, our decline

You hear me, you  
You hear me, you

Feed the fear, nothing's clear  
Walk the walk, talk the talk