

Sepultura, Beneath The Remains

In the middle of a war that was not
started by me
Deep depression of the nuclear remains
I've never thought if, I've never thought
about
This happening to me
Proliferations of ignorance
Orders that stand to destroy
Battlefields and slaughter
Now they mean my home and work

Who has won?
Who has died?
Beneath the remains

Cities in ruins
Bodies packed on minefields
Neurotic game of life and death
Now I can feel the end
Premonition about my final hour
A sad image of everything
Everything's so real

Who was won?
Who has died?

Everything happened so quickly
I felt I was about to leave hell
I'll fight for myself, for you, but so what?

To feel a deep hate
To feel scared
But beyond that, to wish being at an end
Clotted blood
Mass mutilation
Hope for the future is only utopia

Mortality, insanity, fatality
You'll never want to feel what I've felt
Mediocrity, brutality, and falsity
It's just a world against me

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Who has won?
Who has died?
Beneath the remains