

Sepultura, R.I.P. (Rest In Pain)

Fast death, disenchanted by life
Marked by envy and scorn
Show to the world his mortal hate
Die with regret
There's no light and there's no air
The rose's smell corrodes me
A deep agony possesses me
To be forgotten under a burial

Rest in pain
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You wake up lying on wet ground
Worms corrode your flesh
Pick up your own eyes
Watch your septic end
To shout at someone and not to be heard
The silence supports the paranoia
To die crying, this is my fate
The life I choose

Schizophrenia
Paranoia
Insane death
Rest in pain

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