Sepultura, Sarcastic Existence

Humidity could be felt on the walls Touched with the palm and used to scare They used to sweat, they used to stink Everything swamped and hot

But in the corner, laying on a bed A cold piece, made to stay alive Trapped within its body It could not think anymore

Thoughts of times of sanity
The world was isolated
Where the sun would salute him
And the night was violent

Fear and guilt Invade the corners of the room Pain was felt constantly They keep on destroying

It could be seen through the window The eye of disgust and scorn When you hear the laugh of a madman That's about to die

To suffer alone in disgrace His hate is his own Always hating being alive Sarcastic existence