

# 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