Sepultura, Urge

Revolting manner of handling power Perpetrating lies and misery Fifty years of progress in five People living only to survive

The child is suffering a mother's deadly dream I'm fed up to see them being mistreated I'm always feeling like i'm being cheated No honest meanings the way i'm treated

Multi racial society
Degradation of liberty
Urban warfare at all levels
Politicians rethinking his measures

I'm deep inside A sea of mud The underground South of the world

Can't control my urge Rule my urge Can't control my urge Ruled by urge

Between the shacks and arid soil The concrete jungle with trees of steel Between the millions confronting faces Confusing crowds with distant traces

Soldiers out there drug dealing Warriors of the raw feelings Side line control trespassing over Dictating rules and committing the crimes

I'm deep inside A sea of mud The underground South of the world

Can't control my urge Rule my urge Can't control my urge Ruled by urge