

Apes of God

Sepultura

You can't look in these eyes
Can't live out these lies
Walk the walk, talk the talk It doesn't leave my head, staining my cells grey
This is all the thanks that I get from you
Feed the fear, nothing's clear You hear me, you
You hear me, you There's no rest for consequences of guilt
Facing my own doubts about what is actually real
I told myself that I would live again
Lost all cause, fought them all to the end
All my aspirations fell to the bottom of hell
The womb of Mother Earth is bleeding, losing a son
Can't deny our decline You hear me, you
You hear me Walk the walk, talk the talk
Feed the fear, nothing's clear

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