Toxic Garbage Island

Gojira

Mysterious form, soul in the dark
Under this heavy sealing concrete waves
Followed by servants, funeral cortge
This pale ghost is gathering his strengthGhost, pale, the procession is crawlingPlastic form dead things, it is now so clear
How could I fail to understand
Cities are burning, the trees are dying
My heart awake but still
Pain is killing me, pain is killing meTake this pestilent destruction out of my way
The great pacific garbage patch is exhausted
And the world is sliding away in a vortex of floating refuse
With the sacred one you have lostPlastic bag in the sea
Plastic bag in the sea
Plastic bag in the sea
Plastic bag in the sea

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