

# 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 strength  
Ghost, pale, the procession is crawling  
Plastic 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 me  
Take 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 lost  
Plastic bag in the sea  
Plastic bag in the sea  
Plastic bag in the sea

Lyrics provided by

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