

Nomad

Sepultura

Traveling through the time
Moving slowly in the sand
Knowledge is the weapon
'Gainst the hunger in the landSolitude met herself
Lessons from the primal step
Memories from ending life
Liars can't stop the tribesNomad, nomad
Nomad, nomadBrother is the son of rape
The blood that once unites
Wanna choose the way they die
Look inside their mindsEchoes in the actual tribe
No longer sounds
The ancient teachings failed
Movement of my culture
My beliefs have no more talesWho are you to criticize
To judge and burn the tribes?
The world will be extinct
And your flesh will rot with mineNomad, nomad
Nomad, nomad, nomad

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