

# Septic Schizo (Reissue)

## Sepultura

At the time of my last pain  
I scream, so I can run away  
What I see in front of me  
Is only the reflection of my insanity  
Throwing me to the present  
Alone almost in despair  
My head throws itself against the wall  
Making my blood flow free of me  
To be born again, it'll be a sad destiny  
To seek death when it's inside of myself  
I throw up trying to put it out  
I try to sleep sitting on the cold ground  
Reminders from the past  
Repulsion of the present  
Fear of the future  
Septic schizo [Repeat: x3] Stained by blood on the face  
I see that my life goes by in front of me  
As an old movie. I feel not proud of anything I've done  
I scorn myself with anguish  
My nerves are blowing  
Inside of me my skin burns  
I sink my toes on the ground  
I wanna quit; but I don't wanna enter another place  
I'm marked and wounded, the decaying of my thoughts  
The rotten smell on my skin  
The cold body, thrown and forgotten  
I can see things, but I'm blinded to the world

Songwriters

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MAX  
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