

Beneath The Remains.

Sepultura

In the middle of a war that was not started by me
Deep depression of the nuclear remains
I've never thought of, I've never thought about
This happens to me
Proliferations of ignorance
Orders that stand to destroy
Battlefields and slaughter
Now they mean my home and work Who has won?
Who has died? Beneath the remains
Cities in ruins
Bodies packed on minefields
Neurotic game of life and death
Now I can feel the end
Premonition about my final hour
A sad image of everything
Every thing's so real Who has won?
Who has died? Everything happened so quickly
I felt I was about to leave hell
I'll fight for myself, for you
But so what? To feel a deep hate
To feel scared
But beyond that
To wish being at an end Clotted blood
Mass mutilation
Hope for the future
Is only utopia Mortality, insanity, fatality
You'll never want to feel what I've felt
Mediocrity, brutality and falsity
It's just a world against me Cities in ruins
Bodies packed on minefields
Neurotic game of life and death
Now I can feel the end
Premonition about my final hour
A sad image of everything
Every thing's so real Who has won?
Who has died?
Beneath the remains

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