

# To the Wall (Rough Mix)

## Sepultura

To the wall-clams the soldier  
My last steps march to the death  
Last wills! Hell! This is idiotism  
Fuck off to me. Fuck off to all of you  
To the death, I raise my head  
My last moments-it's my existing countdown  
A cry for mercy trapped in my throat  
But even in hell there's a place for cowardsThe burning sun over my head  
The troop is coming, compassion I dismiss  
Sentence of death pounding on my back  
There's no hiding when you're thrown against the wallTo paradise ,the priest is saying  
Blessing my death  
He's standing in front of me  
His merciful sight sickens me  
He says that soon I'll have my judgment  
I'll kneel down in front of the LordAnd he asks me to regret my sins  
But it's too late  
Growling words from the bible  
Raising my agony  
Oh God !  
How I'd like to have my hands untiedThe wall I'm facing now  
Seeing my life going through my eyes  
Feeling death behind my back  
An acrid taste of defeat tormenting my last years  
And when I feel my body behind  
Punched Smashed  
There's no pain just silence  
My last breath echoing spreading through the air  
My body in pieces a stream of bloodBloody drops whipping the wall  
The silent wall that has understood my silence  
The silence that was a prisoner of my soul  
Is my soul that now is the ruler of the worldTo the wall

Songwriters

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XISTO JR. Published by

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