

Beneath the Remains (Reissue)

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 happening to me Proliferations of ignorance
Orders that stand to destroy
Battlefields and slaughter
Now they mean my home and my 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
Everything'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
Everything's so real Who has won?
Who has died?
Beneath the remains

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