

Urge

Sepultura

Revolting manner of handling power
Perpetratin' glies and misery
Fifty years of progress in five
People living only to surviveThe child is suffering a mother's deadly dream
I'm fed up to see them being mistreated
I'm always feeling like I'm being cheated
No honest meanings the way I'm treatedMulti-racial society
Degradation of liberty
Urban warfare at all levels
Politicians rethinking his measuresI'm deep inside a sea of mud
The underground, South of the worldCan't control my urge
Rule my urge
Can't control my urge
Ruled by urgeBetween the shacks and arid soil
The concrete jungle with trees of steel
Between the million of confronting faces
Confusing crowds with distant tracesSoldiers out there drug dealing
Warriors of the raw feelings
Side line control trespassing over
Dictating rules and committing the crimesI'm deep inside a sea of mud
The underground, South of the WorldCan't control my urge
Rule my urge
Can't control my urge
Ruled by urge

Songwriters

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