

To the Wall (Reissue)

Sepultura

To the wall claims the soldier
My last steps march to the death
Last will's Hell this is idiotism
Fuck off to me, fuck off to all of you
To the death I raise my hand
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 cowards
The burning sun over my head
The troop is comin', compassion I dismiss
Sentence of death pounding on my back
There's no hiding when you're thrown
Against the wall
To 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
Ill kneel down in front of the Lord
And 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 untied
The 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 being
Punched, smashed there's no pain, just silence
My last breath echoing, spreading through the air
My body pieces in a stream of blood
Bloody 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 world
To the wall
Ha ha ha

Songwriters

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