

Ostia

Sepultura

The skies are open before me
The crowd of souls in sudden flight
Hoping for prayers in the world

Late repentant, no stain from hell
No stain from hell

I thought the worst had, I thought the worst had past
Thousands of people, they have no face
I will not trust what I can not see
None will have the time to strike a blow
The final blow!
The final blow!

Hell - no stain from hell
Those fools are the ones we vote for
The kings and rules of negligence
Taking a nation to lead in decay
A shade announcing another law
Can not believe I couldn't escape
No chance to leave this plague
I have to be cleansed, from all the blame

The final blow!

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