

Cadaveres De Tortugas, Idols Without Regret

In plastic world a new day
You don't wanna see
Its reality you must feel
The taste of the filth
It's in your <i>[dirty]</i> mouth
Deep under your skin
These are broken worms
Try to grasp them

It must burn and hurt & cause that pain

You're lying into the faces
You're smiling in the mirror
You give a faith, an idol
Devices in the hard of the terror

Dirty dignity surface
Just scream of a slave
Just spies in the whole life
Stupid self break
Supplication, imploring hands
There's nothing to help
It isn't worth it
to worry about someone else