

# Sepultura, Beneath The Remains

In the middle of a war that was not  
started by me  
Deep depression of the nuclear remains  
I've never thought if, 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 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 was 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

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