

# Sepultura, City Of Dis

Symptoms of life, our disbelief  
Punished for severed hope  
Outcast in life for having an opinion of our own  
Sometimes things have to be said  
No matter what the cost we spend  
Can't force tradition  
It won't come from suffering  
Won't be a victim  
In this bloody system  
Lost soul you'll burn for your believe

Cast in the city of dis  
I know the world has a way to work out on it's own  
Don't need the insanity  
Faith must be earned  
I can live, with myself  
I have faith, in myself

Can't force your own ways of tradition  
It won't come from the suffering of victims  
Can't believe in this filthy bloody system  
Fires won't burn our right to have opinions

I can live, with myself  
I have faith, in myself