

Sepultura, Dead Embyonic Cells

Land of anger
I didn't ask to be born
Sadness, sorrow
Everything so alone

Laboratory sickness
Infects humanity
No hope for cure
Die by technology

A world full of shit coming down
Tribal violence everywhere
Life in the age of terrorism
We spit in your other face

War of races
World without intelligence
A place consumed by time
End of it all
Chorus:
We're born
With pain
No more
We're dead
Embryonic cells

Corrosion inside_we feel
Condemned future_we see
Empitness calls_we hear
Final premonition_the truth

Land of anger
I didn't ask to be born
Sadness, sorrow
Everything so alone

Laboratory sickness
Infects humanity
No hope for cure
Die technology
Chorus:
We're born with pain
Suffer remains we're born
With pain suffer
We're dead
(ENVIADO POR Marcel. M. C)