

Sepultura, Nomad

Travelling through the time
Moving slowly in the sand
Knowledge is the weapon
Against the hunger in the land

Solitude met herself
Lessons from the primal step
Memories from an ending life
Liars can't stop the tribes

Nomad, Nomad, Nomad, Nomad

Brother is the son of rape
The blood that once unites
Wanna choose the way they die
Look inside their minds

(echoes in the)
Actual tribe no longer sounds
The ancient teachings failed
Movement of my culture
My beliefs have no more tales

Who are you to criticize
To judge and burn the tribes
The world will be extinct
And your flesh will rot with mine

Nomad, Nomad, Nomad, Nomad