

# Sepultura, R.I.P. (Rest In Pain)

Fast death, disenchanted by life  
Marked by envy and scorn  
Show to the world his mortal hate  
Die with regret  
There's no light and there's no air  
The rose's smell corrodes me  
A deep agony possesses me  
To be forgotten under a burial

Rest in pain  
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You wake up lying on wet ground  
Worms corrode your flesh  
Pick up your own eyes  
Watch your septic end  
To shout at someone and not to be heard  
The silence supports the paranoia  
To die crying, this is my fate  
The life I choose

Schizophrenia  
Paranoia  
Insane death  
Rest in pain

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