

Sepultura, Septic Schizo

At the time of my last pain
I scream, so I can run away
What I see in front of me
Is only the reflection of my insanity

Throwing me to the present
Alone almost is despair
My head throws itself against the wall
Making my blood flow free of me
To be born again, it'll be a sad destiny
To seek death when it's inside of myself
I throw up trying to put it out
I try to sleep sitting on the cold ground

Reminders from the past
Repulsion of the present
Fear of the future
Septic Schizo (X3)

Stained by blood on the face
I see that my life goes by in front of me
As an old movie, I feel not proud of anything
I've done
I scorn myself with anguish

My nerves are blowing
Inside of me my skin burns
I sink my toes on the ground
I wanna quit; but I don't wanna enter another place

I'm marked and wounded, the decaying of my thoughts
The rotten smell on my skin
The cold body, thrown and forgotten
I can see the things, but I'm blinded to the world...