

# Turbo, Embryo(ang.)

Standing on the edge of a precipice, looking downwards  
You think whether to jump, whether to break life  
A Life that does hurt, life which still is the tool of wars  
You wage inner war  
You do not give up  
Still there is something wrong as you are hit on your shoulders,  
youve got broken neck  
You would like to make out, to go with them  
But something does not let you  
You wage inner war  
Embryo  
Of evil  
Having nation in your power, looking straight,  
you think whether to jump, whether to break life,  
life that does hurt, life which is the tool of wars,  
face to face, its looking and smiling  
Embryo  
Of evil