

Drowned

"Hypnosis Against The Tribes"

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This is a song about freedom, this is about Brazil.
We are still accepting mirrors from the colonizers, but
hope is not lost!
Hail, brave Brazilian people!
We dedicate this song to all people who died to make
this country better.

The mirrors are still working in times before the heal...
Wonderful world of progress signs it's terminal deal.
Third is the word to hide the world that's unfound.
The tribes with hungry hearts feed the old.

Czars of the modern state... control soil and
environment...
Wasting all the time and hate, adjust our minds for
confinement.
Czars of the modern state... sentence of the final
judgment.

Fall from heaven, we are the soldiers on command!
Our crimes are forgiven. the cause has lost in sand!

Tribes refuse the mirrors and fight for existence.
Progress deals it's weapons to defy resistance.
World is the third to drop bullets against the tribes.
Hungry hearts feed the old who is still smashing their
lives.

Old world still smashing their lives...
Hypnosis against the tribes...

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