

Gojira "Satan Is A Lawyer"

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Lawyer talks, he's so correct, he is respect
He learned how to make you feel safe
and kill you with a smile
And the food so fast, the hair so clean
The moon so far, fire so weak

All those words flying in the air
Cannot see the stars
Images, colors, like wrong perfection
Wash my brain, dirty it's so clean
But who are you?
The mixture has no smell

Soon you will sit on the bench
of those who deny I have my soul
You sell a dream you create

Condemned by what you condemned before
Smooth are the words you sing down and high
Underground is your joy your laws
Satan is a lawyer
You choose the appearance of the futile
Trapped, a coner stops your back, you're out
Before you grow you will die...

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