

Cadaveres De Tortugas "Idols Without Regret"

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In plastic world a new day
You don't wanna see
Its reality you must feel
The taste of the filth
It's in your *[dirty]* mouth
Deep under your skin
These are broken worms
Try to grasp them

It must burn and hurt & cause that pain

You're lying into the faces
You're smiling in the mirror
You give a faith, an idol
Devices in the hard of the terror
Dirty dignity surface
Just scream of a slave
Just spies in the whole life
Stupid self break
Supplication, imploring hands
There's nothing to help
It isn't worth it
to worry about someone else

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