

Cadaveres De Tortugas

"Misgiving 2000"

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A dream made of plastic
Desire sways me
Death by the central power
Will find you maybe

Torture-awakening
Brain-dead loneliness
Mass drifts with the current
Are they really humen?

I hate this techno-logical belief
I don't wanna talk to answering machines
Mass-loneliness in this age of disease
Why don't you let me hide behind my dreams?

Soul has been left behind
Blind fight into a passion
Sell yourself as a member of the
daily-routine nation

Don't run away, you can't
Machine keeps eyes on you
They can't see through your walls
Your mind has been bought

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