

Pork **"The Wake"**

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Never too late to open my eyes
Surrounded by desperate cries
Trivial facts affect our mind
And you complain 'bout the others plight
Don't pray for me but for yourselves
I'm the wise, you're the scared

I woke up in my wake

There's no rule 'bout turie life
We limit ourselves letting others judge
Peel your flesh, see what's inside
Tireness is over now

I woke up in my wake

Pray for harvest
Drink your soup don't deny your father
I'm the hatred
If you want I'll become your waitress
Think I'll pray for harvest
I'll drink your soup I'll deny your father
I'm the hatred
If you want I'll become your waitress

In my wake!

I woke up in my wake

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