

Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66

"An Awakening"

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Are we the dead shuffling faceless
An aimless mass of corpses awaiting a not so distant
end
Numb to pleasure numb to pain
Overwhelmed by our surroundings and the traps
We have laid?
To protect innocence from arrogance
We carve this skin of stone
And as the weights of caste and character layer
With the years
We drown at the convergence
Of rivers poisoned by this world
Each moment I let slip by
Every feeling I sacrifice
The emotions which I deny
Drag me down into the depths

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