

Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66

"Reflections"

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The wreckage of humanity has been strewn across the
land
And now the hour of desperation is at hand
We the maggots feed off the dead
Seeking solace in a bed of broken glass
We bleed infected water
Beneath bright skins of polished steel
Through empty, yearning, starved and frustrated
hearts
Which long for risk and reason
This is a standard and sterile half-life to lead
Empty facades conceal slow decay
Within these new dark ages which breed discontent
To give up all hope to see the dawn
Reveals a victims face beneath the veneer
Struggling to show that it's been wronged
Led astray by the myths of the father
With ancient wounds often ignored
Fighting for scraps from the table
While slowly we rot on the floor
Struggling for balance amid these unholy lies
Reflecting terror and chaos
We are born into suffering
With constructs, icons, idols and eyes
Which manifest and forecast our fear of our own
demise
But on the eve of the apocalypse
You can burn these words into my flesh:
"we are the tortured and insane disillusioned and
mundane
Unknown and unnamed desperate and enslaved
And we want something more"

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