

Sarcofago

"Army Of The Damned (The Prozac's Generation)"

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Sometimes you think that your life is sick
and everything is going bad.
You can't support the pression in your head.
There is clouds of tormentsin your heart,
let me say something:
You are not alone in this journey.
We can easily understand your laments,
'cause we are brothers in suffering.

We are army of the damned,
corpses without a soul...
creatures from the land,
devil's toys in this world.

Army of the damned
the prozac's generation

You have no sense of what to do now,
regretfull of what you've done in the past,
afraid of what is waiting for you tomorrow.
Suicide (choice) always seem to be the best.

Army of the damned
The hate came from inside
and your soul is burning of wrath.
You can't describe your feelings,
the pain will never stop.
Ciclic waves of anger,
you lost all the control.
It is time to crush some bones,
start to kill them all.
A war inside your head,
a storm smashing your soul,
you will fight until your death.
The genocide must be won.
Can you see how stupid was your life?
Pleasure, moneyand everything just will take you to
death.
Came on take another pill, drink another bottle,
the doors are open for your eternal and last drink.

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