

Sarcofago "The God's Faeces"

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Maybe you can think we are pessimistics
obstinated, that's OK
this is your point of view
we're not truth owners
But we want to know what you have to say
if you agree, our condolences
if you dischord scream loud
prove that we're wrong

we are god's faeces
from the point that lam
The references are so incovenient
I can feel the cry of the children
the sadness of the man
the lamentations of the ancients
everything is so real
it hurts me deep and cut my flesh
the lover's treason
the rent of the bodies

My friend, my love
My "I", my ignorance
everything is for sale
For cheap prices
Can't you see the flames burning high
Can't you see the souls that are screaming in agony

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