

## **Agresi?n**

### **"Cultura 3"**

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Our culture has got blurry to the eyes of our sons  
Your growing has been proven your sickness has been  
passed on  
At last...  
We study with your books, ours never had a chance  
To be written  
I want the future of my people in a different light  
Y la que tu nos das ya no degrade mas

I've seen you changing our story  
I've heard you telling yours  
I don't believe your words!

I don't know what you want to give, We don't want it!  
I don't know what you want to say, We don't get it!  
I don't know what you want to sell, We don't buy it!  
We don't need this! Leave our woods alone

We never needed clothes in the goodness of nature  
Now we've become the poor of your decaying world  
We do not get your words, who's that you're calling  
Lord?  
And now you're killing us with the dirt of your shoes!  
Our days were finally doomed...  
As you came to research how we die, and we die....

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