

Sepultura "Apes of God"

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You can't look in these eye's
Can't live out these lies
Walk the walk, talk the talk

Doesn't leave my head staining my cells gray
This all the thanks that I get from you
Feed the fear, nothing's clear

You hear me, you
You hear me, you

There's no rest for consequences of guilt
Facing my own doubts about what is actually real
Told myself that I would live again
Lost all cause fought them all to the end

All my aspirations to the bottom of hell
The womb of mother earth is bleeding losing a son
Can't deny, our decline

You hear me, you
You hear me, you

Feed the fear, nothing's clear
Walk the walk, talk the talk

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