

## Sepultura "Ostia"

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The skies are open before me  
The crowd of souls in sudden flight  
Hoping for prayers in the world

Late repentant, no stain from hell  
I thought the worst had, I thought the worst had past  
I will not trust what I can not see  
None will have the time to strike a blow - the final blow

Hell - no stain from hell  
Those fools are the ones we vote for  
The kings and rules of negligence  
Taking a nation to lead in decay  
A shade announcing another law  
Can not believe I couldn't escape  
No chance to leave this plague  
I have to be cleansed, from all the blame  
The final blow!

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