

Sepultura "Repeating The Horror"

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What is this sickness
that sit's there down inside
Walking in bullshit,
nothing seems quite right

I want redemption!

Standing still, open doors
Feeling pain, can not move
Feeling scared, standing still
Better start something,
better then nothing,
can't go on seeing,
all of these horrors

Eye's wide open can't keep the shut,
from this horrer of the shame
Can feel the pain, lifes fucked up,
when we witness our horrers
Real close up

Better start something,
better then nothing
Can't go on seeing,
all of these horrers

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