

## Sepultura "To The Wall"

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To the wall-- claims the soldier  
My last steps march to the death  
Last wills! Hell! This is idiotism  
Fuck off to me, fuck off to all of you

To the death-- I raise my head  
My last moments--it's my existing  
countdown  
A cry for mercy trapped in my throat  
But even in hell there's a place for  
cowards

The burning sun over my head  
The troop is comin'- compassion I  
dismiss  
Sentence of death pounding on my  
back  
There's no hiding when you're  
thrown  
against the wall

To paradise, the priest is saying . . .  
blessing my death  
He's standing in front of me . . .  
his merciful sight sickens me  
He says that soon I'll have my  
judgement . . .  
I'll kneel down in front of the Lord

And he asks me to regret my sins . . .  
but it's too late  
Growling words from the bible . . .  
raising my agony  
Oh God! . . .  
how I'd like to have my hands untied

The wall I'm facing now  
Seeing my life going through my  
eyes  
Feeling death behind my back  
An acrid taste of defeat tormenting  
my

last years  
And when I feel my body being . . .  
Punched . . . Smashed  
There's no pain . . . just silence  
My last breath echoing . . . spreading  
through the air  
My body in pieces . . . a stream of  
blood . . .

Bloody drops whipping the wall  
The silent wall that has understood  
my silence  
The silence that was a prisoner of  
my soul  
Is my soul that now is the ruler of  
the world

To the wall

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