

Trauma of War

Sepultura

Children watch their mothers die
Raping a city in the name of freedom
Children growing - their hate inside
A world they lost in the name of reason

I never came back from that trench
I can't be alone I won't be alone
A schizophrenic cycle of paranoia

Trauma of war!

I saw the worst in the human nature
My hands are stained with blood of death
Attack all ghosts - I'm like a soldier
Wasted minds that are all alike

I never came back from that trench
I can't be alone I won't be alone
A schizophrenic cycle of paranoia

Trauma of war!

Freedom comes with a hail of bullets

My sun is getting dark
My urge to kill awakes
My world is no more
My urge to kill awakes

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