

Tribe

Sadist

Treachery's years
Years of obscure death
Here comes the man that brings
Unknown disease, hate & deceit
And noone 's the owner
Of his own life anymore

One life? It's war!
One man, his war

This scalp is for my fathers
And this is for my tortured wife
This one is for my lost sons
Is this the way we are?

Time to count blows and blows
You don't deserve to deal with me ...wichasa!

No reason to smile
My legs, my sight, my brain, my hands
These are my only friends
My body smiles inside itself
I known who my enemies are
Now running is forbidden
My hunting has taken another
Bloody way...
Treachery! No, no more
This is...my death's singing
This will...make your blood
Freeze
No fear..this is the only way!
See!

Here...locked in your cage
There is no way to deal with you...

Another flight, other deceptions
Other flights, resignation
(Now) all that's left
Are crumbs of hope
Blown away by your icy scorn