

## Rise

Gojira

History erased my story, my ancestors  
but I'm still alive  
Clenched fist, I bite the floor  
My eyes turn to red  
I raise my voice, show my fury  
Wide open to the sun  
I put my hands in this source of light  
In that constant energy

Present at my funeral  
I know I'll rise  
And meet myself reborn

Sculpt entrance out of rock  
Now advance without a respite  
Go back to the source  
I raise my head