

Primitive Future

Sepultura

I follow the steps I see in front of me
They are deep and well-defined
They show an undefined but straight path
What has gone through me will never return
Future won't let me look back

I just walk, I don't evolve, I just walk
Animals run by my side
They try to communicate, each one in its own way
But I can't understand

I feel alone on this irrational planet
To create or just observe
I keep walking on this desert made of ideas
Primitive future

My head is heavy but empty
Everything around me is void, without movement
Without perspectives
The night invades the sky
That darkens the dry ground

Making my shadow join the big stain that's forming
My steps become slow and agonize
I step on skulls of generations that have not formed
I hear painful cries of wars that are to come

To create everything again, from the beginning
To teach new minds
To awake a sleeping giant buried
On the ashes of disgrace

It's scornful the way I live
I look well, I think I'm well
That's all

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