

Toxic Garbage Island

GOJIRA

[Verse 1]

Mysterious form, soul in the dark
Under this heavy sealing concrete waves
Followed by servants, funeral cortège
This pale ghost is gathering his strength

[Interlude]

Ghost, pale
The procession is crawling

[Verse 2]

Plastic form, dead things, it is now so clear
How could I fail to understand?
Cities are burning, the trees are dying
My heart awake, but still

[Chorus]

Pain is killing me
Pain is killing me

[Bridge]

Take this pestilent destruction out of my way
The great pacific garbage patch is exhausted
And the world is sliding away in a vortex of floating refuse
With the sacred one you have lost

[Outro]

Plastic bag in the sea
Plastic bag in the sea
Plastic bag in the sea
Plastic bag in the sea