

# Angel Dust, Stranger

Somewhere on a border  
forced to march in line and order  
looo men in greedy hands

Lured with hope for future  
pressed in contracts  
leaving them no chance  
but to leave their land

They're nameless young men  
bleeding their hands  
on the edge of life  
and they feel the hate  
treated like slaves

There's a shanty village  
where they are folded in dirt  
dirt and a mess

intimidations breaking  
the free will of men  
free will of men  
free will of men

Stranger  
Stranger from a foreign land  
(repeat)

Somewhere in a office  
noble looking and expensive  
accepted by a corrupt state

Stranger  
Stranger from a foreign land  
(repeat)

Locked in a cage  
tied with invisible chains  
on iron walls of pain  
faces expressing their torture  
denying their age  
1000 years  
reflected in mirrors of eyes  
and brainflowing rage  
a rage crushing in fragments  
past recognition their mind

Stranger  
Stranger from a foreign land  
Stranger  
Stranger from a foreign land  
(repeat)