

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 recorgnition their mind

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