

Funker Vogt, International Killer

People are suffering
it is the slow death
sometimes it takes years
until they are dead
Nobody knows
why it hits you
what have you done
to deserve this torture

You can give it a name
call it A.I.D.S.
you know who is to blame
it is time to confess

The International Killer
No more a private thriller
it is coming for you and me
mankind has set it free

The flood is coming
the dams will soon break
our world is drowning
there is no escape

The dikes break as well
the flood takes the land
there is no more place
where we can survive

You can give it a name
call it greenhouse-effect
you know who is to blame
don't try to deflect

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There is a big dump
it's name's mother earth
there are no more plants
only rubbish is left
The water is brown
with an awful smell
there is no more to drink
we will die of thirst

You can give it a name
call it global pollution
you know who is to blame
it is nature's retribution

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