

Funker Vogt, Prisoners Of War

We have to fire up the engines, supply them with coal
And if we get too weak we are burned as fuel
I have seen my comrades getting burned down here
Counting my days until it's my turn

Aboard this flagship
We are prisoners of war
Used as human resources
We haven't come very far

There's no more hope
It's a war without an end
A fight against humanity
Nothing more to defend

We haven't seen the sun for uncountable days
The only light we've seen is the fire of burned bodies

Our skin's stained black by dust and by coal
The smell of burned flesh is present everywhere