

Funker Vogt, The 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?!

You can give it a name
Call it A.I.D.S.
You know who's to blame
It is time to confess

The International Killer
No more a private thriller
It's coming for you and me
Mankind has set it free

The flood is coming
The dams will soon break
Our world is drowning
There's no escape
The dikes break as well
The flood takes the land
There's no more place
Where we can survive

You can give it a name
Call it greenhouse-effect
You know who's to blame
Don't try to deflect

There's a big dump
It's name is mother earth
There are no more plants
Only rubbish is left
The water is brown
With an awful smell
There's no more to drink
We will die of thirst

You can give it a name
Call it global pollution
You know who's to blame
Nature's retribution