

# Heideroosjes, Not Mad (Fucking Angry!)

Struggle, struggle, fighting begins at birth  
My childhood in streets full of hate and dirt  
Divided by superior feelings of race, country and blood  
Driven by wars, murders, crimes in the name of a self-made God

(CHORUS)

On my screen the world is burning  
I wonder that the earth's still turning  
But I'm not mad... I'm fucking angry

Living just for ourselves and our expensive new brought car  
But if mother earth runs out of petrol you won't drive far  
Another hypocrite politician on my T.V. screen  
Telling me to vote for him, fuck off, I vote Mr. Bean

Cowardly like a thief in a deep, cold, dark night  
With a murderous instinct from the deepest inside  
Rotten to the deepest core by materialistic possessions  
Led by insensible war pigs torturing till the confessions