

Heideroosjes, Regular Day In Bosnia

I've tried to find the words to tell
But how can words reflect their hell?
I'm struck by hollow empty eyes
Faith is gone, trust replaced by lies
What's a home if it isn't yours?
Is it human if if you can't show remorse?
Respect is a laugh when guns blast
They just live today, it might be their last

It's a regular day in Bosnia
It's a regular kid in Bosnia
Something's still burning in Bosnia
I will never forget about Bosnia

I'm walking through this ghost-town
Definite silence all sounds will drown
Burned down houses witness paranoia
Ethnic cleansing, name of the destroyer
A family portrait, it's lying in rubbish
I think I know but still I pray, I hope, I wish
Hunted, killed for what cause?
Another fhrer's megalomania of course!

He tells me about the mine-fields he has crossed
He tells me about the friends he had lost
He tells me about his sister being blown to bits
He tells me about mines cleared away by kids
He tells me Serbs and Moslims used to walk hand in hand
He tells me things I will never understand

It's the same in Croatia
It's the same in Kosovo
It's the same in Bosnia
It's the same in Serbia