

Heideroosjes, State Of Rights

Fear, not far from my bed
Due to our weak moral law
The perpetrator who becomes the victim
He may go home, cause there's a lack of room in jail
But when your daughter is raped
By such a coward in the night
You want right vs. suffer
Lifelong, that's concrete!

Fight for your right, but she's never coming back
Fight for your right and your life's broken

They say it's not too late yet
Therapy payed by the state
He gets a year, she lifelong
Doesn't dare to go on the street, she's so afraid
En then all of a sudden, the second time
Therapy failed, she doesn't live anymore
Lock em up! Water and bread
Lifelong, until death!