

Lola Angst, Just Slaves

The power of our useless brains
Helps me forget my daily pain
We make one step after another
And we try to discover
Our evil border

Senseless human beings
Try to define our feelings
And they gave us strange
Laws and orders
But in reality they seem to be murderers

We are just slaves
Trying not to end in graves
But soon we will have to accept
That the holy wind
Is taking everything away

Like an idiotic mass of robots
We are marching towards
Our own cell-blocks
Some tried to hide away
Like Mr. Che Che
But there's no more place to play