

Running Wild, Merciless Game

The fruits of the earth are dried up in the sun
The children can't cry anymore
Desperate parents with lean empty hands
Their bodies are too weak, too sore

Fat bottomed breathers keep talking about hunger
And don't even know what it means
Under the cloak of plain charity
They feather their nest with your dreams

Cry for the innocent children who die
An indignified death, it's a shame
Political power's more important than life
Let's stop this merciless game

Superfluous victuals piled up to the edge
The stocks are filled up to the sky
Millions of dollars for storage each year
And a nickel for people to die

We can't deny it's a shame for our race
It's about time to begin
With a fight against poverty, distress and pain
To hesitate now is a sin

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