

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