Funker Vogt

All the wildlife has disappeared
And earthquakes are always feared
Everywhere one sees explosions
But the ground is still frozen
Some people here have all the power
The rulers in an ivory tower
Constructing a new kind of life
But these creatures are not alive

It's the city of darkness
It's the city of hate
A system without emotion
It's the city of darkness
It's the city of hate
It's just a cruel police-state

The language in the streets is strange From day to day their meanings change Everywhere beggars can be found Collecting things from filthy ground Useless things dumped in the streets All this stuff which no one needs What a contrast between rich and poor So much poverty, there is no cure

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