

# Another Kind of Madness

Rage

Again they buried an old miner  
The poisoned stocks of stone in sight  
The wind was sick from dust  
They all knew that it would settle overnight

And they all went to work into the mines the next day  
Like they'd done more than forty years now  
They had destroyed their land for the atomic curse  
'Cause they hoped it would help them somehow

Those who worked for a better life  
Don't know to survive

It is another  
Another kind of madness  
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Uranium wast is everywhere now  
Radioactive gas escapes  
Contaminated land and water denied responsibility  
When they're leaving you nothing than a big load of death

And you know that a cancer's your end  
What the industry's after  
They don't ask where it's from  
Don't you think that it's a crying shame?

Those who worked for a better life  
Don't know how to survive

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