

Wake Up

Rebeka

hey you
what for
we're here on the floor
where cheeks are stucked
to the dirty ground
nearby are standing those
who do not need approval
leaders of men
your beds are made
with the new slave trade
so now
we're here
we're here on the floor
the wall is high
all olive trees will die
give us credit cards
we'll give you best regards
leaders of men
your words can cause
a killing applause
wake up