

# 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