Animals

Funker Vogt

he character which we need
They live all in common
And without self-interest
But we kill them to get the cash
Don't you think that is trash?

We respect the cunning of a fox But our weekend trip is it's death We hunt them with happiness And they never get away

We woul like to have Nine lives of a cat But we run it over - just once

We envy the birds
They are free what we wish to be
...what we wish to be
But we shoot at them
...we shoot at them

We love them and respect them We hunt them and we shoot them We keep them and we feed them We hunt them and we kill them

Man is just a sly animal Compare him with all others And you will see, he couldn't be a friend