

Blind Rage

Funker Vogt

With an inward turning gaze
Of one who sees his own truth
Certainly a true believer
In his superior mind
Hard times always bring about
A certain need for escape
Here we all let everyone
Bury his head in the sand

The lie, the war and the death
Now it's time to confess
What happened here so long ago
And do not claim that you don't know
Right here, right now, we are all one
No more a nation divided
Convinced by a leader we are all stunned
The time has passed we cannot hide it

A whole nation in blind rage
More dangerous than anything
Whatever you will believe
Whatever will come to your mind

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Now it's time to confess
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