

# Prisoners Of War

Funker Vogt

We have to fire up the engines, supply them with coal  
And if we get too weak we are burned as fuel  
I have seen my comrades getting burned down here  
Counting my days until it's my turn

Aboard this flagship  
We are prisoners of war  
Used as human resources  
We haven't come very far

There's no more hope  
It's a war without an end  
A fight against humanity  
Nothing more to defend

We haven't seen the sun for uncountable days  
The only light we've seen is the fire of burned bodies

Our skin's stained black by dust and by coal  
The smell of burned flesh is present everywhere