

Another Kind of Madness

Rage

Again they buried an old miner
The poisoned stocks of stone in sight
The wind was sick from dust
They all knew that it would settle overnight

And they all went to work into the mines the next day
Like they'd done more than forty years now
They had destroyed their land for the atomic curse
'Cause they hoped it would help them somehow

Those who worked for a better life
Don't know to survive

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Uranium wast is everywhere now
Radioactive gas escapes
Contaminated land and water denied responsibility
When they're leaving you nothing than a big load of death

And you know that a cancer's your end
What the industry's after
They don't ask where it's from
Don't you think that it's a crying shame?

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