

# Merciless Game

Running Wild

The fruits of the earth are dried up in the sun  
The children can't cry anymore  
Desperate parents with lean empty hands  
Their bodies are too weak, too sore

Fat bottomed breathers keep talking about hunger  
And don't even know what it means  
Under the cloak of plain charity  
They feather their nest with your dreams

Cry for the innocent children who die  
An indignified death, it's a shame  
Political power's more important than life  
Let's stop this merciless game

Superfluous victuals piled up to the edge  
The stocks are filled up to the sky  
Millions of dollars for storage each year  
And a nickel for people to die

We can't deny it's a shame for our race  
It's about time to begin  
With a fight against poverty, distress and pain  
To hesitate now is a sin

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