

A new serum eradicates the illness  
An old man rises from his wheelchair  
When suffering unknown attacks the painless  
And common animals are becoming rare

As water spins in circles twice  
Spiders, snakes and the little mice  
Get twisted around and tumble down  
When Nature calls we all shall drown

If the earth is dying of a growing thirst  
Rain shall fall on dried out soil  
And every kind of bud shall burst  
A sigh of relief to insects - turmoil

As water spins in circles twice  
Spiders, snakes and the little mice  
Get twisted around and tumble down  
When Nature calls we all shall drown