

Oh, another disaster
But this one came faster
Then expected by the forecaster
This wound on earth needs a plaster
We just have to move a little faster
Oh, another firestorm
A political platform
Pawns on the chessboard, the new norm
Let's pick up the pieces of this little puzzle
And shovel the nasty shit under the carpet
But let's never forget that we've been warned

Let's just stick your heads into the ground
I can't see you and you can't see me
Nothing of this is real, this is not happening

This is it
We have to admit
That we are all bandits about to commit
Suicide, the fire is lit
We cannot quit
'Cause it doesn't fit our social status kit
So we keep on spitting and shitting on mother earth because of it

Another hurricane

Another season down the drain
While we sit back, relax, sipping expensive champagne
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And shovel the nasty shit under the carpet
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