

Funker Vogt "Animals"

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The character which we need
They live all in common
And without self-interest
But we kill them to get the cash
Don't you think that is trash?

We respect the cunning of a fox
But our weekend trip is it's death
We hunt them with happiness
And they never get away

We woul like to have
Nine lives of a cat
But we run it over - just once

We envy the birds
They are free what we wish to be
...what we wish to be

But we shoot at them
...we shoot at them

We love them and respect them
We hunt them and we shoot them
We keep them and we feed them
We hunt them and we kill them

Man is just a sly animal
Compare him with all others
And you will see, he couldn't be a friend

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