

## Grin Department

### "Hymn For The Isolated"

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A hymn for the isolated  
A wake up call for the conscience  
A tear for the violated  
An ear for the opposition  
A smile for the crippled beggar  
A little hope for the desperate  
Justice for the innocent  
A hand reachin' for the helpless  
Guess this shall never be  
Down in the streets  
Up in the flats  
Isolation taught us being passive  
The level of nobody cares  
'Bout someone dismembering his wife  
Neighbours gettin' used to that stuff  
I don't give a  
Fuck the scenery  
The happenings inside their cages  
Fences  
Nothing but usual  
Rage, murder at the first floor  
Cops in the basement  
Selling confiscated 4 H  
Guess this shall never be  
The recently torn poor dude's blood  
Decorating the pavement  
I walk, nighttime, suicide  
Realize three guys out for a buck  
To make themselves a living  
Killing environments  
Daddy's mistreatin' children  
A hundred freaks rapin' women  
Windows gettin' closed  
We don't hear no  
Cries for help from the streets  
Deafened motherfuckers  
Turning up their TVs  
  
Guess this shall never be  
Eye to eye  
Facing the disgusting daily rage

No one able to deal with his own mistakes  
Searching for a way to immortality  
Cages gettin' built by your  
I don't give a fuck mentality

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