

## Grin Department

### "NME"

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In the last days  
Of all those walls we built  
Now covered with some most unusual mask  
Apocalyptic dreams and fears we kept  
Yield to a wicked smile  
We somehow spared

He came to shake our hands  
When the iron curtain fell  
Somehow transformed his policy  
Turned around so suddenly  
The words of trust and friendship  
Told with an eye on economic progress  
There'll never be no brotherhood  
With the ones I've learned to hate so much

Still waiting at the borders never definite  
No one's gonna dare to face the face  
Laughing at you forgot  
How to recognize a communist pig  
The term crisis still in my head  
Psychotic shapes of present threats  
Misfortunate appeasement's evident  
NME's ideology's not dead yet

I'm up to his tricks  
NME will never fool me  
My x-ray eyes shine through his head  
Unveiling the tactics of the red pack  
Terminating Stalinism  
Let's expurgitate that system  
There'll never be no brotherhood  
With the ones I've learned to hate so much

NME will never leave me  
NME will never die  
Never trust no eastern brother  
Never trust no Soviet tribe  
NME prepared to kill me  
NME right in my back  
NME beyond the border

Out to kick my western ass  
NME is hunting  
With stars that glow as red as blood  
Symbols of the reign of evil  
Murderers that know no god  
NME is always ready  
NME won't hesitate  
Now I'll better hold my breath  
'Cause war is just a shot away

NME  
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