

Herman Düne **"World Of Workers"**

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In a world of workers
In a world of slaves
Any member Of the workers of the world
From Berlin to Amsterdam
From London to Dublin
I don't believe in you
And I don't want To be a part of you
Idle sons
Idle sons
Your fathers want to kill you
I'm warning you

I saw things coming better
For some others
At the time when the night comes
And at the time when I hear thunder
Trees and their needles
The wind through their branches
The stones and the mud
The rain and the chilly wind
Are things that matter
Are things that are real
Are things I can believe in

If the kingdom is here And now

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