

## Crashdiet "Injustice"

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Hate, fear, and prejudice, pride  
Holds their soul. Black, white in  
Blood red, death takes it's toll.  
Isolated, segregated, forced beneath  
Your hand. Dominated prisoners,  
Slaves in their own land

Afrikaan, white Afrikaan, black  
Backs to the wall. Afrikaan, white  
Afrikaan, soon your sword will fall,  
One year, two years, maybe none at all!  
Diamond hearts in golden prisons  
Bow to pale Gods. Justification  
Done with facade. You built a mighty  
Empire by the sweat of other men.  
When they stop their work, what  
Will happen then?

Through the streets the children  
March, freedom is their song. Soon  
The victory will be won, I know it  
Won't be long. In the township God  
Is dying, slumped against a tree.  
When you crush the least of these  
You do it unto me!

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