

## Squealer "Scaring The Winds"

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Scaring the winds, the wind of hate  
Nothing is left not even their fate  
Nature dies every day  
The tables are turned, don't you see?

Scaring down the winds  
Winds of sacrifice  
Nature turns to dust

The sun burns red the time is short  
Air pollution everywhere  
Noone is afraid - what is fear?  
The sky is crying can't you hear?

Scaring down the winds  
Winds of sacrifice  
Nature turns to dust

The tables are turned  
Nature dies  
The sun burns red  
And the time is short  
The air's polluted  
Wasted seas  
No one is afraid  
And what about you?

The earth's exploited by bigwigs  
Fat and ugly, look like pigs  
Blood is decorating their hands  
Dust - heap grows - wasted lands

Scaring down the winds  
The winds of sacrifice  
Nature turns to dust

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