

Machiavel

"The Dictators"

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the dictators by Machiavel
(Marc Ysaye - Mario Guccio - Albert Letecheur -
Jean Paul Devaux - Roland De Greef)

Everywhere they 're on the earth
Everywhere they 're waiting for you
Everywhere look around you
Everywhere just before your face
Everywhere ready day and night
Everywhere they're on the earth
Everywhere little sergeants
Everywhere want to become emperors

Hey you ! Do you think you ' re a god ?
Hey you ! Maybe you think you are God
Hey you ! I know you think you are more !
Hey you ! I know you think you are more !

You the saviour, you 're just a dictator
Just an animal thirsty for blood
Coming to save the country
But you're slowly killing it with your medieval laws
Go home ! Sergeant don't try to be an emperor
Go home ! Don't try to be a king
Go home ! little Ayatollah don't try to be a president
Listen to me stupid we all know you've got power
You've got petrol, iron, diamonds, uranium, gas, brass
And anything you want
But we'll never be directly responsible to you
Even if we must blow up with our nuclear power stations
It will be your fault, but I know you don't care about it !

Living in Africa, Arabia, Latin America, Indonesia
Do you believe you impress the world
With your grand parade and your golden rolls-royce ?
We don't see you
We just see your people living in misery
I know you say your prisons are empty
Yes, but your graveyards are full
Listen to me stupid we all know you've got power
You 've got petrol, iron, diamonds, uranium, gas, brass

And anything you want.
But we 'll never be directly responsible to you
Even if we must blow up with our nuclear power stations
!
You Van Halteren, you 're just a dictator
Just an old racist thirsty for hate.
Coming to save the city
But you're slowly killing it with your medieval laws
Go home ! V.H. don't try to be a censor
Go home ! Don't try to be a chief
Go home ! Little burgomaster don't try to judge young
people
Listen to me stupid we all know you've got power
You've got bludgeons, cops, money, your F.B.I., C.I.A.
And anything you want.
But we'll never ever be depending on you
Even if we must get punched nose to enjoy rock and
roll
It will be better than to be obedient to you

Everyday in the early morning I judge, I judge
Everyday in the early morning I judge, I judge
Walk on, Walk on people
Walk on, walk on people
Close your eyes God is here !

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