

Crashdog, Same Old Pain

Six million next of kin
Ghost pale bone thin
Six million yellow stars
Holiday in cattle cars
Tattoo blue no more name
A different number but the same old pain

Now it's rolled it's way through Vukovar
To Banja Luka for Greater Serbia
Wave the flag political minority
Killing fields or death camps
Which will you leave?
Washed away by the darkest tide
Ethnic cleansing, it's genocide

History lessons we don't see
Just how blind can we be?
It hasn't stopped
It just goes on endlessly
Xenophobic coward's hate
And a quest for selfish gain
Keep marching on with the same old pain

Ten thousand years we've tripped along
No group can keep it's nose clean long
My tribe, my church, my prophecy,
My bloodthirsty racist policy
Name them, frame them, blame and claim them
Then round 'em up so we can maim them
Washed away by the darkest tide
Ethnic cleansing, it's genocide

No tyrant performs atrocities alone
Who are the creatures that fill the ranks?
And gnaw the bones?
Inhuman animals or twisted evil freaks?
Or does this sickness run deeper than we think?
The heart is shadowed
And no man sees his well
To every soul a fascist undertow
On a cross hangs another Jew
Only His love can see us thru

Six million yellow stars
Black american. Prison bars
Trail of tears. Lynching trees
Manifest Destiny
Brown menace from the south
Khmer Rouge. Odd man out
Green mists dance and climb
Zyklon B the end of the line
Furnace hums a lullaby
Six million God knows why