

# 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