Mister Mayor

Innerspace

You own a palace thatÂ´s as cold as you
Where an eternal frost is king from the cave to the attic
Steel walls with crystal windows
Ironically the fantasies of all the villagers

They are dozens of puppets
Fooled by your peddling influence
All these people held by their throats
And father Zweigart your prestigious talebearer

Hey mister mayor when you walk you seem so proud
With your sharp chin fixed to the sky
Narcissistic to the depths of your soul
Your feet are nailed at the top of the egoÂ´s podium

The sky fills with more gray
The air is more and more infected
The rivers water now blurred
You only care about your own benefits

You proudly display tremendous ambition
As if it were your BabelÂ´s tower
To kill time you isolate yourself in your hideout
You roll the coins between your fingers

Behind the throne a masquerade exists
A machine even more important than the king himself
A world governed by characters so different from those
Imagined by the people in front of the scene

Pig pens more dangerous than an army
And you extras and slaves of financial cartels
Untill the day your children wake up
Without a home, on a land taken over by their fathers

Trapped by democracyÂ´s murder
Amputees of extorted power
Black gold rivers flow straight into his pockets
The world is at your feet, itÂ´s in the bag. You can sleep peacefully
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Lyrics submitted by Roger Brown.

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