



They call me a sinner

Ich wohne in einem 10 000 - Seelen - Ort und gestern bin ich am Ortseingang durch eine Polizeikontrolle gefahren. An sich nichts besonderes, allerdings standen die mit einem riesigen Scheinwerfer da, anstatt Regenmantel und Taschenlampe, so wie sonst, und einer der Polizisten hielt ein Maschinengewehr im Anschlag!

Da ist gewaltig was im Busch und das gibt mir in letzter Zeit häufig zu denken. Daher möchte ich diesen Text mit euch teilen.

They call me a sinner

What have I done
To deserve to be hated
To deserve to be hunted
Down, to be killed
I grew up in this country
I adapted to its rules
I accept religion but
I'm loyal to the law
So call me a sinner
At least I'm no killer
How do you justify your sins
In front of your God

*How can you believe in an entity
That forgives you and your friends
Such cruelty
How can you expect from us
To be like you are
Look at your wicked deeds
I would follow the evil
I could never do. Never. Never.*

I chose to be good
To become better than I was
In the best case to become
The best I can do
For all those who are lost
Therefore, I need my right to chose
So perhaps you are right, too
Perhaps I would prefer
To die, if I knew
Rather than to be forced
To live under a reign
I didn't chose
To shut up and exist
Controlled by men, a men's world



They call me a sinner

Like in the old times, is a woman's hell

*How can you believe in an entity
That forgives you and your friends
Such cruelty
How can you expect from us
To be like you are
Look at your wicked deeds
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I could never do. Never. Never.*

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