

**'Der Spiegel' – Marcus von Rittberg**

**Verse 1**

My meal is pretty tasty  
Yet it's hard to swallow food  
That feature on a tortured man  
Really killed my mood

The war against terror  
Civilians die in fight  
My salads looking fresh  
But where's my appetite?

Families are on the flight  
Threat of rape and pillage  
My home is safe, my home is comfy  
Rebels burnt down your whole village

Peaceful monks thrown into prison  
The story being told  
Force myself to read it  
My pizza is getting cold

**Chorus**

Dinner in my kitchen  
I wish I had TV  
I'd better read some fiction  
Bon Appetit!

**Verse 2**

Tiny kids with nothing  
I see hunger in their eyes  
Could you please stop looking?  
It's hard to swallow guys

Immigrants in a container  
Suffocated to death  
I really hate this magazine  
Hand me some yellow press

Mothers praying for their children  
Wounded in their arms  
Smoke and fire and ruins  
Ruins my appetite

Skip the page, a new header  
A catastrophic drought  
I breathe in, I breathe out  
I'm thankful I'm alive

**Chorus**

Dinner in my kitchen  
I wish I had TV  
I'd better read some fiction  
Bon Appetit!