

# Pax Vobiscum

Bathory

Holy Jesus, fuckin' Christ  
Forgive my fuckin' head  
It's full of doubts and questions  
Did you really raise the dead?

Are you really so pathetic  
That you can't be critisised?  
Is it so hard to accept  
That I may wonder why?

Out of nothing, born by no one  
Wonders you create  
Almighty fuckin' God  
You super bluff, you mega-fake

They say you've said for you only  
We all shall live and die  
Tell me who needs Stalin  
With a fascist in the sky?

Conquering the western hemisphere  
With threats and lies  
Spreading its holy terror  
As another culture dies

It baptised and it burned and tortured  
Its way through my land  
And wielded above all  
The crucifix by God's command

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Imposing on the tribes of Europe  
One faith built on lies and dreams  
One religion so false  
Always loose at every seam

Through wars and emigration  
Soon a world faith took its form  
As world saviour and almighty  
The cross all world adorned

Computerised confessions  
TV-preachers and very soon  
The Christian man stood firm  
And in '69 prayed on the moon