

The Red Chins in their millions  
Will overspill their borders  
And chaos then will reign in our Rael

Rael, the home of my religion  
To me the center of the Earth

The Red Chins in their millions  
Will overspill their borders  
And chaos then will reign in our Rael

My heritage is threatened  
My roots are torn and cornered  
And so to do my best I'll homeward sail  
And so to do my best I'll homeward sail

Now Captain, listen to my instructions  
Return to this spot on Christmas Day  
Look toward the shore for my signal  
And then you'll know if in Rael I'll stay

If a yellow flag is fluttering  
Sickly herald against the morn  
Then you'll know my courage has ended  
And you'll send your boat ashore

But if a red flag is flying  
Brazen bold against the blue  
Then you'll know that I am staying  
And my yacht belongs to you

Now Captain, listen to my instructions  
Return to this spot on Christmas Day  
Look toward the shore for my signal  
And then you'll know if in Rael I'll stay

He's crazy if he thinks we're coming back again  
He's crazy if he thinks we're coming back again  
He's crazy if he thinks we're coming back again  
He's crazy, anyway

If a yellow flag is fluttering  
Sickly herald against the morn  
Then you'll know my courage has ended  
And you'll send your boat ashore