Woe to the holy men
Who taste the sacred wine
You lick the wounds of Christ
The one of blessed memory

Through this you make himm breathe Though the candlelight is flickering Relieving wind come sweep away Devotion to his memory

One is the remedy
To let our souls fly free
One is the solution
To put all this to a final end
To end this misery
Let me spit into your face
And at the symbol of your feeble race
This is just what he would preach
His kingdom is now out of reach
Pale utopia's tragedy

I had a dream That resembled of a dark past An honorable ancestry Of a time when weakness Was no virtue more than prosperity Awakening in cold sweat Screaming with agony Something must be done to end this pain And one is the remedy You are the clowns You simple-minded misguided ones In the name of God In the name of insanity Your ways are so pathetic Your minds are so naive You are the worm inside my veins You make me sick with apathy