

## Spanish Inquisition

Elegy

I'm on top of the world, enjoying the fruits of decision  
Conquered the lame feeling brought on by your Spanish  
inquisition

Hey you cannot beat a religion such as mine  
In a way I'm a relic of a god forsaken time

Sure business is tough and we've got to make a living  
So never mind the people you loot and consume your glory  
days

I hardly can wait for the day the tables turn  
I will be there to spit on your grave  
When your soul for ever burns

Look for the writings on the wall  
This one's for you but from us all  
Look at your mirrors ugly face  
King of the scum of human race

Near sweet liberty sing it's a song with a truthful  
origin  
Lip up the sky dance and drink wine to the tune of  
judgement day  
Hey clouds start to pack, could this be your waiting  
sign?  
Don't think I care I'll take my share and my chain to  
look away