Smallpox champion u s of a Give natives some blankets Warm like the grave This is the pattern cut from the cloth This is the pattern designed to take you right out This is the frontier with winter's so cold Greed informs action where action makes bold To take all the cotton that's cut from the stalk Weave the disease that's gonna take you right out What is good for the future what was good for the past -Won't last Bury your heart u s of a history rears up to spit in your face You saw what you wanted You took what you saw We know how you got it Your method equals wipe out The end of the frontier and all that you own Under the blankets of all that you've done Memory serves us to serve you Yet memory serves us to never let you wipe out Cha-cha-cha-champion You'll get yours Wipe out