

Yet well I love thy mixed and massive piles
Half church of Allah, half castle 'gainst distraught
And long to roam those venerable aisles
With records stored of deeds long since forgot

My children vanished below the sign of faith
Your mark of Allah is carved upon their graves
You hide in peace but disappear in grief
I'm bringing death to you, I shout Şeytanu Akbar!

Your aim is fake, your point is to destroy
And rise empire upon infidel ash
You laud Allah, the only God sways peace
Peace built by death of all unfaithful thrash

Fascism is obsolete - you claim erasing woes
Racism is dead - and you destroy the others
You Allah leads to world thriving in peace
But only you are worthy for this peace, I disagree, Şeytanu Akbar!