

## We Do Not Resist

Orphaned Land

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Hail to Satan, Lord of the wind!

On the pulpit the false messiah speaks  
Hand them your papers now cease and desist  
Spreading false news and selling such lies  
'Twas the night the lie rose and truth finally died  
Our slavery ends only when we are deceased  
Our lives are their meat, all partake in the feast  
They put us to sleep with a lie and a kiss  
And when the keys lock our chains  
We say: We do not resist!  
Poverty - rise! Children die while we read the news of gossipmo  
ngers  
Our lives pieces in a game  
The naked emperor walks, to his new clothes we clap our hands  
Blinded by fortune and fame  
They play the saints in our daily lives  
And we do not care at all  
And our children march to the sound of their drums  
While to war we lose our fathers and sons  
The only prophet they trust in is the profit from their guns  
They care not for the old the weak or the sick  
Masters of speeches and measuring their dicks  
Breaking our bones with maces not sticks  
And when their poison reaches our brains  
We say: We do not resist!  
Poverty - rise! Children die while we read the news of gossipmo  
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Our lives pieces in a game  
The naked emperor walks, to his new clothes we clap our hands  
Blinded by fortune and fame