

## Into the Arena

Running Wild

They imagine a heaven  
Talk about hell  
They can't live without a remission

Plentiful punishment  
For numerous sins  
Suffering their own cruel invention

Their heaven is boring  
Their hell's a stale joke  
Faith is their one vindication

Doubt is forbidden  
Joy is tabooed  
For a folly there's no hesitation

Sacrifice their life for a lie  
A thousand sheep have come to die  
Down the thumb there's no remorse  
It's the time for martyres

Into the Arena - go down  
Into the Arena - show-down now  
Into the Arena - the beasts are prepared  
Into the Arena

Hunting the witches  
Considered to be  
Riding on brooms in the dark night

No mercy for people  
Who dare to oppose  
Medieval church was a scourge in its pride

Millions of people  
Killed for the cross  
By relentless religion - disgusting

There is no excuse  
For things they have done  
In the name of their God - it's a bad thing

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Lock your door the priest is coming  
Beware of all the Parsons

Today it's all different  
A daring contention

They talk about love and forgiving

But still they are hunting  
Now we are the victims  
Maybe they are evious for our living

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