The crusaders and their stooges
All you renegade rulers
All you spotlight fugitives
All you shakers, all you movers
All you cutthroat dealers
And you small-time users
All you turncoat schemers
All you victors, all you losers

You play the king and you play the pawn You give up and you soldier on This is the last crusade we're on This is the last crusade we're on

There's a lighthouse on a battered shore Gotta fight now, never mattered more And the black tongues spitting poison Spare no one Gotta keep on, gotta keep on Till the Ghosts of War come marching in They've been reborn, they're free from sin

You play the king and you play the pawn You give up and you soldier on This is the last crusade we're on

This is the last crusade we're on You play the king and you play the pawn You give up and you soldier on This is the last crusade we're on This is the last crusade we're on

Now tell me, who do I look like to you?

Someone you thought you knew

Drinking wine in the afternoon

A rebel today is tomorrow's tycoon

Arm in arm, arm in arm

We are our father's sons and daughters, one by one

Marching off to kingdom come

And we're hunting down

We're trying to find

The architects of the wasted mind And the way we laugh and the way we live Brace for the aftermath Something's got to give

You play the king and you play the pawn You give up and you soldier on This is the last crusade we're on This is the last crusade we're on You play the king and you play the pawn You give up and you soldier on This is the last crusade we're on This is the last crusade we're on