

We watch him everyday
mister C on holy channel
His words are blessed and true
Please believe and light your candles
His thoughts will give us strength
and feed our kids and brings us harvest
Just give'im what you got
he'll take care of what you all miss

Tales of worship preached on our screen
proclaiming cleric words of disbelief
Convincing and forsaking to achieve
Tales of worship take hold of us

Our fields are almost wasted
all the roots are seeking water
The reservoirs are dry
everybody's praying harder
Please make it rain for us
You possess the power of wet skies
Oh mister C we beg you
we almost trust your legislated lies

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Engagement! with virgins! take you for
excursions!
No Love! Salvation! only for procreation
Armored in his car, surrounded by guards
who watch him carefully
He waves and makes a smile, all he says is
'give me money'

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