

Holy father proudly sits
On his throne of luxury
Veiled in gold raiment he speaks prayers
For hungry dirty child
Melting in poverty, poor existence, born in disease
Sentenced to death in pain
Is this the will of your almighty God?

So big is your desire
To rule the world of gold
I know there are no barriers
To change your history of filth
You are too far from visions
Of your idol Jesus Christ
Sentenced to death in pain!
I'll crucify you to your golden cross!

The wars, the hate
Terror and lies and pain
For welfare of chosen ones
You slyly pull the strings of this world