

Prepare yourself for prayer and parades
There's a master for you to meet
You'll drop all flowers, robes and grenades
All books and daggers at his feet
He'll send the guards to buy paper and figs
And you'll send your women away
You'll slip off your shoes and surrender your dress
You never seem to mind the rain

And you who deal in words,
Can't have much faith in them
Now that the killers are still around
And you cry out in a fright
And clutch to anyone who might
Help you now

You'll go moan for home
You'll weep a dead eye's weep
You'll go east if you dare
All that ends ends there
And your hopes have faded little by little
Until you forgot what they were

And you who deal in tears,
Won't have much use for them
Not in this certain monarchy
And the spies are sneaking about
And you wonder is that god out
To help you now?

But he is gone
Who's gonna break your fall?
He is gone
It makes no sense at all
If he is gone
But he is gone
Who's gonna hear your call?
Why go on at all if he's gone?
But he is gone
It makes no sense at all
He is gone
It makes no sense at all
If he is gone

You see, your masters might fail
All hail the European night!
You see, your masters might fail
All hail the European night!