

Who, Who do you serve?  
For whose empire and for whose whims?  
Is your honor judged by men?  
Will you lie?  
Will you lie if they say it's their will?  
Will you die or continue to kill?  
Until the generals all have their fill

Craven Cowards  
Armchair Warriors  
You will serve Them well

What, what will you write?  
For whose pleasure, for whose delight?  
Will your readers see your light?  
Will you say...That the singer can't blow you away?  
That we hate people just 'cause they're gay  
Women and children all stay away

To whom, whom do you pray?  
Do dollars wash your sins away?  
Does God love cold hard cash?  
Do you say...If we all just continue to pay  
All our ailments will go away  
And our souls will be saved

God's not with you  
"Holy Roller"  
Your heart dwells in Hell

Why, Why do you run?  
Our awareness has spoiled your fun  
Our eyes see you too clear  
Will you hide  
From the joy of expressing our pride  
For the leaders and people who've died  
While combating your genocide

Chains are breaking  
Minds are waking  
Soon we'll serve no more...