

Spanish Inquisition

Elegy

I'm on top of the world, enjoying the fruits of decision
Conquered the lame feeling brought on by your Spanish
inquisition

Hey you cannot beat a religion such as mine
In a way I'm a relic of a god forsaken time

Sure business is tough and we've got to make a living
So never mind the people you loot and consume your glory
days

I hardly can wait for the day the tables turn
I will be there to spit on your grave
When your soul for ever burns

Look for the writings on the wall
This one's for you but from us all
Look at your mirrors ugly face
King of the scum of human race

Near sweet liberty sing it's a song with a truthful
origin
Lip up the sky dance and drink wine to the tune of
judgement day
Hey clouds start to pack, could this be your waiting
sign?
Don't think I care I'll take my share and my chain to
look away