

Salt Lake City Sunday
No power can shake the glory
No man can stand and fight the fountain of truth
Send out the clean and righteous
Wipe up the Beast infection
And bring some love bright whiteness into your life
They march, the Latter Day Saints
Salt Lake's sick residents
They want you to repent
The want your ten percent
They march, the Latter Day Saints
They march, the Latter Day Saints
Salt Lake's sick residents
They want you to repent
The want your ten percent
They march, the Latter Day Saints
They slam the door in your face
They're smiling at me to
You want me more but I want nothing from you
I see your found Kennedy
Mixed up in polygamy
Leave my ancestors to rot in their graves
They march, the Latter Day Saints
Salt Lake's sick residents
They want you to repent
The want your ten percent
They march, the Latter Day Saints
They march, the Latter Day Saints
Salt Lake's sick residents
They want you to repent
The want your ten percent
They march, the Latter Day Saints
I slam the door in your face!