

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