

Nail the bodies to the crucifix,
Slit the throats of all the priests.
The last smile they will ever expect,
A gaping hole running right through their neck.

Snakes get fat while the good rats die,
All the pigs should be bled dry.

Who's with me?

All your sins will be forgiven,
When your blood begins to thicken.
You have the answers to our questions,
God bless this great depression.

The snakes get fat while the good rats die,
And all the pigs should be bled dry.

Who's with me?

Throw the bodies into the streets,
Nothing more than rotten meat.
Taught not to bite the hand that feeds,
Til its cold and dry and no longer bleeds.
The snakes get fat while the good rats die,
So all the pigs should be bled dry.

The London metropolitan,
All the fucking clergy men,
Child abusers, national front,
Rapists, racists, all fucking scum.
And they march hand in hand,
To rape our green and pleasant land.
Dust to dust, earth to earth,
The new born babies drowned at birth.
And there's no future for England's son,
They're nine years old and they all carry guns.
Take out your crowbars, take out your knives,
Drain out your blood, we all deserve to die.

It's time for us, to take a stand,
We are dying, on our knees, in this great fucking land.
And all the martyrs they have convinced themselves,
That death ain't a sin when your living in hell.
There ain't no glory, and there ain't no hope,
We will hang ourselves, just show us the rope.
There ain't no scapegoats left to blame.
We brought this on ourselves, and we could have been the change.

Great Britain is fucking dead,
So cut our throats, end our lives, lets fucking start again.