

Pecking Order

MDC

There seems to be a problem
The people won't behave
They seem to fear our power less
Than what's beyond the grave

The clergy won't preach
All the doctrines we ask
We'll have to round them up
So we can take them to task

We'll blame the guerrillas for what has been done
Burnt church of Jesus, the death of a nun

The church has preached resistance
For what the poor hold dear
Stronger than the army
We sent to instill fear

A US torturer, designed just for you
Agony guaranteed, they know what to do
CIA assassins are coming with guns
The people will mourn for dead priests and nuns
Kill with no mercy, men and women of the cloth
Ineffective martyrs for the God they brought forth

Is their retribution only time will tell
Agents don't believe and the people live in hell
We'll destroy their faith
In their God and his son
A plain wooden casket destined for a nun

We will not compete
With religious belief
Burn the church, kill the priest
Leaven them in grief
Unlike their saviour they'll die with no cross
Shown their mortality they'll know who is boss

Destroy their faith in their God and his son
Show what we will do
For our power and money
A blood spattered habit Amen
The Death of a Nun