

Camp Babylon

Paprika Korps

Pitch the camp babilon. The winner takes it all
Do you feel comfortable in a brand new role?

Dig the poet up. Drag him up by his sideburns
Ask him, are we still Messiahs while now serving Rome?
The cannon fodder's bible is waiting to be reexplained
Just increase among an audience missing the old kingdom's fame

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Inert heads, during turbulence above the place he died
play the national anthem banging lids under white-red rags
So was the oportunity to start a life of their own.
to earn for their own flat or at last leave their in-
law's house

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Instead of these VIP's around a heroic grave
with national umbrellas to prevent the rain from wetting their
suits
nearby industrialists, engineers and hordes of middlemen
appreciate devotion and unify in pain

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