

Hostile Breed

Royal Hunt

Ways of beliefs were written down to please you:
saints, common thieves - each one his own to pick.
So why - can you tell me - your breed's inventing
something new?
Holy war? Now I see - a sacrifice a week
Infidels way: live - let live... how can you resist
sudden urge to blow them away?

No - we're aware, your war's to get attention...
how could we dare to turn the TV off?
Raid (suicidal) - your humble share in a world's
perfection
You'll meet - time is right - your idol and I hope
one bullet is enough... while you're screaming
from the top of your lungs:

Jihad! The ones who feel the pain will try to stop "the
rain
of terror", it's insane... I hear them screaming:
Jihad! I know who it might be: nobody else but we,
the ones who hold the key...That's all they need:
Jihad! And as the time goes by we'll look upon the sky
to ask the question: "Why they keep on screaming
Jihad?" They're just a hostile breed that bites a hand
that feeds
and loves to see it bleed - it's just a hostile breed

that cherish hate based on fear - that their religion can
inspire
nowadays. All we hear is: "Jihad!"