

The Clan

Royal Hunt

White cape, red cross... hands up to cheer The Big Boss
No life, no love, no thoughts, no brains to speak of:
"Stand tall, divide the whole world in black and off-white!"
You've got your plan... God bless you losers and your Clan

The day will come... lights out - and soon you'll be gone
Who's left? Your son... The only thing you'll pass on:
"Kill a nigger, kill a Jew, kill a couple, kill a few". Alright
-
no more, no less? He'll put you to rest while going:

Raise your glass and hail The Clan
feel united by your colour
Raise hell just because you can,
burn a cross... and one another.