

You Can Count Your Money In Your Graves, You Filthy Bastards

Satanic Surfers

Great man playing war like if common people just were toys
They can always buy new
So it's OK to loose a few

Religion's made the people blind, promised something they'll never find
A precious paradise
A final ride into glory

Cause when you're killing for money
The blood you spill doesn't count

How you stop this fucking madness, get them off of their high horses,
high and mighty bunch of assholes, god damn fucking hypocrites

What's the problem, they're off to Balkan

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Doesn't count