

The Red Chins in their millions
Will overspill their borders
And chaos then will reign in our Rael

Rael, the home of my religion
To me the center of the Earth

The Red Chins in their millions
Will overspill their borders
And chaos then will reign in our Rael

My heritage is threatened
My roots are torn and cornered
And so to do my best I'll homeward sail
And so to do my best I'll homeward sail

Now Captain, listen to my instructions
Return to this spot on Christmas Day
Look toward the shore for my signal
And then you'll know if in Rael I'll stay

If a yellow flag is fluttering
Sickly herald against the morn
Then you'll know my courage has ended
And you'll send your boat ashore

But if a red flag is flying
Brazen bold against the blue
Then you'll know that I am staying
And my yacht belongs to you

Now Captain, listen to my instructions
Return to this spot on Christmas Day
Look toward the shore for my signal
And then you'll know if in Rael I'll stay

He's crazy if he thinks we're coming back again
He's crazy if he thinks we're coming back again
He's crazy if he thinks we're coming back again
He's crazy, anyway

If a yellow flag is fluttering
Sickly herald against the morn
Then you'll know my courage has ended
And you'll send your boat ashore