

Last night I see you you were howling at the moon  
If I ever see you again it will be too soon  
The house that you live in will burn down to the ground  
And you will be humiliated every time you go to town

Death to the infidel  
Death to the infidel

Think this is fiction but I know it's fact  
The evil you hand out is evil you get back  
So you won't mind if I put you on a rack  
If you deal in bullshit you are bound to own a sack

Death to the infidel  
Death to the infidel

A life of pain in your own little hell  
It's your own aggression and nobody else  
You will never have children you've got a sterile mind  
Your wife will be murdered in a senseless domestic crime

Death to the infidel  
Death to the infidel