

The Church, Roman

Oh what a feeling baby, knowledge and brutality
Whose soul you stealing baby, lost your immortality
Another empty conquest, Venus set me free
Oh what a ritual father, father why you leaving me
They've found another martyr, rather it was him than me
They took away his language, then his memory
He said "I'm never, never coming back again";
Oh what to battle Muslim, what a noble enemy
We have to kill them bastards, then compose an elegy
I thought I saw their leader fallen on his knees
He said "I'm never, never coming back again";
Oh what an ending baby, promise you'll remember me
I'm not pretending baby, your sweet and wicked treachery
Water all my orchids, save my dynasty
I said "I'm never, never coming back again";