

Laibach, Sympathy For The Devil

I was around when Jesus Christ
had his moment of doubt and faith
And I made damn sure that Pilate
washed his hands, and sealed his fate

Pleased to meet you, hope you guess my name
But what's puzzling you is the nature of my game

I stuck around St. Petersburg,
when I saw it was time for a change
I killed the Czar and his ministers
Anastasia screamed in vain
I rode a tank, held a General's rank
When the Blitzkrieg raged,
and the bodies stank

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But what's puzzling you is the nature of my game

I watched with glee while your kings and queens
fought for ten decades, for the God they made
I Shouted out "Who killed the Kennedys?"
When after all... it was you and me

Let me please introduce myself
I'm a man of wealth and taste
And I lay traps for troubadours
Who get killed before they reach Bombay

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Just as every cop is a criminal
and all the sinners saints
As head is tail, just call me Lucifer
'Cause I'm in need of some restraint!
So if you meet me, have some courtesy
Have some sympathy, and some taste
Use all your well-learned politics
Or I'll lay your soul to waste!