

Running Wild, Into The Arena

They imagine a heaven
Talk about hell
They can't live without a remission

Plentiful punishment
For numerous sins
Suffering their own cruel invention

Their heaven is boring
Their hell's a stale joke
Faith is their one vindication

Doubt is forbidden
Joy is tabooed
For a folly there's no hesitation

Sacrifice their life for a lie
A thousand sheep have come to die
Down the thumb there's no remorse
It's the time for martyres

Into the Arena - go down
Into the Arena - show-down now
Into the Arena - the beasts are prepared
Into the Arena

Hunting the witches
Considered to be
Riding on brooms in the dark night

No mercy for people
Who dare to oppose
Medieval church was a scourge in its pride

Millions of people
Killed for the cross
By relentless religion - disgusting

There is no excuse
For things they have done
In the name of their God - it's a bad thing

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Lock your door the priest is coming
Beware of all the Parsons

Today it's all different
A daring contention
They talk about love and forgiving

But still they are hunting
Now we are the victims
Maybe they are evious for our living

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