

The Fall, Hey Luciani

Aborteum.
I said Luciani
The future's here today
I said Hey Luciani
Pope of three three days

They made out you were are an ultra nut
And had no time for your Christianity
You paid with your life for their treachery
The future's here today
The future's here to stay
Luciani

Hey Luciani
Jesus has gone away
I said Hey Luciani
Meet the Church, Bank, S.A.**

They said you were of peasant stock
And one day the curia murdered you
Your hermeneutics are through
And on that fruited plain
The corporate bishop's graze
Exit church of poverty and pain
The future's here today
The future's here to stay

Hey Luciani
A pop star in your cell
I said Hey Luciani
A Polish son of Hell

You were the first John Paul I
How is it your 'Christian' is gone?
Can you see it from your grave?
The TV snow-storm on top,
The brass Holy Grail
Imitation for sale
The future's here today
Luciani

And all the cowls are black
On an inquisition rack
The future's here today
The future's here to stay
Luciani