

Comecon, The Whole World

The curse of freedom bears the plague of splintered truth
One God becomes a million and then they all become fraud
Kneel down to be righteous, kneel down for the Lord
Kneel down for the Hero, kneel down for the sword
Masses turn marches, youth-clashes crusades
The rabble's left for the soldiers and the sluts for the
Maids

A whole world
A whole world
If a cause is false, it is at least a cause
The faith in a Lord is its reward
In whole world

And in the corner of my eye I see the plains waco
I can see Jones in the jungle and the youth marching in berlin
I can see truth resurrected by lies and by force
I see a thousand new heroes raging athousand new wars
I see belief in conspiracies some of old and some are new
Making order out of chaos but then blood is coming through
And the vision is blurred and the world is consumed
By roaring skies and the world is entombed

A whole world...

A whole world
A whole world
It's the blood of our youth that must be sacrificed
So the evil of freedom can be exorcised