

# 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