

# Paprica Korps, Camp Babylon

Pitch the camp babilon. The winner takes it all  
Do you feel comfortable in a brand new role?  
Dig the poet up. Drag him up by his sideburns  
Ask him, are we still Messiahs while now serving Rome?  
The cannon fodder's bible is waiting to be reexplained  
Just increase among an audience missing the old kingdom's fame  
Pitch the camp babilon. The winner takes it all  
Do you feel comfortable in a brand new role?  
Inert heads, during turbulence above the place he died  
play the national anthem banging lids under white-red rags  
So was the oportunity to start a life of their own.  
to earn for their own flat or at last leave their in-law's house  
Pitch the camp babilon. The winner takes it all  
Do you feel comfortable in a brand new role?  
Instead of these VIP's around a heroic grave  
with national umbrellas to prevent the rain from wetting their suits  
nearby industrialists, engineers and hordes of middlemen  
appreciate devotion and unify in pain  
Pitch the camp babilon. The winner takes it all  
Do you feel comfortable in a brand new role?