

Eron Falbo**"I Want It All"**

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I want priests to become so unholy,
That they'd never dare preach to themselves.
I want kids to know Gods from the stories,
Outside books in the outdated shelves.
I want drunkards to give up their drinking,
For a taste of my pitcher of wine.
I want to take away your daughter's virginity,
So that you'll never forsake your wife.

I want it all,
From barbarians to greeks,
I want it all.
For the timid mute will speak.
Like underwater mountain peaks,
He seeks it all.

I want Hitler to cry in a funeral,
Whose inheritance would pay all his debts.
I want Jesus to drown in that water,
So that you can be the saviour instead.

I want warriors to learn how to run,
And be proud of the battle not fought.
I want the pope down in Nouveau Orleans,
Digging the blues and all that he should have not.

I want it all,
So return his golden wings.
I want it all.
For the devil spawns will sing,
To forgive their holy angel king,
our link to it all.

Now, of the universe, we do know quite a bit.
It is we who are spinning 'round the sun.
And the earth she's a sphere in an orbit,
And she couldn't even if she tried to run.

But the telescope has told us to measure,
What the microscope begins to explain.
I want rivers drifting off from our deserts,

Only to bathe them again with the rain.

I want it all,
For the gambling man will win.
I want it all.
And the preacher has to sin,
To keep more for his kin.
No, he can't win, for he's chosen just a bit.
In his mountain he will sit,
Like the holy humble hypocrite,
I want it all.

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