

Gama

"In The Court Of General Zod"

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Trapped in a mirror, freed by a bomb
To rule over Earth with sadistic aplomb
Moon villainess rules by his side
A brute force of evil serves in mute pride
With lofty ideas, dictator from space
Using his lasers, the past he'll erase

Taken by force, a world that's not theirs
You'll kneel before them and one day your heirs
Done in the name of a cruel new god
One way to worship; to kneel

Concentrated lasers very spooky in his eyes
An alien salute that blows a chopper from the skies
Storming on the White House, his beard for all to see
He laughs at their defences as he puts them on their
knees
He feeds on the sunlight stealing it's power
Gloating his madness in our darkest hour

Why do you say these things, when you know I will kill
you for it?

Cruel cold intelligence beyond what humans know
Seeking out a power source among the northern snow
Condemned by the council but ruling once again
Aloof to our suffering in the reign of supermen
Insidious treason, a fascistic plot
Get on your knees, the one hope we've got

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