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MDC "Pecking Order"

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There seems to be a problem The people won't behave They seem to fear our power less Than what's beyond the grave

The clergy won't preach All the doctrines we ask We'll have to round them up So we can take them to task

We'll blame the guerrillas for what has been done Burnt church of Jesus, the death of a nun

The church has preached resistance For what the poor hold dear Stronger than the army We sent to instill fear

A US torturer, designed just for you Agony guaranteed, they know what to do CIA assassins are coming with guns The people will mourn for dead priests and nuns Kill with no mercy, men and women of the cloth Ineffective martyrs for the God they brought forth Is their retribution only time will tell Agents don't believe and the people live in hell We'll destroy their faith In their God and his son A plain wooden casket destined for a nun

We will not compete With religious belief Burn the church, kill the priest Leaven them in grief Unlike their saviour they'll die with no cross Shown their mortality they'll know who is boss

Destroy their faith in their God and his son Show what we will do For our power and money A blood spattered habit Amen The Death of a Nun

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