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Immolation

The sun had burned all the fields again - their spirits sank, all did what they could
And all prepared to die - starvation filled their daily life
The Aztec priest sat in the sanctuary for hours, starring at the wall
And then he had the idea of making a sacrifice

Go right now and get me the sweetest virgin
Go, move on, and don't tell her she'll be burning
For the Gods, we'll lay our fate in their hands
Praise our gods - a victim for the gods

And one day after she was dead the first rain fell on the fields
New ideas were born, immolation to satisfy the gods
They locked their children in a cage, 'cos their tears made it rain for days
And they moved on and on - ripping hearts out and skinning their women

Go right now and get me the little children
Go move on and tell them they'll be bleeding
For Tlaloc, we'll lay our fate in his hands
For the gods - victim for a god

Ohhhohohhh.....

Go right now and get me the sweetest virgin
Go move on and don't tell her she'll be burning
For the Gods, we'll lay our fate in their hands
Praise our gods - a victim for god