

# Pecking Order

## M.D.C.

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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