

Vers 1

Who is proud of frightening a child?
Telling tales of victims running prey-like in the wild
Telling tales of old 'bout blows of fate and crime
No pity for a dime
It happens all the time

Whatever they are telling you
Just keep this it in your heart:
For sure, on St. Thomas' day
The world won't fall apart.

Vers 2

Who rubs the hands when women are afraid?
Telling tales of loss of wages, piles of bills unpaid
Telling tales of bosses waving pages like a mime
No pity for a dime
It happens all the time

Whatever they are telling you
Just keep this it in your heart:
For sure, on St. Thomas' day
The world won't fall apart.

Bridge:

Some people
Are counting
Down to day of doom
Some people
Surmounting
Straits with iron broom
Some of us who cannot wait
To open up the gate
They say: "It's over! Far too late!"
I bet, they call it "Fate"

Choir:
Dantes Inferno
Hört ihr das Lamento?
Kreischen und Klagen
Da, der Feuerwagen!

Die Erde und der Himmel öffnen sich
Die Rache der Engel
Die Sprache der Bengel
Einfach fürchterlich!

Im Morgenrot, da kommt der Tod
Wo bleibt das Boot, das Ende droht

Türme fallen	Doomsday is near!
Leere Hallen	<i>Hey man, this sounds queer!</i>
Peitschen knallen	Dude, do you hear?
Die Zeit, die steht	<i>Yes, I want another beer!</i>
Und dann geht ...	

Der Kellner in die Küche
Und holt das Letzte Gericht

Instrumental

Vers 3

Who is proud of frightening a man?
Telling tales of doomsday and that the end began
Telling tales of slideways, gliding hellwards on the slime
No pity for a dime
It happens all the time

Whatever they are telling you
Just keep this it in your heart:
For sure, on St. Thomas' day
The world won't fall apart.

Whatever they are telling you
Just keep this it in your heart:
For sure, on St. Thomas' day
The world won't fall apart.