I’ve seen a thousand years go by  
We call it the Dark Ages in the movies  
And they’re so proud of their address  
In the castle tower, no serfs allowed

But every serf’s like:  
Broke back  
No food  
Living with the animals  
Smell bad  
Heads down  
Bound to the land until

We don’t care, we’re being driven by horse carriage

But every king’s like:  
Big meals  
Fat pad  
Diamonds on your diadem (crown)  
My land  
You rent  
I’ll supply the military

We don’t care, we’re so caught up trying to be the heir

And we’ll always be royals (royals)  
It runs in our blood  
That kind of lux is just for us, we crave the feudalism buzz  
Let me be your ruler  
You can call me queen bee  
And baby I’ll rule, I’ll rule, I’ll rule, I’ll rule  
Let me rule this monarchy

The Protestant group has cracked the Pope  
Catholics counted their dollars they would get for indulgences  
And everyone bought salvation up  
It’s what God wants, that’s how they got to heaven

But Martin Luther’s like:  
No way  
Bad Church  
Nailing up the Thesis (95)  
Printing Press  
New Ideas  
Let the Reformation start