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