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Santa Schwab

When I was younger
And money did not matter
I did believe there was a special Santa Claus
He promised everyone a revolution
And better fate
A life for the right cause

His name was Karl
He's born and raised a German
His book became a manual for some
In name of his
Some died, some killed and later
Those who survived spread word of his
Forth some

The world has split
One side believed in money
The other side experimented with
A human life
And promised bread and honey
To those who believed
In myth

No longer young I wonder
If the lesson of just so recent days
was all in vain
Since one more Santa did appear
Yet some
Still do believe
In fairy tales

His name is Klaus
He's born and raised a German
He promises a revolution to us all
A paradise where you and I'll be happy
And money would not matter
After all

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