

Muhammad

(To the tune of "*Fernando*" by ABBA)

Can you smell success, Muhammad?
I remember long ago on our first Swedish night.
By the *Midnight Sun* Muhammad;
Sweden was so neat and clean and civilized,
And its infidels were so naive our faith was minimized.

We are now entrenched, Muhammad:
Islamic "*No-Go Zones*" extend from land to sea.
Where *Sharia Law* is binding;
Our lack of skills and language cause much idleness,
Reducing Sweden into one more demographic *cess*.

Refrain:

There was *Jihad* in the air that night,
Their leaders weren't too bright, Muhammad.
They were thinking globally, not ethnically, Muhammad.
I never dreamed they'd take us in as a *Fifth Column*;
If they had to do it all again, I'm sure they'd be much less dumb.

Now we're here to stay, Muhammad,
Many Swedish women we have raped these many years.
But we've not forsaken *Jihad*:
Lots of Infidels we've killed with bombs and knives,
Who quickly met their just desserts by forfeiting their lives.

**ABBA's old and gray, Muhammad.
Do they still consider immigration to be cool?
With its rape and terrorism,
Or see that violent immigrants without constraints
Have converted Sweden into a real-life "*Camp of the Saints*"?**

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by Earl P. Holt III