

# All Eyes on the Saint

Enter Shikari

22nd of June, 209 AD, A crowd gathers.  
Ohhh they fuckin' love a good beheading.  
Watch as St.Alban's head, rolls down the hill.  
The crowd stood still, 'cause what they just saw,  
It petrified them to the core,  
Ahhh to the core.  
Ahhhhhh.

As the executioner raised his as his axe,  
I swear the saint smiled.

Welcome Verulamium, cathedral city,  
All eyes on the saint.  
Welcome Verulamium, cathedral city,  
All eyes on the saint.

Our city with its beautiful history,  
Is being diluted.  
But we will not let go.  
No we wont.  
Now get a grip on your roots boy.  
Don't let go.  
But we will not let go.

Ahhhhhh.

As the executioner raised his as his axe,  
I swear the saint smiled.

Welcome Verulamium, Cathedral city,  
All eyes on the saint.  
Welcome Verulamium, Cathedral city,  
All eyes on the saint.

And it's cold outside.  
And it's cold outside.  
And it's cold outside.  
And it's cold outside.

As the executioner swung his wedge,  
His eyes popped right out his fuckin' head.  
Then when he should see the ancient moment,  
The making of the first British martyr.  
British martyr.

Here lies truth, where I stand.  
Here lies truth, where I stand.  
Here lies truth, where I stand.  
Here lies truth, where I stand.

So where St.Albans head,  
Laid to rest, after the kill.  
Fresh water sprung up from the ground,  
At the bottom of what's now,  
Holywell hill.  
Holywell hill.

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