

Drink The Blood Of The Priest

Brocas Helm

Drink the blood of the priest as it flows from the altar
Drink the blood of the priest as it flows to the grave
Body of Christ it lays there before you
Body of Christ it lays there for you
From the depths of Hell they call your name
They've lost their way and have only you to blame
They know not what they do
They feel your love for them was never true

Sing for the glory
Dream of yesterday
Just sing a song of love and joy
In your heart

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Speak softly my lord, just walk away
Speak softly my lord, they won't beat you here this way
I know it's hard to say goodbye
Sometimes a part of you has to die
ooooohhhh

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