

Feed on Me

Judas Priest

They are dying on the dance floor
They are lying in debris
They are fading with exhaustion
From the mortal injuries

They are hungry and need feeding
They've resigned themselves to fate
They are desperate men
Death's written on their face

When your will to live
Is all but gone
And you're left alone
But you need someone - feed on me
Feed on me

They're outgunned and they're outnumbered
But they'll never turn to run
And the "In name of freedom"'s
Written with their blood

Some would call them mercenary
But they always knew the pain
Inevitably far outweighs the gain

Feed on me
Feed on me if you need to breath
Feed on me

When your hunger strikes you down again
And you feel your inner strength has drained - feed on me
Feed on me

Feed on me - I got what you need
Feed on me
Feed on me - don't accept defeat

They are dying on the dance floor
They are lying in debris
They are fading with exhaustion
From the mortal injuries

Some would call them mercenary
But they always knew the pain
Enevitably far outweighs the gain

When your will to live has almost gone
And you're left alone and you need someone
Feed on me
Feed on me

Feed on me
Feed on me - I got what you need
Feed on me
Feed on me - don't accept defeat