

Blood of Saints

Ragnarok

Priest
Diseased
Poison in your mind
Try
To preach
Your sermon for the weak
While
Your lungs
Are crawling 'round your spine
Regur-
gitate
When you are running past your peak

Horny
Monks
Clutching tightly 'round their throats
Frivolous
Nuns
You better heed the call
Berserkers
Burning
The contents of your scrolls
Heathen
Beliefs
Still strong within us all

Blood
Red sky
An omen to respect
Night
To day
A monastery ablaze
Swords
Of death
A mission to protect
The hea-
then Gods
Our pagan heritage

Chorus:
BLOOD OF SAINTS - Crushing Christianity
Dragonships, the scourge of the seven seas
BLOOD OF SAINTS - Crushing Christianity
Norsemen, the scourge of your belief

Spoken words of the middle part:

When the pagans desecrated the sanctuaries of God, and poured out the blood of saints around the altar, laid waste the house of our hope, trampled on the bodies of saints in the temple of God, like dung in the street. What can we say except lament in our soul with you before Christ's altar, and say: "Spare, O Lord, spare thy people, and give not thine inheritance to the Gentiles, lest the pagan say, 'Where is the God of the Christians?'"
(Alcuin, the deacon of Lindisfarne Monastery in a letter to Higbald, bishop of Lindisfarne Monastery 793)

'These words are about the Viking attack on Lindisfarne Monastery 793. This marked the start of the Viking age and was a great opportunity to lay Christ

ianity to rest as well as killing and plundering in the name of the heathen gods. '