

# 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. '