

The Holy Drinker

Steven Wilson

The Holy Drinker and his curse
In constant serfage to unquenchable thirst

And from his stupor the night gives birth
The devil rises from right out of the earth

With shaking hands and blackened heart
The glass he pours, this time it's also the last

In rapt communion with himself
The Holy Drinker is going straight in to hell

The coffin was made from a tree
Please hammer a nail in for me

The bottle slipped right through
Plague pits
Now underground
Take me down
Down
Put me in chains