

# The Holy Drinker

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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