

## Blood of the Saints

Virgin Steele

London is mine, New York and Paris shall fall  
One Ring to Rule in Darkness to bind them all  
Come to me now a moth to the Flame  
Burning your eyes as you stare  
With the Blood of the Saints

Stand on the shore watching the ships as they burn  
None will be found the sea will be their final urn  
Come to me now a moth to the Flame  
Burning your eyes as you stare  
I will devour a Specter of Power I will be King for a Day

In passion denied you call to the gods  
In glutinous sin your face so sublime  
With the Blood of the Saints