

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