Psalms Alive

Baroness

I am the nail that you cant strike
I am the spear that will run you throughAnd when the shots were falling we were sound asleep
And you filled your palms with dirty bombs
Instead of hand-grenadesI am teeth which cannot bite
Ill tear your garden up by the rootsAnd when the shots were falling we were sound asleep
And you filled your palms with dirty bombs
Instead of hand-grenadesHear the seven bell tolls
Ringing loud for you
Coroners and vultures
Cry out, Gloria!All across the valley
Onward towards the sun
The two-bit prophet sways and
Pulls a price from everyoneFeel the heavy hoof-beats
Pound across the land
The sin of our forefathers
Lies within our clutching handsWatch the planes pass over
Hear its call-to-arms
The golden drunk of morning
Made me straight my bended knee

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