

# Priests

## Eyeless In Gaza

And who will write love songs for you  
When I am Lord at last  
And your body is the little highway shrine  
That all my priests have passed  
That all my priests have passed?My priests, they will put flowers there  
They will kneel before the glass  
But they'll wear away your little window, love  
They will trample on the grass  
They will trample on the grassAnd who will shoot the arrow  
That men will follow through your grace  
When I am Lord of memories  
And all your armor has turned to lace  
And all your armor has turned to lace?The simple life of heroes  
The twisted life of saints  
They just confuse the sunny calendar  
With their red and golden paint  
With their red and golden paintAnd all of you have seen the dance  
That God has kept from me  
But he has seen me watching you  
When all your minds were free  
When all your minds were freeAnd who will write love songs for you  
When I am Lord at last  
And your body is the little highway shrine  
That all my priests have passed  
That all my priests have passed?My priests, they will put flowers there  
They will stand before the glass  
But they'll wear away your little window, love  
They will trample on the grass  
They will trample on the grass

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