Pray Your Gods

Toad The Wet Sprocket

I will give the secrets you request
And you will be the one to sacrifice
So lay your olive arms upon my breast
And sing the poems, free the butterfliesPray your Gods who ask you for your blood
For they are strong and angry jealous ones
Or lay upon my altar now your loveI fear my time is short
There are armies moving close
Be quick, my loveI feel my body weakened by the years
As people turn to Gods of cruel design
Is it that they fear the pain of death?
Or could it be they fear the joy of lifePray your Gods who'll hold you by your fear
For they are quick and ruthless punishers
Or lay upon my altar now your loveFear my day is done
There are armies moving on
Be quick, my love

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