Feed On Me

Judas Priest

They are dying on the dance floor
They are lying in debris
They are fading with exhaustion
From the mortal injuriesThey are hungry and need feeding
They've resigned themselves to fate
They are desperate men
Death's written on their faceWhen your will to live is almost gone
And you're left alone but you need someone
Feed on me
Feed on meThey're out gunned and they're outnumbered
But they'll never turn to run
And in name of freedom
Is written with their bloodSome would call them mercenary
But they always knew the pain
Inevitably far outweighs the gainWhen your hunger strikes you down again
And you feel your inner strength has drained
Feed on me
Feed on meFeed on me
Feed on me, I got what you need
Feed on me
Feed on me, don't accept defeatThey are dying on the dance floor
They are lying in debris
They are fading with exhaustion
From the mortal injuriesSome would call them mercenary
But they always knew the pain
Inevitably far outweighs the gainWhen your will to live is all but gone
Let your heart be straight to drive you off
Feed on me
Feed on meFeed on me
Feed on me, I got what you need
Feed on me
Feed on me, don't accept defeatFeed on me

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