

# 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 injuries They are hungry and need feeding  
They've resigned themselves to fate  
They are desperate men  
Death's written on their face When your will to live  
Is all but gone  
And you're left alone  
But you need someone - feed on me  
Feed on me They're outgunned and they're outnumbered  
But they'll never turn to run  
And the "In the name of freedom's"  
Written with their blood Some would call them mercenary  
But they always knew the pain  
Inevitably far outweighs the gain Feed on me  
Feed on me if you need to breathe  
Feed on me  
When your hunger strikes you down again  
And you feel your inner strength has drained feed on me  
Feed on me Feed on me I got what you need  
Feed on me  
Feed on me don't accept defeat They are dying on the dance floor  
They are lying in debris  
They are fading with exhaustion  
From the mortal injuries Some would call them mercenary  
But they always knew the pain  
Inevitably far outweighs the gain When your will to live has almost gone  
And you're left alone and you need someone  
Feed on me  
Feed on me Feed on me  
Feed on me I got what you need  
Feed on me  
Feed on me don't accept defeat

Songwriters

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