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 butterflies
Pray your Gods who ask you for your blood
For they are strong and angry jealous ones
Or lay upon my altar now your love
I fear my time is short
There are armies moving close
Be quick, my love

I 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 life
Pray your Gods who'll hold you by your fear
For they are quick and ruthless punishers
Or lay upon my altar now your love
Fear my day is done
There are armies moving on
Be quick, my love

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