

Blood Of The Saints

[Virgin Steele](#)

London is mine
New York and Paris shall fall
One ring to rule in darkness
To bind them all Come to me now
A moth to the flame
Burning your eyes as you stare
With the blood of the saints Stand on the shore
Watching the ships as they burn
None will be found
The sea will be their final urn Come to me now
A moth to the flame
Burning your eyes as you stare
I will devour a specter of power
I will be king for a day In passion denied
You call to the gods
In glutinous sin
Your face so sublime
With the blood of the saints

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