

# 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 across 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 rule you by your fear  
For they are quick and ruthless punishers  
Or lay upon my altar now your love  
I fear my time is short  
There are armies moving on  
Be quick, my love

Songwriters

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