

Sacrilege

Abney Park

I heard in the dark,
a soft pair o' arms
under the leaves,
naked shoulders
Under the moss,
skinny sides.

Don't wake from your sleep.Unaware of the common men
who would judge what they didn't understandSacrilege, and they keep on dancing.
heretic, they spin round and round.

Blasphemy, circle round the fireDon't wake from your sleep..Tossing their heads,
eyes of fire.

Leaving their beds,
of leaves and briar.
Singing their spells,

to heathen gods.Don't wake from your sleep.(Unaware of the common men
who would judge what they didn't understand)Sacrilege, and they keep on dancing.
heretic, they spin round and round.

Blasphemy, circle 'round the fireDon't wake from your sleep.I heard in the dark (Sacrilege)
a soft pair o' arms (and they keep on dancing.)

under the leaves,
naked shoulders (heretic and they spin round and round.)

Under the moss,
skinny sides.Don't wake from your sleepI heard in the dark (Sacrilege)

a soft pair o' arms (and they keep on dancing.)

under the leaves,
naked shoulders (heretic and they spin round and round.)

Under the moss,
skinny sides.Don't wake from your sleep

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