

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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