

Kneel to the Cross

Agalloch

Give us our bread and bury our dead
And kneel to the cross on the wall
Whether burnt at the stake or drunk at the wake
Just kneel to the cross on the wall
We've original sin, but we might just get in
If we beg to the cross on the wall
It's love your neighbour and rattle your sabre
But kneel to that cross on the wall. See the roof fall, hear the bells crash
As flesh and bone turns to ash
Tried to conquer the sun with a Christian frost
The corpses' stench beneath the crossAnd give them gold and they'll save your soul
And kneel to the cross on the wall
And hail to the boss of the great unwashed
And kneel to the cross on the wall
They wail and weep, the march of the sheep
As they go to the cross on the wall
And it's ever so wrong to dare to be strong
So kneel to the cross on the wallSee the roof fall, hear the bells crash
As flesh and bone turns to ash
Tried to conquer the sun, with a Christian frost
The corpses' stench beneath the cross.
And it's ever so wrong to dare, to be strong
And it's ever so wrong to dare, to be strong
But summer is a-coming and arise! Arise!
But summer is a-coming and arise! Arise!

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