

Blood in the Valley

Sons of Perdition

The sick of the fold turn their backs on the flock
to wander the wasteland so grim.

They pray to false idols of wood, gold and rock
when they ought to raise voices to Him.

The blood in the valley is Thine Lord, not mine,
so guide my hook and hand as I reap from the vine.

The faithful up front and the sinners behind,
O Lord, let Thy glory shine.

They poison the wells with their venomous lies.
The crops in the fields turn to coal.

Like a gangrenous limb on the body of Christ,
their stain brings Hell on the whole.

The blood in the valley is Thine Lord, not mine,
so guide my hook and hand as I reap from the vine.

The faithful up front and the sinners behind,
O Lord, let Thy glory shine.

Satan is among us tonight, friends!

Can you see the fire? Can you see the brimstone?

Get down on your knees!

Get down on your knees and crawl like a filthy beast you have become!

Back into the pits!

Back into the caves!

Put the bible to your head and pull the trigger!

May the Lord request and he shall receive!

Glory!

Well...

This valley will flood with your hypocrite blood!

This valley will flood with your hypocrite blood!

Fuck you, Satan.

Yeah!

Yeah.

Fuck you, Satan!

The moon of the harvest is steeped in red hue,

and from the mouth of the valley, no sound.
The dregs on the ground pay the Devil his due
as he lights on that pale sunken mound.

The blood in the valley is Thine Lord, not mine,
so guide my hook and hand as I reap from the vine.
The faithful up front and the sinners behind,
O Lord, let Thy glory shine.

O Lord, let Thy glory shine. (2x)

Lyrics submitted by Michael Lopez.

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