

Baroness

"Psalms Alive"

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I am the nail that you can't strike
I am the spear that will run you through

And when the shots were falling we were sound asleep
And you filled your palms with dirty bombs
Instead of hand-grenades

I am teeth which cannot bite
I'll tear your garden up by the roots

And when the shots were falling we were sound asleep
And you filled your palms with dirty bombs
Instead of hand-grenades

Hear the seven bell tolls
Ringing loud for you
Coroners and vultures
Cry out, "Gloria!"

All across the valley
Onward towards the sun
The two-bit prophet sways and
Pulls a price from everyone

Feel the heavy hoof-beats
Pound across the land
The sin of our forefathers
Lies within our clutching hands

Watch the planes pass over
Hear its call-to-arms
The golden drunk of morning
Made me straight my bended knee

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