

Devendra Banhart

"Saintbleeder"

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Come on and borrow my crown of thorns
The crowd is still watching we can't be forlorn
Martyrs arise - under the guise
Of blood, sweat and tears and through all of our fears
Oh what delightful good whores we all are
Everyone loves to worship new gods

Have no fear to engineer
The mythology

It burns and hurts
To drink the blood of a saint
It burns to sanctify the betrayal
Hurt - to drink the blood of the saints

Come on relentless and dance on the dead
They should have lasted longer
Their dust we now spread
Weapon of dread, blindfold crimson red
Our seven tailed wraith and our opium -
Blind faith
Oh what delightful good whores we all are
Everyone loves to worship new gods

Have no fear to engineer
The fucking mythology

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