

Jarboe "Shotgun Road"

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The believers dance in front the altar
The believers strip their clothes
The believers give their bodies
The believers for Her glory sacrifice their own
daughters
The believers chant her name
They place flowers at her feet
The believers drink her blood
The believers: lambs to the slaughter
Sacred words they hear the sacred words
They feel they feel the sacred touch the touch the
touch
The
Sacred words they hear the sacred words
They feel they feel the sacred touch the touch the
touch
The...
In a trance the priestess has fallen
Possessed, no longer herself
The priestess became the goddess
Vain goddess of the sea risen
She is an expression of their nameless hunger
She is an expression of both the good and evil
She's become the mother of their nameless hunger
Sacred words they hear the sacred words
They feel they feel the sacred touch the touch the
touch
And they who've laid down their weapons
Are no longer soldiers
But have become all the drowned children
Who feel no pain
They reveal treasures hidden on the bottom
Of the sea for centuries
And 3 blind man will wander
Canes above their able heads through eternity...
Blind men all in a line who'll never see
Will wander wander aimlessly
They are blindmen, they'll never see
They will travel blind through eternity

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