

Venke Knutson

"Blackened Are The Priests"

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Requiem Eternum, Lord of Ancients, Son of God.
Requiem Eternal, Buried in this Holy Ground.

They pray on heaven and on fire, deliver them from
evil, Death.
Their keys that keep their secret safe, are lost in war
and now, they pay the price!

They cannot be freed! They cry but there's no other
way, to free them.
Blackened are the Priests,
Of evil, drinking from their chalices of blood, redeem
them,
Blackened are the Priests.

Amist the holy cries of heaven, beneath the soddened
earth, hell.
The whitened collars of the dogs, that spew forth hardy
thoughts ,of life,
Ah help them!

Blackened is the mantle of the Priests.
Amen!
Blackened is the collar of the Priests.
Blackened is the collar of the Priests.

The Holy alter now of heaven, cannot deliver us from
pain.

(Postman pat and his Black and White cat!)

[Solo/Bass Riff]

God help them!

The holy alter now of heaven, doth not deliver them
from pain.
They cannot turn their back on hell, from the grace they
fell,
All their futile efforts wane.

They cannot be freed! They cry but there's no other
way, to free them.
Blackened are the Priests,
Of evil, drinking from their chalices of blood, redeem
them.
Blackened are the Priests,
Of evil, we try but there's no other way to free them,
Blackened are the Priests,
Of evil, drinking from their chalices of blood, redeem
them,
Blackened are the Priests!

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