

## Queensryche "Suite Sister Mary"

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10 p.m.

I feel the rain coming down  
My face feels the wet  
My mind the storm

Flashing lights as people race  
To find shelter from the pour  
Moving silent, through the streets  
They're mine, they're mine

Midnight  
She sings praises in the hall  
To saintly faces hallowed  
Be their names she can't recall

Sister Mary, Virgin Mary  
Silent with her sin  
She feels me, I can taste  
Her breath when she speaks

Mary, Mary just a whore for the underground  
They made you pay in guilt for your salvation  
Thought you had them fooled?  
Now they've sent me for you  
You know too much for your own good

Don't offer me faith, I've got all I need here  
My faith is growing, growing tight against the seam  
What we need is trust to keep us both alive  
Help us make it through the night

I've no more want of any faith  
Bind my arm and feed my mind  
The only peace I've ever known  
I'll close my eyes and you shoot

Mary, listen  
You've got to pull your strength  
From my lips, I pray I feed you well

Your precious cross is gone  
It made me wait so long

For what you give to everyone  
The priest is cold and dead, on his knees he fed  
From my barrel of death, he turned  
The holy water red, as he died he said  
Thank you, I just watched him bleed

I feel the flow, the blessed stain  
Sweating hands like fire, and flames  
Burn my thighs, spread in sacrificial rite  
The hallowed altar burns my flesh  
Once more tonight

Mary, my lady of pain  
Always alone  
Blind, you search for the truth  
I see myself in you  
Parallel lives  
Winding at light speed through time

No time to rest yet  
We've got to stop this game  
Before madness has the final laugh  
Too much bloodshed  
We're being used and fed  
Like rats in experiments

No final outcome here  
Only pain and fear  
It's followed us both all our lives  
There's one thing left to see  
Will it be him or me?  
There's one more candle left to light

Don't turn your back on my disgrace  
The blood of Christ can't heal  
My wounds so deep  
The sins of man are all I taste  
Can't spit the memory from my mind  
I can't cry anymore

Mary, my lady of pain  
Always alone  
Blind you search for the truth  
I see myself in you  
Parallel lives  
Winding at light-speed through time  
You're mine

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