Steven Wilson "The Holy Drinker"

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The holy drinker and his curse In constant serfage to unquenchable thirst And from his stupor the night gives birth The devil rises from right out of the earth

With shaking hands and blackened heart, The glass he pours, this time it's also the last In rapt communion with himself The holy drinker is going straight into hell

His coffin was made from a tree Please hammer a nail in for me The bottle slipped right through Plague pits now underground Take me down... down... Put me in chains...

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