

Fight Like Gods

Chelsea Wolfe

Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy

What happens when the dream is better than the waking?
What happens when we don't dread our own body breaking?
From our bed i can see the dark clouds start to seeth right above us
and my stare is hard and my grip on the knife tightens.

Holy, Holy

Lethe, the only one from which we drink the water.
Help us forget when we drink and feel the strength of the moment.
We were never meant to be such vessels of physical form.
May our bodies come to know the true fillings of the spirit of fire.

Holy, Holy

Thy Love, Thy Love, Thy Love, Thy Love
My Love, My Love, My Love, My love
Thy Love, Thy Love, Thy Love, My Love

You doubt and you're desperate, you wear both your cross and your hammer.
Such beautiful dreams of violence, in them your tongue is made of silver.
But we don't fight like Animals - we fight like Men.
No, we don't fight like Men - we fight like Gods.

Holy, Holy

No we don't fight like Animals - we fight like Men.
No, we don't fight like Men - we fight like Gods.