

# Holy Roller

Spiritbox

Holy Roller sits in the garden we fled  
Blood into wine, take my body instead  
Holy Roller sits in the garden we fled  
Blood into wine, take my body instead  
Holy Roller

Stand  
To the left of me  
In paradise  
Holy Ghosts will

Born of blood  
In seraphim  
To grip the Nazarene  
Crown of God  
You wear it thin  
To come and rapture me

Holy Roller sits in the garden we fled  
Blood into wine, take my body instead  
Holy Roller sits in the garden we fled  
Blood into wine, take my body instead

Stand  
To the left of me  
In paradise  
Holy Ghosts will  
Fade  
Into oblivion  
Like a blade  
Falling slowly  
Curse the holy down

And when I die, you won't pray for me  
That's when I learn to  
Cut my ties  
And when I die, you won't pray for me  
That's when I learn to  
Cut my ties

Stand  
To the left of me  
In paradise  
Holy Ghosts will  
Fade  
Into oblivion  
Like a blade  
Falling slowly