The Sacred Stones

Give me a sign Dear father of darkness In the light I'm no good I'm dying to assemble the darlings My faith in God is so low

Bring the fuel And light up the crosses of stones And behold the, the maker The power he holds

Light the fire Dear father of darkness The wings of death will unfold I'm dying to asunder the darlings My faith in God is so cold

Bring the fuel And light up the crosses of stones And behold the, the maker The power he holds

It's the Devil that breathes within the heart It's the father of the stones A spirit of evil, a taker of souls The power that he holds Is the power of the sacred stones

Give me a sign Dear father of darkness In the light I'm no good I'm dying to asunder the darlings My faith in God is so low

Bring the fuel And light up the crosses of stones And behold the, the maker The power he holds

It's the Devil that breathes within the heart It's the father of the stones A spirit of evil, a taker of souls The darlings of Heaven will all turn into stones And taken to Hell and dumped into a black hole The power that he holds Is the power of the sacred stones

Volbeat