

Blaze Bayley, Blood And Belief

Blood and belief

They take from me my blood and belief

They take from me my blood

He was once a wolf,
Roamed and never cared,
Never wished for death
Few of us can know,
With that certainty
Where we do belong

Death was always close,
But he was so alive
When he was walking out there, near the edge of life

Then the challenge began
Changing to a man
His soul was trapped inside

Ordinary man waiting for his death
The wolf lay dead inside

Death was always close,
But he was so alive
When he was walking out there, near the edge of life

They could not stand to see
A spirit roam so free
So they condemned him to their ordinary life

See the blood and belief?

Can you see the blood and belief?
As the dead shall grieve, it shall be
When you see the blood and belief
So shall it be me

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See the blood and belief?

Can you see the blood and belief?
As the dead shall grieve, it shall be
When you see the blood and belief

Now you see the blood and belief?

Can you see the blood and belief?
As the dead shall grieve, it shall be
When you see the blood and belief

So shall it be me