

Saxon, The Preacher

Would you let this stranger take your hand
Do you think he sees the promised land
Holy fire, holy water
Anoint the faithful break the sacred bread
Will the message get inside your head
Let the Preacher take your hand

Come and stand among the chosen few (*)
Let the Preacher lay its hand on you

Fire and brimstone send you straight to hell
Gather round beneath the mission bell
Let the Preacher get your hand

(Repeat *)

See the mighty how they fall from grace
Bring your shame upon this chosen place
Holy fire, holy water

(Repeat *)