

Veda Hille, Book of Saints

Hey lookee here the book of saints
What they are is what you ain't
You go on all cripple-fisted
You know you're strong enough to lift this

How's it feel to play Saint Joan?
? poor burnt bone
I will not martyr, I will not martyr
I will hit you harder

I am made of iron, I am maid and bleeder
Keep back, keep back a hundred metres

They saw Saint Agnes being good
So on the road they went to kill her
One strike of his sword killed that little girl
She cried, I belong to my saviour

I am made of iron, I am maid and bleeder
Keep back, keep back a hundred metres

I will not martyr, I will not martyr
I will live long and happy on your bread and water
I will not martyr, I will not martyr
I made you monsters, I can make you harder

What if you missed it, what if you missed it?
Should I have jumped and you resisted?

How's it feel to play Saint Claire?
Our bodies are not made of brass
They're made of thread and air
And blood comes out in pints and litres
Keep your paws off filthy cheaters
It takes two men to hold me down, it takes three men to hold me down, it takes five men to hold me down
It takes two men to hold me down, it takes nine men to hold me down, it takes twelve men to hold me down
With a broken bone and a gashed-up crown

I am made of iron, I am maid and bleeder
Don't you know how fast I can run a hundred metres

I will not martyr, I will not martyr
I will live long and happy on your blood and water
I will not martyr, I will not martyr
I miss you all like I miss my daughter
I will not martyr, I will not martyr
I made you monsters, I can make you harder

Keep your distance, keep your distance
Try to show respect, to show resistance
Keep your distance, keep your distance
Try to show respect, to show resistance