

# St. James

## Avenged Sevenfold

This is the story of a man,  
Who conquered life drink in hand  
Ship unmanned.  
Marked by genius, channelled good,  
By some a bit misunderstood.  
They'd been wrong many times before  
Some times our saints are sinners,  
They blur the lines and lead the way,  
Their Way.  
Raise hell and a glass in reverence,  
The fearless lives of our great saints - our saints.  
Never a stranger to late night snake  
bite fist fights and empty pints,  
Unrivaled heights.  
He led with songs, they sang along,  
created bonds that held so strong  
Some were right and some were wrong  
Some times our saints are sinners,  
They blur the lines and lead the way,  
Their Way.  
Raise hell and a glass in reverence,  
The fearless lives of our great saints, our saints.  
It's by the sea and at nights end that's when the  
sin and swill begin  
That's when he had that certain light inside his head  
For every whisper he would scream for every draught he shared a drink  
For every sorrow there is a light from our St. James  
On the sea by the cliff he watches, he waits the night to see  
The day - his way  
Last call will find us all  
But there's a light that leads the way, our way.  
Some times our saints are sinners,  
They blur the lines and lead the way,  
Their Way.  
Raise hell and a glass in reverence,  
The fearless lives of our great saints - our saints.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>