

Gathering

"In Power We Entrust The Love Advocated"

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(written by Dead Can Dance)

Sail on silver wings
through this storm
what fortune love may bring
back to my arms again
the love of a former golden age.

I am disabled by fears concerning which course to
take.

For, now that wheels are turning,
I find my faith deserting me...

This night is filled with cries of
dispossessed children in search of Paradise.
A sign of unresolve that,
envisioned, drives the pinwheel on-and-on.

I am disabled by fears concerning which course to
take.

When memory bears witness to
the innocence, consumed in dying rage!
The way lies through our love;
there can be no other means to the end,
or keys to my heart...

You will never find,
You will never find!

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