

Soulmotor

"By The Sound Of Her Wings"

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Her garden's filled with blackbirds
And her eyes are full of rain
She comes singing softly to me
Whispering my name

Her brow is crowned with mourning
And her lips are kissed with fate
She comes riding on a nightmare
With the darkness in her wake

And in my final hour
And on my final day
I'll know she's coming for me
By the sound of her wings

Her left hand's filled with ashes
And her right hand's full of dust
Shes comes laughing through the numbness
To wake me with a touch

Her bed is made of secrets
And endless woven dreams
She'll come trembling on the moonlight
When at last she comes to me

And in my final hour
And on my final day
I'll know she's coming for me
By the sound of her wings

All my days are grains in an hourglass
Every tear and every fear all must pass

And in my final hour
And on my final day
I'll know she's coming for me
By the sound of her wings

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