

Renaissance

Virgin Black

And I looked to the air
But the breeze was not cold
I sought for your hand
To hold unto meI lay awakened
The dew on my brow
Come take my life
God, I'm dyingAnd the spirits of slumber
Lulled at my side
They tormented my world
And praised at my graveI gave them a portion
In pursuance of my peace
But they took it and broke it
Where is my hope?

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