

In Power We Entrust the Love Advocated

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 envision 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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