

# Walking on Water

## Assembly of Dust

Under the burned out skies of dark December  
Lonely visions passed me by  
It was a voice I heard that whispered softly and carried me away to a place of fires and fallen angels  
And in my final hour all was golden  
Burned the buildings to the frozen ground  
All that I saw was changed at once before me  
And high above the fields I was filled with glorious delusions  
Found today burning in the rafters as the walls began to fall  
Hauled away a wall of angry faces round the instrument of gods  
If I see Saint Lucilia walking on the water  
I'll turn and walk away  
And it's a fine line between the work of devils and of angels  
And in the end it's all the same

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