

Xavier

Dead Can Dance

Fair Rosanna your vagrancy's a familiar tale.
Fraught with danger, the lives you led were judged profane.
Hatred enfolds us, inculcates our minds with it's heresy.
Laymen enfold us, clemency arise to set you free. Fate, although Xavier has prayed that life giving waters may
rain
Down on the souls of men to cure them of their ways.
These were the sins of Xavier's past, hung like jewels in the forest of veils.
Deep in the heart where the mysteries emerge Eve bears the stigma of original sin.
Freedom's so hard, when we are all bound by laws
Etched in the scheme of nature's own hand, unseen by all those who fail
In their pursuit of fate. Although Xavier has prayed that life giving waters may rain
Down on the souls of men to cure them of their ways.
And as the night turns into day will the sun illuminate your way,
Or will your nightmares come home to stay.

Songwriters

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