

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

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