

Sisters Of Mercy, Garden Of Delight

Shimmering over all those wistful faces
And the promise burning brightly in their eyes
In this violent flesh the cut that bleeds the kiss that stings
Desperate snows fall from desperate skies
Take my hand and lead me
To the garden of delight
Take my hand and lead me
Home.....

Reflections in the liquid windswept mirror
The breathless world elegance and charm
The treasured touch, the first touch of a stranger
It charmed me, entranced me, no harm
So...

Take my hand and lead me
To the garden of delight
Take my hand and lead me
Home.....

This child of death, kissing in the playground
Senses swirling, faithful to the kill
Playing with fire, a chance among the playsound
Covered in burns and turn away, they're dancing still
So...

Take my hand and lead me
To the garden of delight
Take my hand and lead me
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Of delight
Of delight

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Take my hand and lead me
To the garden
Of delight
Of delight

Take my hand and lead me
To the garden of delight
Take my hand and lead me
Home.....

Home (home)
Home (home)
Home (home)
Home (home)