

# 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  
To the garden  
Of delight  
Of delight

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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)