

# Virgin Black, Our Wings Are Burning

We fell in love, with dust in our lids  
And the pain of a severed soul  
We lowered our heads and lifted our face  
Placed our bodies in celebration  
On the lips of a mutilated man  
I carry the bones of a deformed child  
And my own polluted breath  
I speak the old man's words  
In a persuasive eloquence  
Bless the dust that hides  
This unlamented head  
On the crest of fire, our wings are burning  
How glorious the pain  
And the ways of God, shriek out of tune  
All is lost but hope  
On the crest of fire  
Our wings are burning  
To the wind's anthem  
All is lost but hope