

Dead Can Dance, In Power We Entrust The Love

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 the 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 envisioned
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

The way lies through our love
There can be no other means to the end
Or keys to my heart
You will never find
You will never find