

Virgin Black, Renaissance

And I looked to the air
But the breeze was not cold
I sought for your hand
To hold unto me
I lay awakened
The dew on my brow
Come take my life
God, I'm dying
And the spirits of slumber
Lulled at my side
They tormented my world
And praised at my grave
I gave them a portion
In pursuance of my peace
But they took it and broke it
Where is my hope?
Elegant, undying
Ella mo fare rifare