

# Virgin Black, Velvet Tongue

A thousand tears, a thousand eyes  
My friends and I, we cry  
Religion has raped us  
Forever we rehearse the song  
That strips our throats to blood  
We bare our souls in transparency  
But our velvet tongues will never please their ears  
But are you holding on?  
I'm holding on  
Look at us dying  
A field of human crucifixes, weathered and fading  
Heaven hears nothing as the priests are wailing  
And they're crushing our souls  
We feel our lives  
Sifting through our hands  
But we're holding on  
Look at my face  
Look at God in my eyes  
We stand