

# Zeigeist, Humanitarianism

Winding is this road of yours  
(Walk on your own)  
Confident of early scores  
(They will be gone)  
Waiting is my favorite bore  
(Maybe you'll see)  
Thwarted love will hurt me more  
(Reconcile me)  
A million of worse things  
Worse than kissing you  
An angel with black wings  
Will finally prove  
That. This. Is. Love  
You predict a common end  
(Fresh out of lies)  
Kiss me make my backbone bend  
(Sweet as your cries)  
Spread your wings and make a turn  
(Make them all see)  
Let me feel that angry burn  
(In love with me)  
A million of worse things  
Worse than kissing you  
An angel with black wings  
Will finally prove  
That. This. Is. Love