

Dead Can Dance, In Power We Trust The Love A

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 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!