

Funeral, The Stings I Carry

Summon the winds and swear
If ever my God you were
Like silver in the morning-fields
I'd give my life for you

I do not exist
I am but two eyes and a shadow
I would make you see
If I had the courage

Dance your celestial witch-dance
gracious and hurtful

Weep like the night-clad sky
a crumbled leaf in dirt I lie
For slumbers sweet embrace I try
and in my dream that I may die