

Virgin Black, A Poet's Tears Of Porcellan

As tears again bedew my cheek
To your knees I cling
Oh merciful one
Show me your glory
Was I not bruised?
Have you not healed?
They dance to silence
But your song I hear
Holy lord, fathomless god
tears flow
But the water is sweet
Holy lord, fathomless god
I fall as one dead
With quivering lips
Blessed be, priest and friend
All Heavens bow
In admiration
Fathomless depth
Measureless height
Great is your holiness