

# 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