

# Virgin Black, A Saint Is Weeping

Curdled milk in wine  
The lingering taste of yesterday  
My color has grown pale  
Your face I see no more  
A pointed finger accuses me  
So dead, so numb, so cold  
With every illicit embrace  
A splintered soul is cast aside

If I see the face of God I will die...  
It's killing me slowly  
A drop of blood day by day  
My mind defiles its temple  
My mansion shared with swine  
My seed mixing in a harlot's womb  
How many bastards will I create?  
Will I see my dead expression?  
And failures in their eyes

If I see the face of God I will die!  
Cut my cord, let me drift away  
This morning's foul, I can endure no more  
My days are cruel  
My mistress never slumbers  
And sorrow never leaves me  
Like the cuts in my flesh  
And the sun refuses to shine  
And the walls rile against me  
And these knuckles raw and broken  
The futile throes of freedom

And somewhere, a saint is weeping  
Whispering my name  
Saying, "Let him see the face of God  
Let him die."