

# Virgin Black, Whispers Of Dead Sisters

Whispers to me, my depression  
With a hint of murder  
Watch them, the angels are forlorn  
Watch them, they share my soul  
I hide my face to cry  
Why do I feel this kiss upon me?  
I crave your presence  
but the priests are pointing at me  
They have made me your betrayer  
But I whisper your name in the dark

Anger rests on my fingertips  
A place where God (I am told) no longer lives  
A mass of flesh they love to beat  
But not without identity

On scabby knees I continue to crawl  
The sores are open and blood trails behind  
Rocks and stones meld into my skin  
My body is a home for plagues  
I hope the paradise is good, it must be  
But the turbulence makes me brittle  
I cannot see  
I find myself holding hatred, it clings to me  
I killed a man in my mind, I wanted him dead  
Yes I have faith, Yes I am saved  
But it doesn't stop my misery  
It doesn't stop my hatred  
It doesn't stop me wanting to die

Yet I'm still here despite the pain  
I refuse to believe I was called to suffer...  
I was called... to prosper.