

## In Power We Entrust the Love Advocated

Dead Can Dance

Sail on silver wings  
through this storm  
What fortune love may bring  
Back to my arms again  
The love of a former golden age.  
I am disabled by fears concerning which course to take.  
For, now that wheels are turning,  
I find my faith deserting me...

This night is filled with cries of  
Dispossessed children in search of Paradise.  
A sign of unresolve that,  
Envisioned, drives the pinwheel on-and-on.  
I am disabled by fears concerning which course to take.  
When memory bears witness to  
The innocence, consumed in dying rage!

The way lies through our love;  
There can be no other means to the end,  
Or keys to my heart...  
You will never find.  
You will never find!