

## Arrows Of Desire

Matthew Good

On a ruined wind  
To see our promise right in front of you  
Silver barbs to crash the heart  
Those gates so irremovable  
Oh we can beg, we will bend again  
Oh we can beg that we will bend again

Up in thin air we lie in wait [x2]  
We lie in wait

Held to loose  
Wait for the word to come and then to hell with you  
Over the fire a time to bear what those below await

Here's my golden spear  
Here's my cold despair

Up in thin air we lie in wait [x2]  
We lie in wait

Up in thin air we lie in wait [x2]  
We lie in wait  
We lie in wait