

Wings Against the Sun

The Zombies

In your eyes appear the mystic roses
Of spring
Inspiring songs
Of approaching summer

Many years ago
The spring
Even the spring
Offered black orchids
Of strange kind

When night falls
When doves of night call
Haunting me
Haunting me

We listen to the mist
Knowing we rest
Knowing we rest
Pale
No longer burning
Wings against the sun
Wings against the sun

On your lips I sense
The silent whisper of love
Unspoken words
For the singing of summer

Many years ago
The spring
Even the spring
Offered black orchids
Of strange kind

When night falls
When doves of night call
Haunting me
Haunting me

We listen to the mist
Knowing we rest
Knowing we rest
Pale
No longer burning
Wings against the sun
Wings against the sun