

## Silent

Virgin Black

Sorrow ever awaits on joy  
And has rendered me to pieces  
You who must stoop to view the skies  
Stoop amongst the dying  
Libera eos Domine  
I silently wait, and claw my eyes  
Libera eos Domine  
Stoop to slake this thirst  
My sorrow can no more lament  
There is no arm to cling to  
Stoop to slake this thirst  
I silently wait, and claw my eyes  
Libera eos Domine  
Silently, silently  
Waiting, to gorge in solitude  
When will my sorrow begin to pale?  
And to my head I raise these flowers  
Yellowed, withered  
Silent, silently  
Waiting, to gorge on solitude  
When will my sorrow begin to pale?