

Vanna, The Vanishing Orchestra

Under
Shelter
Of sins and secrets
Wait in silence
In silence
Four strangers
They approach
Not a word
Not a sound
The faces in the hill
Come alive
They won't take "no";
So we give it to them
Let your bad blood spill
The wind
Moans in the trees
When I lay down
On your bed
And your face is
Of an angel
Give my blade your wings
Find their hearts
Black as the devil's eyes
Smile back
Go like the wind
Like the wind in her hair
With your spear at their hearts
This is perfect