

Walking On Water

Assembly of Dust

Under the burned out skies of dark December
Lonely visions passed me by
It was a voice I heard that whispered softly
And carried me away to a place of fires and fallen angels

And in my final hour all was golden
Burned the buildings to the frozen ground
All that I saw was changed at once before me

And high above the fields I was filled with glorious delusions
Found today burning in the rafters as the walls began to fall
Hauled away a wall of angry faces round the instrument of gods

If I see Saint Lucilia walking on the water
I'll turn and walk away
And it's a fine line between the work of devils and of angels
And in the end it's all the same

After the flames died down I remember
Alone imprisoned by the force of hands
I waited til silence came to lay my head down
And in my darkest dreams I caught sight of the threads of my un
making