

Pure As Gold

Kim Mitchell

We walk, where demons cannot go,
Hand in hand, where darkness never shows,
All my life I've been looking for,
Some kind of spirit that could save my soul,
You came along and you lifted me,
To a sensual plane, a place where lovers reign,

Our love, pure as gold,
Sanctified as the Holy Ghost,
Conceived in the angel's bed that lives,
Where demons fear to tread.

When I go, to take you in my flesh,
Crawl to bed, to kiss your phantom lips,

Time and distance cannot separate,
Two hearts guided by the hands of fate,
The wind and the rain cannot suffocate,
This unquenchable flame, burning in your name.

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