

# 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  
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We listen to the mist  
Knowing we rest  
Knowing we rest  
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