

...and I Am Suffering

Virgin Black

My God be upheld in our distress
My cries fill the air, my cries fill the air
the fangs of suffering tear at my bosom
and refuse to release their hold
when will my sorrow begin to pale
when will my sorrow begin to pale
Lux aeterna luceat eis Domine
when will my sorrows begin to pale
my cries fill the air
I have been struck and I am suffering
when will my sorrow begin to pale