

## And the Kiss of God's Mouth (Part I)

Virgin Black

I saw a tattered cloak, drawn about the face  
A gesture of farewell, to the kiss of God's mouth  
Kiss the image in a stranger's casket  
What has become of splendour?  
Twelve strokes have fallen  
And the faintly heard breath  
That argued my beauty  
A ruined soul bewailing  
Where the angels allow their wings bewilted  
To droop, to bow to the bosom of a friend  
Kiss me tenderly, savage God  
My lips are dumb to speak a thousand inane words  
And how sweet a toil  
All is dark, all is blackened  
All but an upturned face