

## Of Your Beauty

Virgin Black

Wearing robes of solemnity  
My senses stand erect  
This moment I am solitary  
As you watch me, eyeless  
Observe a brutal face  
I need silence, I need to be alone  
Look at me  
My bony fingers wrapped in rags  
I am pursued and love is withered  
My eyes will see, if my spirit lives  
The wind shouts its commands  
The earth has stopped my ears  
I dare not raise my hand  
To hold the stones around my throat  
I have heard of your beauty  
And would sacrifice my days  
These midnight wanderings  
And vain laments  
Pour upon me  
A sympathetic glance  
My splendour has gone  
you will find me face down  
let those days pass  
in sorrowful procession  
Among leafless groves  
May a leaf unfold  
I cry with rage  
To be remembered with pity  
Let the leaves unfold  
Where dead leaves have rotted  
Ask me what I suffer  
Years of fruitless clinging  
to enfeebled arms  
That wave of benevolent salute  
I have heard of your beauty  
Pursue me, beckon me  
to cast the stones from my throat  
in the earth's dark entrails  
My glazed eyes close forever  
My my eyes will see  
If my spirit lives