

## Renaissance

### Virgin Black

And I looked to the air  
But the breeze was not cold  
I sought for your hand  
To hold unto me  
I lay awakened  
The dew on my brow  
Come take my life  
God, I'm dying  
And the spirits of slumber  
Lulled at my side  
They tormented my world  
And praised at my grave  
I gave them a portion  
In pursuance of my peace  
But they took it and broke it  
Where is my hope?  
Elegant, undying  
Ella mo fare rifare