

She Conjures Me Wings

The Mission

I've been too drunk to love
Too drunk to care
Looked like death, felt like hell
Been the worse for wear

I've been drinking too much to remember
The whole of the night before
I've been drinking myself blind
And still I'll drink some more

She is the wine that makes harps and choirs
The sweetest sound that the grapevine brings
She is the wine that makes gods and angels
And when I drink of her, she conjures me wings

She invites me to her banquets
And I feast on her bouquet
She chases the dragons
And drives the demon away

She builds a rainbow bridge
To the island of the blessed
She leads me to surrender
To the quarry of my quest

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And when I drink of her, she conjures me wings

Drink, drink, drink, drink to me
Drink, drink, drink, drink to me

She is the temptress, the master magician
A sister to Eros, she is exhibition
She plays like a symphony, smells like sympathy
Tastes like poetry, gives her very soul to me

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La la la la la la la la la la
La la la la la la la la la la
She conjures me wings