

## Childermas "Sear Me"

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Sear Me

Pour yourself into me, our time approaches so near,  
that I sigh.  
What danger in such an adorer?  
We dance and the music dies.  
We carry them all away, as we glide through their lost  
eyes.  
You lift me above myself, with the ghostly lake of your  
mind.  
Arise from your slumber in my arms.  
Your beauty took the strength from me.  
In the meadows of heaven, we run through the stars.  
Romantic in our tastes.  
We are without excuse.  
We burn in our lust.  
We die in our eyes and drown in our arms.

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