My Dying Bride "Catching Feathers (Demo)"

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If my child should die before me the sweetness of youth, a smile that sings eyes alight insanely butchered, perverse drooling horrific beyond restraint

Lord of the dance, lust is murder for this brave man high, slaughtering general in a white feathered army mort knows your name, his, before your time I'd love to see you suffer, too much to be called a crime The sweetness of youth, a smile that sings eyes alight insanely butchered, perverse drooling you cannot even pray, for you have no god

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