

My Dying Bride "Catching Feathers"

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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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