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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

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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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