

My Dying Bride

"My Body A Funeral"

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The ruin of your face
Pours down like lead tears
As you sit by my side
Confess to me your fears
Drink deep the wreck of me
My body is a funeral
I fail to find comfort
In your pale cold eyes
Worn loosely about me
You hang there dying off me
Deep in the misery
Of my long arms, weeping
I cradle your tired head
This moment for the keeping
Her hand raised from the shadows in silence
Like a dying victim of a biblical plague
A strange mix of innocence and horror
Gushed from her red rimmed and swollen eyes
Resentment conquers sympathy and I turn my back
Her burning stare, like a minute blazing suns
Roars into the back of my head
And I simply move away
I will sing you this song of
All my pain, so listen
Great roaring, tears pouring
Down unto me from my lover
The winter in your soul
Has frozen me forever

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