

My Dying Bride

"The Music Of Flesh"

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See the light and feel my warm desire
Run through your veins like the evening sun

My father was a handsome man
But I am his exception
And at each station of hatred
I still claim to be his son

See the light and feel my warm desire
Run through your veins like the evening sun
It will live but no eyes will see it

I was broken in the water
I may be this way forever

Eyes will see it
With the music of my flesh
And creeping hair around my neck
Eyes will see it

At the rim of cotton
On my bedroom dress
The gunfire of his hate
Launches my excess
But my wish won't kill him
Though even God forgot me
My words weak and I'll
Misery wrote my plea
This will be his will

No eyes will see it

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