

Reverend Bizarre "The Hour Of Death"

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My God have mercy upon me in this Hour of Death
I pray for thee to take my life instead of the one I so
dearly love
Her face is pale like the ivory of the distant realms
And as I hold her hand in mine, I clearly feel it's turning
cold
Like marble or snow

Remembering the days of joy, not so long ago
Those memories just increase grief as I watch the
withering of beauty
How can it be that tomorrow she's not here and I
remain
There has to be some kind of way we can be together
again
Together again

As she fades away
Like statue made of clay

All I wish is to be in grave with her
Slowly transforming back into dirt
Deep under the sacred ground
Noone will be able to part us now

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