

# Le Figlie della Tempesta

## My Dying Bride

Before I go down  
Cleave to me  
Kiss and drown  
Weave your web of lies  
Catch the drifters by  
The wind brings them in  
To your den of sin  
Caught by your divine spell  
Locked within your wishing well  
Ice as eyes lured my soul  
Look of lust froze me cold  
Many lies holds your body  
A true feast for all to see  
Men will fall to her song  
Women too, won't last long

Lyrics provided by

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