

Under A Veil (Of Black Lace)

Anathema

With loving passion, oh your radiance
A serenade I cry
Your silk lined coffin the lachrymatory
To hold a mourner's tearsEthereal splendour
Pale skin and down cast eyes
Scent of paradise
Like her, forever remains unknownThrough tear stained eyes
My view is growing weaker
Please help my grief be vanquished
Thy bed of roses, funereal drapery
Impale my on your thornsCelestial splendour
Pale skin and down cast eyes
Farewell autumn kissesLike her, forever remains unknownI loved her... but now she's gone
(It's so hard to face)
Overcoming... tender reckoningIf I too depart the earth
I harmony to (our) heaven we'll elopeHeavenly grace with which to ease
the virgin's tears

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