For My Fallen Angel

My Dying Bride

As I draw up my breath
And silver fills my eyes
I kiss her still
For she will never rise
On my weak body
Lays her dying hand
Through those meadows of Heaven
Where we ran
Like a thief in the night
The wind blows so light
It wars with my tears
They won't dry for many years
Loves golden arrow
At her should have fled
And not Death ebon dart
To strike her dead

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