

# 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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