

The Poorest Waltz

My Dying Bride

Across the cedar covered river
Within the night that covers them
Up the hill toward dark gates
An approach so sweet yet again Proffer the sightless with wine
Crank the old gramophone To go up and dance with the blind girls
A secret so holy and dire
To waltz in the arms of innocence
Hushed delights from the choir Shadows long and playful
Cast with broken old candles
Gowns worn and stressed
Yet graceful in tired old sandals Strike up the scratchy old music
Tonight they won't dance alone Alas, the music does fade
Back to the village they creep
And leave the sanatorium
Its bars and rules, Just so

Songwriters

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