

# Sear Me MCMXCIII

## My Dying Bride

Pour yourself into me  
Our time approaches  
So near that I sigh  
What danger in such an adorer? We dance and the music dies  
We carry them all away  
As we glide through their lost eyes You lift me above myself  
With the ghostly lake of your mind  
Arise from your slumber in my arms  
Your beauty took the strength from me In the meadows of heaven  
We run through the stars  
Romantic in our tastes We are without excuse  
We burn in our lust  
We die in our eyes  
And drown in our arms

Lyrics provided by

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