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 eyesYou lift me above myself
With the ghostly lake of your mind
Arise from your slumber in my arms
Your beauty took the strength from meIn the meadows of heaven
We run through the stars
Romantic in our tastesWe are without excuse
We burn in our lust
We die in our eyes
And drown in our arms

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