

To Remain Tombless

My Dying Bride

The weary creak of my bones
Exhausted voice and deathly tones
Arms of lead, skin drawn tight
No long a princely sight
Face is gaunt, pale and thin
Bent and grey and full of sin
Pass to me
Wine and song
For I'll be
Soon long gone
Cast me down, upon the dust
My dry bones remain tombless
From my life, a rose is grown
Rains they come, the winds blow
Winter haunts me
Nowhere to flee
Take me back, young was I
Within her arms we could fly
Grey am I and all alone
I feel like I'm far from home
Grace has fled here
But he is so near
In shadows lie
My hopes of life
Black wings fold me
In their symphony
Long, the nights are
Grace is so far
Leaves they fall in time
Drifting down in time
Darkness comes right on time
Descend upon me
Wings from above
Goodbye to lie
Farewell, my love
Grace has fled here
But he is so near

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