

# One of Beauty's Daughters

## My Dying Bride

Your name will walk the years of shame  
Your hands, my face, the look, the taste To gaze how fondly on my beautiful face  
To fold thee in my great arms, my dark embrace In my arms I comforted her and she looked up at me  
Weep she did and tried to escape, my mind she'd read  
I held her face in my hands and winked my eye  
Whispering into her ear, 'Now you are mine' Her eyes, her cries, my thoughts, she dies  
Walk away, she can try, and if she does, lets you die

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