

The Hour of Death

Reverend Bizarre

My God have mercy upon me in this Hour of Death
I pray for thee to take my life instead of the one I so dearly love
Her face is pale like the ivory of the distant realms
And as I hold her hand in mine, I clearly feel it's turning cold
Like marble or snow Remembering the days of joy, not so long ago
Those memories just increase grief as I watch the withering of beauty
How can it be that tomorrow she's not here and I remain
There has to be some kind of way we can be together again
Together again As she fades away
Like statue made of clay All I wish is to be in grave with her
Slowly transforming back into dirt
Deep under the sacred ground
No one will be able to part us now

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