

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

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