

# Within the Presence of Absence

## My Dying Bride

Your eyes speak more than  
More than your lips  
More than your mouth  
Bare were your summer  
Shoulders and arms  
And slender neckShe rose up beautiful before me  
And bare she walks the morning anew  
It is the wound she gave me  
Through my heart, drives her rainHer face under the sky is full of golden sun  
I drew her through the midnight sky on iron leavesThere is no name for you  
You fed me wine on a tender voyageWithin your silk, I love to forget  
I step around you softly  
Drown away your little hatreds  
Your pain is just a memory  
As your summer fruit decays  
My fire for you stays  
Your body is a legendI launched into her as the earth began to die  
It is within her, my name is now known  
The hand draws slowly back to the poor art of my eye  
These are not fingers I have  
Put off your air of tragedy  
The art of light on your body  
Falls apart in the moonlightYour eyes speak more than  
More than you lips  
More than your mouth  
Bare were your summer  
Shoulders and arms  
And slender neck

Songwriters

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