

# 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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