

Old Gowns

Mount Moriah

Since we met, I've died a hundred deaths
Collected reborn skin, shed it again
Will you take your hands, design a heavy hem
With fingers so delicate, and destroy the stitch
The old gowns we've kept hang loose and do not fit
Let them fall from hips and pile on the floor
A pounding chest, reckless and restless
Oh take my breath with the softest kiss
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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