

Anathema, Under A Veil (Of Black Lace)

With loving passion, oh your radiance
A serenade I cry
Your silk lined coffin the lachrymatory
To hold a mourner's tears

Ethereal splendor
Pale skin and down cast eyes
Scent of paradise
Like her, forever remains unknown

Through tear stained eyes
My view is growing weaker
Please help my grief be vanquished
Thy bed of roses, funereal drapery
Impale me on your thorns

Celestial splendor
Pale skin and down cast eyes
Farewell autumn kisses
Like her, forever remains unknown

I loved her ... but now she's gone
(It's so hard to face)
Overcoming ... tender reckoning

If I too depart the earth
I harmony to (our) heaven we'll elope

Heavenly grace with which to ease
the virgin's tears