

# My Dying Bride, De Sade Soliloquay

Hang over me the drape  
Of superfluous Horror  
Aside Nocturnal trapping  
Wallow in my Art  
Crying and dying  
My sexual ecstasy

The crimson stream  
That flows from you

Magnificent, Supine,  
Red heaven gapes at me  
Dragged across putrid ground  
Mother scorns my glove  
A vile red heap  
I gorge my selfish dream

Polite garden party  
If only they knew

Lick the eyes  
To make them shine  
Peel the peach  
Cold with time

The weight of fantasy  
That is not even mine  
Smell her wounds  
Rich more than wine

The crimson stream  
That flows from you.