

# My Dying Bride, For My Fallen Angel

As I draw up my breath,  
And silver fills my eyes.  
I kiss her still,  
For she will never rise.

On my weak body,  
Lays her dying hand.  
Through those meadows of Heaven,  
Where we ran.

Like a thief in the night,  
The wind blows so light.  
It wars with my tears,  
That won't dry for many years.

"Loves golden arrow  
At her should have fled,  
And not Deaths ebon dart  
To strike her dead."