

My Dying Bride, One of Beauty's Daughters

Your name will walk the years
of shame
Your hands, my face, the look,
the taste

To gaze how fondly on thy
beautiful face
To fold thee in my great arms,
my dark embrace

In my arms I comforted her,
and she looked up at me
Weep did she and tried to
escape. My mind she did read
I held her face in my hands
and winked my eye
Whispering into her ear "now
your mine"

Her eyes, her cries, my
thoughts, she dies
Walk away, she can try, and if
she does, she dies.