

My Dying Bride, Sear Me MCMXCIII

Pour yourself into me
Our time approaches so near, that I sigh
What danger in such an adorer?
We dance and the music dies
We carry them all away
As we glide through their lost eyes
You lift me above myself
With the ghostly lake on your mind
Arise from your slumber in my arms
Your beauty took the strength from me
In the meadows of heaven, we run through the stars
Romantic in our tastes, we are without excuse
We burn in our lust, we die in our eyes
And drown in our arms