

# My Dying Bride, To Remain Tombless

The weary creak of my bones  
Exhausted voice, deathly tones  
Arms of lead, skin drawn tight  
No long a princely sight  
Face is gaunt, pale and thin  
Bent and grey and full of sin

Pass to me  
Wine and song  
For I'll be  
Soon long gone

Cast me down, upon the dust  
My dry bones remain tombless  
From my life, a rose is grown  
Rains they come. The winds  
Blow

Winter haunts me  
Nowhere to flee

Take me back. Young was I  
Within her arms we could fly  
Grey am I, and all alone  
I feel like I'm far from home

Grace has fled here  
But He is so near  
In shadows lie  
My hopes of life

Black wings fold me  
In their symphony  
Long the winter nights are  
Grace is so far

Leaves they fall in time  
Drifting down in time  
Darkness comes, right on time

Descend upon me  
Wings from above  
Goodbye to lie  
Farewell my loves.