

I Am Stretched on Your Grave

Dead Can Dance

I am stretched on your grave
And will lie there forever
With your hands held in mine
I'd be sure, we'd not sever

My apple tree, my brightness
'Tis time we were together
For I smell of the earth
And am stained by the weather

When my family thinks
That I'm safe in my bed
From night until morning
I am stretched at your head

Calling out to the air
With tears both hot and wild
Oh, I grieve for the girl
That I loved as a child

The priests and the friars
Behold me in dread
Because I still love you
My love and you're dead

I would still be your shelter
From rain and from storm
And with you in your cold grave
I cannot sleep warm