

Death Triumphant

My Dying Bride

I have a eulogy pouring out of me
A coldness pouring out of me
Come hither to me, as I preach to thee
So wakeup, as I preach to thee

If I can't conquer the atlas of your body
Then help me lord
Reach for me
I raise my arms up to thee
I love you with the tears of all my sorry life
Thy sunrise gushes into me like burning gold
In moonlight I see yourself
Naked, for me to hold

You have a eulogy for the world to see
Up there with the stars, for mankind to see

I was cynical
I was beautiful
The deep secrets in my eyes
There was something there
That made me aware
A drop of passion in your eyes

Where she lays free

There's a portrait there
That looks just like me
In great Babylon
Right down by the sea

Fear keeps on coming on
Take me far from this dark
Enslave all for the world
End this now, close us down

There's a potrait