

Like a Perpetual Funeral

My Dying Bride

I reach for my shadow in horror
Envy eats but its own cold heart
Some friends, the few I have left
Set sail out of the frame I'm in

He begins to die, That loses his desires
All are not merry that dance here lightly
Fear follows those who live by the sword and fire
My heart was my weapon, and the death of me

I saw the evening anew, all lean and red of hue
It's a lonely ocean out there, watched from my shore of despair
So unto the sea my grief set sail, in disbelief
Fevers and time burn away, Nothing is allowed to stay

There is nothing new underneath the sun
The moon with its long arms, reaches into the sea
My eyes were towers high, in my heaven

And from my body drew a cold breath and final clue
The sun made clear its thoughts, It was never coming through

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