

## My Body, a Funeral

## My Dying Bride

The ruin of your face  
Pours down like lead tears  
As you sit by my side  
Confess to me your fears  
Drink deep the wreck of me  
My body is a funeral

I fail to find comfort  
In your pale cold eyes  
Worn loosely about me  
You hang there dying off me  
Deep in the misery  
Of my long arms, weeping  
I cradle your tired head  
This moment for the keeping

Her hand raised from the shadows in silence  
Like a dying victim of a biblical plague  
A strange mix of innocence and horror  
Gushed from her red rimmed and swollen eyes  
Resentment conquers sympathy and I turn my back  
Her burning stare, like a minute blazing suns  
Roars into the back of my head  
And I simply move away

I will sing you this song of  
All my pain, so listen  
Great roaring, tears pouring  
Down unto me from my lover  
The winter in your soul  
Has frozen me forever