

One of Beauty's Daughters

My Dying Bride

Your name will walk the years of shame
Your hands, my face, the look, the taste

To gaze how fondly on my beautiful face
To fold thee in my great arms, my dark embrace

In my arms I comforted her and she looked up at me
Weep she did and tried to escape, my mind she'd read
I held her face in my hands and winked my eye
Whispering into her ear, 'Now you are mine'

Her eyes, her cries, my thoughts, she dies
Walk away, she can try, and if she does, lets you die

She leaves behind her golden shell
It's ... into her cell
And I will walk the endless miles
To hear her talk and to bask in her smile
And rain it comes, I knew it would
My tears don't run but I wish it would