

## 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