

## Sear Me MCMXCIII

### My Dying Bride

Pour yourself into me, our time approaches  
so near, that I sigh. What danger in such an  
adorer? We dance and the music dies. We  
carry them all away, as we glide through  
their lost eyes. You lift me above myself,  
with the ghostly lake of your mind. Arise  
from your slumber in my arms. Your beauty  
took the strength from me. In the meadows  
of heaven, we run through the stars.  
Romantic in our tastes. We are without  
excuse. We burn in our lust. We die in our  
eyes and drown in our arms.