

That Dress And Summer Skin

My Dying Bride

As the sun drew up
It's golden chair
I looked upon my own sleep
And so you shall
Taste my grief

Through blood and tears
You helped me

You [left for none?]
Lonely defeat

I'll doom this nights
I drill my life

As I look at them
And know what my hands have done

I've shaken these thorns for you
From my crown, for you

So go on now
Put on that dress for me.
Put on that dress for me
Put on that dress
For me

Put on that dress

Well my love, my love
My sweet one
What have you done?
My love (3x)
My sweet
I only think of you
And this nights we had
I only dream of you
I'm so alone