

## The Poorest Waltz

## My Dying Bride

Across the cedar covered river  
Within the night that covers them  
Up the hill toward dark gates  
An approach so sweet yet again

Proffer the sightless with wine  
Crank the old gramophone

To go up and dance with the blind girls  
A secret so holy and dire  
To waltz in the arms of innocence  
Hushed delights from the choir

Shadows long and playful  
Cast with broken old candles  
Gowns worn and stressed  
Yet graceful in tired old sandals

Strike up the scratchy old music  
Tonight they won't dance alone

Alas, the music does fade  
Back to the village they creep  
And leave the sanatorium  
Its bars and rules, Just so