

The Thrash of Naked Limbs

My Dying Bride

Beauty is fragile, and time eats at it
This passion play.
Smothered in effort, the thrash of naked limbs
Glistening skin.

Close your eyes, the whispered sighs
Frightening lust

Sweet was her breath, tasted by mine
Words are more effects when concealed
Through the halflight on her body
My fearful hands tremble their way

Take me, anywhere that you like
Hold me, deep within. Do what you like
Take me, anywhere. Warm the night
Take me, take me, take me.

With the lights low, and you naked on the warm floor
Me beside you, softly kissing, caressing
Make love to her while she's crying
I could die now, and die happy