

## ...and Hope To Die

### Torture Garden

You're the light of my world Quoth the moth to the flame  
As he flitted about his love  
God above  
Quoth the flame to the moth  
You're everything I dream of  
She's a femme fatale to die for  
So be still my beating heart  
And arrest my doomed course  
For collision with a heavenly vision  
I'm colder than ever before  
You glow in me  
Quoth the moth to the flame  
As his wings were singed by the heat  
Time to eat  
Quoth the flame to the moth  
Darling you are so sweet  
She's a femme fatale to die for  
So be still my beating heart  
And arrest my doomed course

For collision with heaven's perdition  
I'm colder than ever before  
You complete me  
Quoth the moth to the flame  
And ignited in his flight  
That's alright  
Quoth the flame to the moth  
You render my fire more bright  
She's a femme fatale to die for  
So be still my beating heart  
And arrest my doomed course  
For immolation in hell's catastrophe  
The best love of all is agony  
Just like at Salem to burn  
They fall from disgraceful heights  
Dismal stacks of moths blazed black  
Lie in pyres of the night  
So dazzled and so frazzled  
So dead to the world of light  
Charred coal is not reborn therefore  
Their souls shall be lifted nevermore