## ...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