

...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