

Klaus Nomi, Death

Thy hand, Belinda; darkness shades me
On thy bosom let me rest
More I would, but death invades me
Death is now a welcome guest.

When I am laid in earth, may my wrongs create
No trouble, no trouble
In thy breast.

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No trouble, no trouble
In thy breast.

Remember me,
Remember me,
But aaaaah
Forget my fate,
Remember me!
But aaaaah
Forget my fate.

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Forget my fate.