

Madder Mortem, Conversion

When your hands speak, my body converted to ears
When you grasp for air, all my words undone

This is it

When your longing grows, I shall encircle you
Where the nights are old
Where the morning will not come

Hot breath on naked skin
Unconscious, mouth to mouth
I rest in confidence

When all time has gone and the mountains turned to dust
In the darkest of night, there is peace, my love, for us