## Madder Mortem, Convertion

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