

# Marc Almond, My Death

My death is like a swinging door  
A patient girl who knows the score  
Whistle for her  
And the passing time  
My death waits like a desperate truth  
At the funeral of my youth  
We pray for that  
And the passing time  
My death waits like a witch at night  
As surely as all love is bright  
Who loves for us  
And the passing time  
But whatever is behind the door  
You know, there's nothing left to do  
Angel or devil, I don't care  
For in front of that door  
There is you  
My death waits beneath my pillow  
To catch my sleep in endless tableau  
So let's freeze  
The passing time  
My death waits to allow my friends  
A few good times before it ends  
Let's drink to that  
And the passing time  
My death waits in your arms  
Your thighs  
Your soothing fingers will  
Close my eyes  
But let's not talk about  
The passing time  
But whatever is behind the door  
And whoever waits for me  
Angel or devil  
I don't care  
For in front of that door  
You will be  
My death waits among the fallen leaves  
At my coffin where they grieve  
And now let's nail the passing time  
My death waits among the rows  
Where the blackest shadow goes  
Let's cast blooms upon the passing time  
My death waits in a double bed  
Sands of oblivion at my head  
Pull up the sheets against  
The passing time  
But whatever is behind the door  
You know there's nothing much to do  
Angel or devil  
I don't care  
For in front of that door  
There is you