

# My Dying Bride, One of Beauty's Daughters

Your name will walk the years  
of shame  
Your hands, my face, the look,  
the taste

To gaze how fondly on thy  
beautiful face  
To fold thee in my great arms,  
my dark embrace

In my arms I comforted her,  
and she looked up at me  
Weep did she and tried to  
escape. My mind she did read  
I held her face in my hands  
and winked my eye  
Whispering into her ear "now  
your mine"

Her eyes, her cries, my  
thoughts, she dies  
Walk away, she can try, and if  
she does, she dies.