

My Dying Bride, The Grief Of Age

The terror of being
Left alone
Never leaves me
Unspeakables woes
Gather me
Up forever
To your breast
Morbid weather

Watch this face
Still a child
Eyes red raw
Aching and tired
Issue your
Delicate voice
Sing through me
Men are twice boys

Childrens waking fears
Of the supernatural
Choke their simple thoughts
And crush our simple minds
I feel sometimes
A hell within myself

The terror of
The piled earth
Hiding me
Will end this man forever