

My Dying Bride, To Remain Tombless

The weary creak of my bones
Exhausted voice, deathly tones
Arms of lead, skin drawn tight
No long a princely sight
Face is gaunt, pale and thin
Bent and grey and full of sin

Pass to me
Wine and song
For I'll be
Soon long gone

Cast me down, upon the dust
My dry bones remain tombless
From my life, a rose is grown
Rains they come. The winds
Blow

Winter haunts me
Nowhere to flee

Take me back. Young was I
Within her arms we could fly
Grey am I, and all alone
I feel like I'm far from home

Grace has fled here
But He is so near
In shadows lie
My hopes of life

Black wings fold me
In their symphony
Long the winter nights are
Grace is so far

Leaves they fall in time
Drifting down in time
Darkness comes, right on time

Descend upon me
Wings from above
Goodbye to lie
Farewell my loves.