

1000 Funerals, Moon's Heart

I homeless sought you under the moonlight in the woods
as you comb thy black hair in the heart of moon
ah they thieved the jeroboam of thy love's wine from me
until I never swig the sweet poison from your hands
ah I can't dirge the myth of thy love
because the words die by imagine your visage
ah thy love's grief had blackened me
and I'll never take the light like thy moon's heart
(until you comb thy black hair in my heart)