

# Dead Can Dance, I Am Stretched On Your Grave

I am stretched on your grave  
And will lie there forever  
With your hands held in mine  
I'd be sure we'd not sever  
My apple tree my brightness  
'Tis time we were together  
For I smell of the earth  
And am stained by the weather

When my family thinks  
That I'm safe in my bed  
From night until morning  
I am stretched at your head  
Calling out to the air  
With tears both hot and wild  
Oh I grieve for the girl  
That I loved as a child

The priests and the friars  
Behold me in dread  
Because I still love you  
My love and you're dead  
I would still be your shelter  
From rain and from storm  
And with you in your cold grave  
I cannot sleep warm