Marc Almond, Incestuous Love

My love, my sweet, my king
My child whom I adore
My love, my sweet, my law
My other self
You are the setting sun
Fallen to the ground
You are my final spring
My God, how I love you
I've already made my way
I went towards silence
With such impudence
I wanted no one no more
I hurried into autumn
My final autumn, perhaps
I desired nothing no more
But like a miracle
You came into my light
And you, my love, my king
Breaking my frontiers
But you, my setting sun
My sky, my ground
You gave me all your years
From your heart
You are my final spring
My God, how I love you
I always thought that love
That the most beautiful love
Was one that's incestuous
There was in your eyes
There was in your eyes
A luminous tenderness
You wanted us to live
The most beautiful love
Love the most beautiful
I reopened my house
My large windows
And I crowned your brow
I kissed your mouth
You, my adolescent
You, my heartache
You have laid your 20 years
With my 40
For scarcely are they born
Than they're already condemned
Love of desperation
That never deadens
This diamond that was given us
I burnt our cathedral
Love the most beautiful
The most beautiful love
Is the one that's incestuous (adieu)
Goodbye, my child, my king
My love whom I adore
One day you will understand
That when one loves
One must leave the most beautiful
And conceal the pain
My love, my child, king
I leave, I love you
This is the truth
From the depths of my heart