

# 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