

Marc Almond, Remorse Of The Dead

My dark beloved
When you lie asleep
Deep within your black marble tomb
For alcove and lodge
You will keep a damp, dripping vault
A pit of gloom
And when the stone
Weighing down your breast
And your thighs once supple
Through scant concern
Stills your heart
From it's desiring quest
Fastens your feet
From the reckless run
The grave, which shares
My eternal dream
For the poet the grave always understands
During long nights
When sleep is far away
Will ask: what do you gain
You dumb whore
Not to have known what the dead cry for?
And, like remorse,
At your flesh worms will gnaw