

# 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