

Marissa Nadler, My Love and I

My love and I
Were walking down the road
In a dream that I had not so many years ago.
And if my red blood will cease to flow,
Your ghost may come where I will go.
See you're as good as dead to me,
My holy ghost, my saviour tree.
And if my red blood will cease to flow,
Your ghost may come where I will go.
Your dreary days,
Your damsel days,
Your water days,
Are dying.
Your dreary days,
Your damsel days,
Your desperate days are dead.
Oh, where will you go?
And I, I loved you ever since
The day we slept in fields of poppies.
Oh, where will you go?
And I, I loved you ever since
The day we dreamt in fields of poppies.
Your dreary days,
Your damsel days,
Your water days,
Are dying.
Your dreary days,
Your damsel days,
Your water days
Are dead.