

My Dying Bride, Catching Feathers (Demo)

If my child should die before me
The sweetness of youth, a smile that sings
Eyes alight insanely butchered, perverse drooling
Horrific beyond restraint

Lord of the dance, lust is murder for this brave man
High, slaughtering general in a white feathered army
Mort knows your name, his, before your time
I'd love to see you suffer, too much to be called a crime

The sweetness of youth, a smile that sings
Eyes alight insanely butchered, perverse drooling
You cannot even pray, for you have no god