

My Dying Bride, The Grief Of Age (Demo)

The terror of being left alone, never leaves me, unspeakable woes
Gather me up forever to your breast, morbid weather
Watch this face, still a child, eyes red raw, aching and tired
Issue your delicate voice, sing through me, men are twice boys

Children's waking fears of the supernatural
Choke their simple thoughts and crush our simple minds
I feel sometimes a hell within myself

The terror of the piled earth hiding me, will end this man forever