

MUZICA: My Dying Bride - Sear Me MCMXC III

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Pour yourself into me Our time approaches So near that I sigh What danger in such
an adorer?

We dance and the music dies

We carry them all away

As we glide through their lost eyes

You lift me above myself

With the ghostly lake of your mind

Arise from your slumber in my arms

Your beauty took the strength from me

In the meadows of heaven

We run through the stars

Romantic in our tastes

We are without excuse

We burn in our lust

We die in our eyes

And drown in our arms