

My Body, a Funeral

My Dying Bride

The ruin of your face
Pours down like lead tears
As you sit by my side
Confess to me your fears
Drink deep the wreck of me
My body is a funeral

I fail to find comfort
In your pale cold eyes
Worn loosely about me
You hang there dying off me
Deep in the misery
Of my long arms, weeping
I cradle your tired head
This moment for the keeping

Her hand raised from the shadows in silence
Like a dying victim of a biblical plague
A strange mix of innocence and horror
Gushed from her red rimmed and swollen eyes
Resentment conquers sympathy and I turn my back
Her burning stare, like a minute blazing suns
Roars into the back of my head
And I simply move away

I will sing you this song of
All my pain, so listen
Great roaring, tears pouring
Down unto me from my lover
The winter in your soul
Has frozen me forever