Stop Your Tears

Aldous Harding

I will never marry my love
I will die waiting for the bells
Death, come pull me underwater
I have nothing left to fear from hell

I was gifted at the music
I was born the day the year was new
Someone has stolen all the water
I keep the pills inside an urn

Lord, show me my daughter
Show me her before she burned

We go walking in the hallways
Now and then a record gives a tune
Sometimes we hang from our chambers
Baudelaire in the afternoon

The yellow rose is a stranger
The devil's invitation in bloom

I stand looking at my chamber
There are many things upon the floor
The blade is ready for the slaughter
The Virgin Mary hangs on the door

I will arrive at death's border
Take back the cover God has torn from me

I am at the river with baby
Her father enters with a leap
Hold her head above the water
She is pale against the stream

I am the horse beneath his daughter
He is the mountain underneath

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