

My Death

Marc Almond

My death is like a swinging door
A patient girl who knows the score
Whistle for her
And the passing time
My death waits like a desperate truth
At the funeral of my youth
We pray for that
And the passing time

My death waits like a witch at night
As surely as all love is bright
Who loves for us
And the passing time

But whatever is behind the door
You know, there's nothing left to do
Angel or devil, I don't care
For in front of that door
There is you

My death waits beneath my pillow
To catch my sleep in endless tableau
So lets freeze
The passing time

My death waits to allow my friends
A few good times before it ends
Let's drink to that
And the passing time

My death waits in your arms
Your thighs
Your soothing fingers will
Close my eyes
But let's not talk about
The passing time

But whatever is behind the door
And whoever waits for me
Angel or devil
I don't care
For in front of that door
You will be

My death waits among the fallen leaves
At my coffin where they grieve
And now lets nail the passing time

My death waits among the rows
Where the blackest shadow goes
Let's cast blooms upon the passing time

My death waits in a double bed
Sands of oblivion at my head
Pull up the sheets against
The passing time

But whatever is behind the door
You know there's nothing much to do
Angel or devil
I don't care
For in front of that door
There is you