

...and Hope To Die

Torture Garden

You're the light of my world Quoth the moth to the flame

As he flitted about his love

God above

Quoth the flame to the moth

You're everything I dream of

She's a femme fatale to die for

So be still my beating heart

And arrest my doomed course

For collision with a heavenly vision

I'm colder than ever before

You glow in me

Quoth the moth to the flame

As his wings were singed by the heat

Time to eat

Quoth the flame to the moth

Darling you are so sweet

She's a femme fatale to die for

So be still my beating heart

And arrest my doomed course

For collision with heaven's perdition

I'm colder than ever before

You complete me

Quoth the moth to the flame

And ignited in his flight

That's alright

Quoth the flame to the moth

You render my fire more bright

She's a femme fatale to die for

So be still my beating heart

And arrest my doomed course

For immolation in hell's catastrophe

The best love of all is agony

Just like at Salem to burn

They fall from disgraceful heights

Dismal stacks of moths blazed black

Lie in pyres of the night

So dazzled and so frazzled

So dead to the world of light

Charred coal is not reborn therefore

Their souls shall be lifted nevermore