

You Are Not The One Who Loves Me

My Dying Bride

You are not the one who loves me
I take you from your bathing
And I dry thee
I am this rope
Around your feet...

And it's summer
That bows its head,
Down the rivers of night
He fathers great hatred.

Oh, and the moon
Played in your eyes

Wishes drop through the air
And rip into the floor
Crowned with blazing leaves her hair
And flesh,
Limp and poor