

# The Hour Of Death

Reverend Bizarre

My God have mercy upon me in this Hour of Death  
I pray for thee to take my life instead of the one I so dearly  
love  
Her face is pale like the ivory of the distant realms  
And as I hold her hand in mine, I clearly feel it's turning col  
d  
Like marble or snow

Remembering the days of joy, not so long ago  
Those memories just increase grief as I watch the withering of  
beauty  
How can it be that tomorrow she's not here and I remain  
There has to be some kind of way we can be together again  
Together again

As she fades away  
Like statue made of clay

All I wish is to be in grave with her  
Slowly transforming back into dirt  
Deep under the sacred ground  
Noone will be able to part us now