

Abney Park, I Am Stretched On Your Grave

I am stretched on your grave
And I'll lie there forever
If your hands were in mine
I'd be sure we'd not sever
My apple tree, my brightness,
It's time we were together
For I smell of the Earth
And I'm worn by the weather.
When my family thinks
That I'm safely in my bed
From morn until night
I am stretched at your head
Calling out to the air
With tears both hot and wild
For the loss of a girl
I loved as a child.
Do you remember the night
The night when we were lost
In the shade of the blackthorn
And the chill of the frost?
Oh, and thanks be to Jesus
We did what was right
And your maidenhead still
Is your pillar of light.
I am stretched on your grave
And I'll lie there forever
If your hands were in mine
I'd be sure we'd not sever
Oh, the priests and the friars
They approach me in dread
For I love you still
My wife, and you're dead
I still will be your shelter
Through rain and through storm
And with you in your cold grave
I cannot sleep warm
So I am stretched on your grave
And I'll lie there forever
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I'd be sure we'd not sever
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