

Kneel till Doomsday

My Dying Bride

I drank the meaning of her words, as theft
She danced for Chopin, but his request was that she left
The sea gave up his daughter for the moon
So weary she looked, as my arm lifts at noon
The fate of you and the world hung on his lonely choice
I cannot, but I would love to bury the dead again
Reward and punishment are the walls of a city bare
And it is within you comfort I show the mirror
A panic of rich desire leaps up from your burning face
The face that shows your eyes was my sole victim tonight
It's for you, Christ, that my bodies' here
You're bold with your anger and your love is shrewd
He is quick so beware
The cold pool waits just for you
Pierced to the soul by heavens blade of dire shadows
Where she speaks with her lord
Her maker sits all alone
Deeds are fruit, words are leaves
Long shadows cast by old sins
She spoke of Christ to the deaf and the poor
The woman of fatalism is here now
Her heart creeps among shadows of sick children
The dying, graceful snow breaks her simple back

Songwriters

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