

The Night He Died

My Dying Bride

I clasp her dying body to bloody mine
The essential nature of her was so fine
With torn garments she lays in my arms Womanly graces laid bare, no dignity
Cast aside like nothing at all, torn was she
Shot down and strewn on wasteland in her prime
Opened up for the world to see, oh, the love of mine No more tears for me now
Lose all fears for me now Should I seek revenge or let it lie?
Should I find the one and let him die?
I wonder what you'd do if it was you? One black, furious midnight through howling rain
I descended right upon him, my weeping prey
Kissing him as his life ended in the rain Sweet was my revenge, a life for life
I feel no remorse, the night he died
I wonder what you'd do if it was you?

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