

# The Stance of Evander Sinque

## My Dying Bride

He was a poor man, though he was genius  
Would they listen to this crazy man  
Would they help him to his end  
He was a tall man, pale skin and broken back  
And no-one knew him, though he was genius  
They feared him, locked him away  
And in silence would he prayHe lived alone, though many voices spoke  
He found peace, in his own little world  
So they beat him, to his end  
He lays forgotten  
Dead skin and broken neck  
And no-one knew him  
Though he was geniusWho was he, that crazy man  
Just a loser, to the end

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