And My Fury Stands Ready

My Dying Bride

Come from where you hide.
(So I may) unchain my tempest.
None will stop my tide.
(And you will) tremble at my unrest.
Find you I will(And take you) up into your Heaven.
Commeth soon the kill.
(For I have taken) kings and feeble men.And my fury stand ready.
I bring all your plans to nought.
My bleak heart beats steady.
Feasting myself sick,
'Tis you whom I have sought.
On your pathetic sins.
The work of slaughter begins.
In my face see your killer.
Wound for me to lick.You can wish me away.
No more shall you betray.
In her face (she) saw her killer.
Thou shalt not pray.In your face I still see her.

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