

Echoes From a Hollow Soul

My Dying Bride

A boy so young upon the gallows
Gazing down like a saint
From the church of children cries
He awaited one anticipation Pictured from her mouth
A further request
The sons of Adam
Put her to death A voice is heard
Echoes from the hollow soul
A golden word Wrapped in books of skin and blood
From harmony lives a vision of your guilt
And treachery smiles, oh so very sweet The last whisper from a dying heart
Lifts away through the night
Chased by angels falling through the sky
As the snow waters aside [unverified] This closing river takes all away
Daughters of Eve slowly fade
(Fade away) Give him a word and the movement will begin
If it's unheard, the message must be sent
So slowly now, like the early morning bloom
And this is how the perishing will come

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