

# All Swept Away

## My Dying Bride

Sickness often, often attends me. I'm ruled by pain  
Tortured memories burning my brain. Oh, make it end  
Killed for nothing. Killed by no-one. I was just a boy  
Weak and lonely, cold and bloody. Give me a hand  
Cared by many, but I know none. My life has gone  
Rage and anger tearing through me. Who's God will pay?  
Made me fight for you. Made me die for you  
You and your sick God. You hope to be loved  
We're all swept away, so you can have your day  
On blooded knees for you. Heaven calls to you  
But I won't die without  
Without your heart  
In my hand

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