

# The Prize of Beauty

## My Dying Bride

I cannot turn  
Turn my life unto you  
What must I do A storm of ebony hair  
A hail of wickedness  
Handsome as a God  
Wild and shameless Given the prize of beauty  
Image of wretchedness  
Divine like no other  
Kiss the poison breast Flamed like the sun  
Lives made undone  
Words soft as snow  
Souls claimed and won An opiate drugged haze  
Beds of shapeless dust  
Cries all night  
Dreams of filthy lust Lair of hopelessness  
Mires of sorrow, never fails  
Our lives are borrowed  
Hold fast my soul She waits for me in my dreams  
Every night misery brings  
Haunts my day, haunts my wake  
Oh, my Lord can't you feel her grow inside of me Tearing my mind  
For once my Lord please help me  
Believe in you She claims the day in her name  
Over you and over me  
We dare to be, be ourselves  
Next to her and all her war She comes our way  
And takes the day  
From my hands  
It is her way The milk of woman fills up my  
Branching veins and lonely heart  
Trembling children, she adores  
And gives flight to her art When April sheds  
Her fitful rain  
Glory be, we may live again Truly, my hope will perish within her  
Truly, as always I cannot forgive her  
Cruelly she keeps me near to her  
Forever to this day

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