

# Kneel Till Doomsday

## My Dying Bride

I drank the meaning of her words, as theft  
She danced for Chopin, but his request was that she left  
The sea gave up his daughter for the moon  
So weary she looked, as my arm lifts at noon  
The fate of you and the world hung on his lonely choice  
I cannot, but I would love to bury the dead again  
Reward and punishment are the walls of a city bare  
And it is within you comfort I show the mirror  
A panic of rich desire leaps up from your burning face  
The face that shows your eyes was my sole victim tonight  
It's for you, Christ, that my bodies' here  
You're bold with your anger and your love is shrewd  
He is quick so beware  
The cold pool waits just for you  
Pierced to the soul by heavens blade of dire shadows  
Where she speaks with her lord  
Her maker sits all alone  
Deeds are fruit, words are leaves  
Long shadows cast by old sins  
She spoke of Christ to the deaf and the poor  
The woman of fatalism is here now  
Her heart creeps among shadows of sick children  
The dying, graceful snow breaks her simple back

Songwriters

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