

Into the Lake of Ghosts

My Dying Bride

Enter the ghost lake
The waters whisper
Of something brooding
No way out of hereSlow smoldering
Slow smoldering heat
Lapping at your skin
Pulling you down againI wish that I could
Fan back to life
The dying embers
Of my long lost passionDescending deeper
With black as my light
With twist and turn
All me will be tried in lifeWe look for light to call
The call to save us all
Lest we fall to our knees
The death, we kiss his feetOh, sacred mother, come
For our fate is done
In blindness do we run
Always backwardsThe care of many
Was lost in my hands
The sickness came in
Floods of torment and woeMy withered body
Aching and bone tired
My Christ, who art Lord
Hold me down againKnee bent and head held low
Eyes closed against my foe
In prayer I sing on low
Answers to my last callOh, sacred father, come
For it is you who's done
In blindness do we run
And be sure not to fallOh, Christ, what have I done?
Ill fortune now will come
Fire raining from the sun
All virtue swept awayIn floods of blackest death
The ghost will take my breath
My sins, I will forget
I am nothing againExit the ghost lake
The waters silent
What now has risen?

No man stands aloneThe world is changing
 'Tis misery who
 Leads our way now
Holding man down againKnee bent and head held low
 Eyes closed against my foe
 In prayer I sing on low
Answers to my last callOh, sacred father, come
 For it is, you who's done
 In blindness do we run
And be sure not to fallOh, Christ, what have I done?
 Ill fortune now will come
 Fire raining from the sun
All virtue swept awayIn floods of blackest death
 The ghost will take my breath
 My sins, I will forget
 I am nothing again, again

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