I Am the Bloody Earth

My Dying Bride

Lay down with beasts, and welter in my gore
Fill your cups of Christ, I am the bloody earth
Bright, riding in heaven. The player in rags
White Bat is death? Feed it to pigsRise to be a king, shining with power
Down silent avenues, I live onLife You owe yours to me
Wear Me around you neck
Kneel And cry for me
Son Father please help meSafe delivery of a handsome child
Merry and sweet looking
My endeavours to rise seem useless
But I will fight the distance between us

Songwriters

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