

# To Shiver In Empty Halls

## My Dying Bride

I rose in purest winter.  
The ripped canvas of the dark sky.  
Fierce I go into the night.  
As rain runs upon me,  
My poisoned shell becomes alight. Wickedness with beauty  
Is the Devil's baited.  
Darkness is loneliness.  
With shadows tall and grim,  
And histories inked in sin. I have eaten you.  
My guilt is dust.  
St. Petersburg revealed to me,  
Its Winter Palace by the sea,  
Saw my crippled birth.  
The seduction of Plato  
Offers up one more clue. Watching proud with a smile on my face.  
Your holy shiver and fall from grace.  
All you offer is an empty faith.  
Looking around me, that won't keep you safe. And I am always at your side,  
Crawling black and silent.  
You do not even truly believe,  
Which makes me proud of what I've achieved.  
The fortress of humanity,  
Broken now, falls into the sea. Now my sins are washed away.  
For those of you, who exist,  
I lay for you, three numbers six  
Over the hill and under the ground,  
Sing as you like, there is no sound.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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