

The Snow In My Hand

My Dying Bride

I've seen them. So dark. Black. And yet fine.
The flower they carry had once been mine.
Get away from me, man of stories.
Robe of lies. Stay far from me.
Lie to myself (it's not hurting).
Need help, but not from you or your father.
No! Jesus Christ. Who's my saviour?
Lose myself in gods death.
No! I can't bear all this pain.
I had watched the snow all day.
Falling. It never lets up.
All day falling.
I lifted my voice and wept out loud,
"So this is life?"

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