

# My Dying Bride, Erotic Literature

The fantastic weight of oceans  
Cathedrals of immense awe  
The brilliance of erotic literature  
Enlightment of the whore  
Marvel at the hanging gardens  
The liars, faint with greed  
Sorrow at the wailing wall  
The mindless of their knees

Lord, my flesh is tired  
Almighty soothsayer  
Lead me by the mind  
Through halls so...  
The truth of the Lord endureth forever  
Marvellous in our eyes  
I cannot die

There is none to comfort me  
Mine enemies have heard my trouble  
Leave me in my misery  
Enjoy the darkness

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