

# My Dying Bride, Here In The Throat

I need him  
To wash me of my sin  
To take me from this place  
To heal me of my wounds  
I need him  
To clean your mark off me  
To wipe you from my eyes  
To strike you from my heart  
I need him

I know, not what, I do or say  
But I, do what, I say and believe

You need him  
To take you from this place  
To heal you from your wounds  
You need him  
To clean my mark off you  
To wipe me from your eyes  
To strike me from your heart  
You need him

You are, nothing to me, anymore  
I hope, I mean, nothing to you

I want a place to hide, somewhere far from your side  
There is no stopping you, there's nothing you won't do  
You're killing for your God, the stench that you  
have trod  
The world is black to you, until you slay me too

I'm wasted under you, I meant nothing at all  
Thank God I wasted you, no longer will I fall

I will live again  
your grasp on me has gone  
your downfall and your end  
At last my peace has come

Before I end let me tell you  
Never lay down for anyone at all