

# My Dying Bride, She Is The Dark

A cruel sleep 'cross our land  
All withered and dying  
As the fall, the victims  
They're dying a sad death  
In our land, we lay down  
And suffer again

A dark girl'cross our land  
Is pacing. Is preying  
And with her, a fever  
A marching black fever  
No eyes see. No features  
Just black form, suffering

You have her sympathy  
You have her tears  
She tries only to take  
All your fears  
The pain she feels  
When she drinks your soul  
Is hers to suffer  
It is her toll  
Believe me, she's helpless  
When she curses our land  
When she swallows light  
It's not her hand

Poison awaits when you kiss her  
Her heart cries out for you, for me  
Untold misery is hers to serve  
out for eternity  
Out cold. Mankind will stay  
forevermore if she gets her way  
She can't help it. It's her curse  
To sing your pain in her own verse

She is the dark  
The nightmares you hide  
The pain you feel  
The suffering inside  
Though she was like you  
Through her dark past  
But now, the conqueror  
Her choirs vast  
Oh, please forgive her  
As mankind dies  
As angels weep  
And heaven cries