

# My Dying Bride, The Cry Of Mankind

You can't expect to see him and survive  
You'll swallow his tongue of thorns  
His mouth, dripping with flies  
In his glorious kingdom of fire  
But I believe he wept  
I will make them all lie down  
Down where hope lies dying  
With lust, you're kicking mankind to death  
We live and die without hope  
You tramp us down in a river of death  
As I stand here now, my heart is black  
I don't want to die a lonely man  
This is a weary hour  
This is a weary hour