

My Dying Bride, The Songless Bird

The very deepest of your wishes.
Climb up high, take my hand.
Tread carefully through these sickening angels.
Look at your god.
Look at the way he stands.
The uterine murderess dies herself.
Let me show you all my pain.
Sardonyx lays waste to your eyes and leaves you blind.
Gone is the day.
They that did feed, delicately.
Feed on me.
The call has come, from bird and beast.
Insect and serpent, and all that lives in the sea.
And cities of fire, rip through me.
My life a widower sad.
On your knees, smell your disease.
If i live you will be sorry.
I have a thousand forms.
Uninjured by your tongue.
I'm working to ensnare you.
Couple your name with cruelty.
The mother of dying children.
My hatred is unnumbered.
It rises in my breast.
We've lived with our suffering.
But now...?