

# My Dying Bride, Vast Choirs

Burdens of grief that weigh against me  
Aid my tired eyes in their search for pitch  
Your kind heart now pines  
For whom the gods love dies young  
Wrapped and confounded in a thousand fears  
The sadness I present, smiles with tears  
Where once I'd loved now lies forlorn beauty  
And was abhorred by mothers

No man lives so poor as he was born  
We don't remember pure sensations  
Gaze peacefully into the past  
I am dust, and to dust I shall return  
Belial, Mephisto, both shall burn me up  
Devour my sad whimperings  
The cutting whip is mine to feel  
No symphony in mind to colour my dreams

Poena damni  
Sorrow everywhere  
Please pray for me  
When deep sleep falls on men  
Father hold me  
I am yours to bear  
Ad te

In the play which he has written for the world  
Night is the mother of sleep  
Old age is a malady of which one dies  
Augury of a better age  
Sages as far as the beard  
Their wounds smelled so sweetly  
Temptation, the father of my lust  
Chalcedony shines like the new born

Stricken I'd raise my dripping limbs  
Splendid was the innocent's fall  
Laugh to scorn would our foe  
Amid wars laws are silent  
Drop by drop in sleep upon the heart  
Falls the labrious memory of pain  
In the rich upheaval of vast choirs  
Death shall flee from me

Misericordium et iudicium  
Adhuc pavimento  
AD te levavi oculus meos  
Verba mea auribus