

# My Dying Bride, Vast Choirs (Demo)

Burdens of grief that weigh against me  
Aid my tired eyes in their search for pitch  
Your kind heart now pines for whom the God's love  
Dies young wrapped and confounded in a thousand fears  
The sadness I present, smiles with tears  
Where once I'd loved now lied forlorn beauty  
And wars 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 whimpering  
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 innocents' fall  
Laugh to scorn would our foe, amid wars laws are silent  
Drop by drop in sleep upon the heart  
Falls the laborious memory of pain  
In the rich upheaval of vast choirs, death shall flee from me