

# My Dying Bride, Symphonaire Infernus Et Spera

The destroying genius of idols  
Will shroud the world with utter lies  
Dance the cobbles, his abode named Dis  
Portraits have spoken their master's distress  
Icons with kisses, tell me who have seen these  
Falling Enochian tapestries?  
Depict the prince of fallen virtues  
In almost poetic rhapsody  
Masturbate to the sound of the knell  
The pathetic stench of dying children  
Perhaps our fall is certain  
Limbs entwined in absolute contortion  
Please put off your veil, your heart is blameless  
And I shudder for knowing it

A hot May makes a fat churchyard  
And Lychfowl breed in chaotic frenzy  
Her cry was the saddest of all earth's sounds  
Trauma bites hard the hearts of kin  
Swept away by a moment's sadness  
They say rage is a brief madness  
By way of the beloved's farewell  
Give back to nature what we first did take  
And monuments would slowly fill  
The agendas of kings and queens  
In silence our faces bleed  
The holy voice torn away by the gale  
Make yourself all honey  
And the flies will devour you

Love is a game where both players cheat  
Gone is the tale of Hero and Leander  
Women are angels yet wedlock's the devil