My Dying Bride, Symphonaire Infernus Et Spera E

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 Lychfowel 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