

My Dying Bride, The Cry Of Mankind

You can't expect to see him and survive
You'll swallow his tongue of thorns
His mouth, dripping with flies
In his glorious kingdom of fire
But I believe he wept
I will make them all lie down
Down where hope lies dying
With lust, you're kicking mankind to death
We live and die without hope
You tramp us down in a river of death
As I stand here now, my heart is black
I don't want to die a lonely man
This is a weary hour
This is a weary hour