

# My Dying Bride, Your Shameful Heaven

You, who stand there now  
I will not tell you not to cry  
Without fail my purpose  
Will be fulfilled  
I can crown you a God  
And I'll suffer for your sins  
Bound so tightly, pain is everything  
Far from kindness. I am your king  
Believe you're in Hell, but your's is Heaven  
Cry to die. You'll love me forever

On a pale, teary cheek  
Tears cascade to your feet  
Whipped to the floor once again  
Laughing and lashing you away  
Burning pain scars through your skin  
But it's 'more' you cry, for you are a sinner  
We suffer in love, but you love to suffer  
Your misery is your majesty  
Though your skin may burn and your wounds, bleed  
The only real ache is between your legs  
You've learned well, through your Hell  
Your pain was nothing. You longed for more.  
Your shameful Heaven is full of devils  
Just like me. Just for you