

# My Dying Bride, Symphonairé 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 masters distress  
Icons with kisses, tell me who have seen this  
Failing Enochian tapestries  
Depict the prince of fallen virtues  
In almost poetic rhapsody  
Masterbate to the sound of the knell  
The Patchetic stench of dying children  
Perhaps our fall is certain  
Limbs entwined in absolute contorsion

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 earths sounds  
Trauma bites hard the hearts of Kin  
Swept away by a moments sadness  
They say rage is a brief madness  
By way of the beloveds 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  
To have and to hold but death no longer parts  
Harlots and sluts, whores of our world  
Expose their stinking vaginas'  
Many who have no will of their own  
Hold their souls towards the sinister bloom  
Are you rich oh lord of vanity  
As you peddle your wears of cruelty  
Dressed up so you look the part  
So blind, it's ignorance you wear

Quite brutal beyond belief  
Sores that weep their septic tears  
Dragged out through war torn lifetimes  
And death shall feast on us all  
The mills of God grind slowly  
The adorable light of that which is most divine

The fascination of her shape  
With mansions of awe and splendour  
Elegant in simplicity  
So at last your faith rewards you  
Through fields enriched with pastel shade  
And fragrant lavenders soft to smell  
You laugh and drink wine of no great age  
Nature does scent the farthest shores  
Face to face your angelic host  
All hopes in you imperishably kept  
Is God your wish and all your dreams  
If your body is frail then yes by all means

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