

My Dying Bride, The 2nd of Three Bells

Who will be my sun when the day breaks?
Who will be my sun as the morning wakes?

Even time wishes you were here
Wait with me, the dawn will come
Come all the bells and come the fear
Where the holy words come from
I can't find any joy in here
I wish I'd loved you for that long

I had so little here to keep
Drawn through these hordes to die
Come the chimes that will peal so deep
The third bell to horrify
Into my vessel they can weep
I lay back and I watch them cry

The Angel of the cruellest watch
The bearer of the final bell

Here comes my wounded hand
Take it now or watch me die
Here comes my bleeding claw
Take it now or watch me die

Come aloud the final toll, seeding liars into the world
With cold hands I raise you up to my lips as lovers die