

My Dying Bride, The Crown Of Sympathy

See the light and feel my warm desire, run through my veins like the evening sun.

It will live but no eyes will see it.

I'll bless your name before I die.

No person in everything can shine, yet shine you did, for the world to see.

All a man hath will he give for life?

For life that's lost bleeds all over me.

I'd fallen before but it never hurt like this.

Don't leave me here to crawl through the mire.

I'm without fault before the throne of god.

Take from me the crown of sympathy.

What do you think you'll see?

What do you think there will be?

Sit down!

Did you see the sun?

What will we become?

Great ones?

The mouths that dare not speak his name, behold them, raised, complete and fine.

The battle for our lives is oh, so brief.

Take my hand and please walk with me.

When I was young the sun did burn my face.

I let its love and warmth wash over me.

The melting voice of many, in the hush of night.

Whispering tongues can poison my honest truth.

Come dress me with your body, and comfort me.

I dreamt of a dead child in my sleep.

I wear a terrible mark in my head.

My clean, white bed.

It calls to me.

I must lie down.

And I want you to lay with me, in sympathy.

No sad "adieu" on a balcony.

For one last time, just walk with me.

At the beautiful gate of the temple, we must be saved.

For deadened, icy pain, covers all the earth.