My Dying Bride, Thornwyck Hymn

I will be the weight of my sins And I will be the one who caves in A choir of sorry girls With their hearts full of pearls A foul and torrid feast Sinks men down to their knees

The twisted waters are where I will be
The sisters calling from deep in the sea
The twisted waters they call out my name
I will swim with them but they're not to blame

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A final kindness, a final kiss As the golden arm of evening comes A final kindness and all is bliss I wither coldly and then I am gone