

# 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

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

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