

A Chapter in Loathing

My Dying Bride

As darkness stole me away
One evening of sober grey
She alone did not laugh
As I walk the devil's path
Without your moon and your sin
I could not find my way
Though I fight and I fear
I will never ever pray

In a tower he sits
Aged with despair

His anger was poison
and fire and pain
Torrents of tears
Echo his dark reign

The great beast of religion
Sears me

Thy chaste breast, a ruin
Thy silent mind, closing in
His son, rampant
and gorged with blood

His face - behold horror
Armed with eyes of terror
Taking - shows no mercy
Each one of us