

A Map of All Our Failures

My Dying Bride

I'm unaware of a response
From my errant dark red soul
Too deep to be spoken aloud
I bury a word right in my heart

Frost etched the tall windows
I have been cold for a long time
Borne upon winters shoulders

There are wolves here, many of them
I am staggered at their hatred of me

I lie in complete fear
I call the moths to tend me
I forget the form of my sins

And drained of motion, the air itself avoids me
And void of notion, unable to perceive
Mouth barely open, almost fearing to breathe
And there is no other sound at all

Just there, to the left, his shadow rose
I always knew he was coming
Takes the vacant chair beside me
With golden hands he moved the hair from my face