

Echoes from a Hollow Soul

My Dying Bride

A boy so young upon the gallows
Gazing down like a saint
From the church of children's cries
He awaited one anticipation

Pictured from her mouth
A further request
The sons of Adam
Put her to death

A voice is heard
Echoes from the hollow soul
A golden word
Wrapped in books of skin and blood
From harmony lives a vision of your guilt
And treachery smiles, oh so very sweet

The last whisper from a dying heart
Lifts away through the night
Chased by angels falling through the sky
As the snow waters aside (?)

This closing river takes all away
Daughters of Eve slowly fade (Fade away)

Give him a word and the movement will begin
If it's unheard, the message must be sent
So slowly now, like the early morning bloom
And this is how the perishing will come