

Gather Me Up Forever

My Dying Bride

The pain never stops
The race ignore me
I sit here twisted, and it hurts me
The Son is near
His way made for him
Among the hopes
Ten thousand suffering
Oh how heart aches
The brilliant stories cascade about me
To be handsome again
Thou art all deformed, and I feel your pain
What I touch with my hand, I touch with my heart
The affection of stillness
Kiss the hand that blesses me
And as the panting ceases
My blood runs now fierce
This when I was young, before I know nothing
Now I'm the hunted for the guilt that stains my hands