

## 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