

In Your Dark Pavilion

My Dying Bride

All great children
Build altars
I have no love
To give you

In the fire that rages between our sleep
I thought I saw you amid the ruins.
And I can witness you have nothing left.
I'll give you my heart through this biblical tome

I dream of being beside her
As I move through this water
Step over here you Devil
Her earth looks like
My dying skin