

Of Lilies Bent With Tears

My Dying Bride

Hold up the sun
Oh, lord hold up the sun
Shine it on me
Glory, shine it on me
Here comes the sun
Oh God here comes the sun
Climbing on me
Dear Lord climbing on me

Stabat mater dolorosa,
Justa crucem lacrimosa
Dum pendebit filius.

O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigenti.

The curves of the earth
I carve them for you
And in the night I drew
A knife of sickness & grief

Stabat mater dolorosa,
Justa crucem lacrimosa
Dum pendebit filius.

O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigenti.

There was a wound here
I see its scars
The shade upon your face
Of lilies bent with tears