

Of Sorry Eyes In March

My Dying Bride

Destiny marks your life
With a knowing finger
The act of desire has walked on by.

An ancient sorrow
It is just your tears left to eat.

Flies lie dying on your sorry lips
And on young love's broken wings.
And the stone that lets you drown
You are not worth stopping for.

The Earth,
With all its blessing
And the endless fathoms of night.

Lay a raft of gold for you
My field here
Is where we end.