

## 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.