

## Santuario di Sangue

## My Dying Bride

With your baronial motif  
Mankind at your feet  
and your opulent guests  
With whom you do test  
The whisper of your blood  
The call to those you loved  
Who lay down for you  
For you to run them through

Carelessly dressed  
I grovel highness  
Beneath your stars and your moon  
and your feminine doom

Beneath the shiver of your sea  
and the gold that you bleed  
On the wings of your charm  
A promise of great harm

The light within us fades  
As we shy away from day  
The passion of her bite  
and the glory of her sight  
In a hive of open lore  
We await the call to war  
In an issue of drying blood  
Lies the victim of our love

Regale me with lies  
and punish me outright  
The crisis of my empire  
The volume of your desire

Your enfolding dark  
Your beauty and your mark  
I give you my veins  
As we lay down in pain

I couldn't help the things we did  
No matter where or how I hid  
We live for every single night  
Victorious in every fight