

## The Barghest O' Whitby

## My Dying Bride

I doubt I shall ever come back  
Moving thin and wane, an old danger  
A thorn am I with sunken back  
I am the enemy of you, traitor  
And the world cold, I'm still on track  
Your heart so cruel - mine is greater

It is the sky that bleeds my name  
And in its breath my heart's contained  
I watched you fleeing from my ruin  
A scent of blood is your undoing  
Through oak that groan under the rain  
Under my feet, the world arcane  
In suffering I'm always right  
Within the silver moon tonight  
From my lips the word is sung  
And in this voice thy will be done

A great show of fear  
Fear that I am near  
And very far is dawn  
'Twas such a promising morn  
Come, look back at me  
I sense you on the breeze  
The fall from your throne  
This is all I need

Tell me what remains  
A hunger within yourself?  
So many miles before I sleep  
Your truth is weak  
Are those tiny rivers  
Down your rosy cheek?

Laid out against the sky  
In the corners of the night  
Falling from my mouth  
The words of punishment  
I will make you see  
Your traffic of misery

It is my sins that you deplore  
Well, count them fair, for I have more  
To my mouth I carry you  
In crimson teeth, your breath I drew

I make you dust, as you were flesh  
Honoured to see a performance in death  
We have no time, no time at all  
There's empty rooms and shadowing halls

Fevering thoughts all hollow and old  
Shivering veins now running cold  
When dawns were young and woodland green  
And silvery moons as often seen

In Hawsker dark is where you came

[And tore the night asunder]  
My master at your knife to blame  
[And wove his eyes with thunder]

To Nor' east, just along the coast  
[Your colleague of the scars]  
Takes pen to quote the pirates ghost  
[A lesson from those Tsars]

[Justice done with dark blood and scum]  
I'm torn toward the North  
[From Northern moors they know I'll come]  
So Whitby is the source!

Where you would sit and wait for me  
[I arrive at Saltwick Bay]  
And so you shall taste my grief  
[Drawing the cut, I'm away]

My form is bloody and it is true  
It is the night I wear around me  
From lies I grew a spit of untruth  
I help the frail sky to its sleep  
Nameless, I come and without end  
Within the moor and without end