

## The Cry of Mankind

### My Dying Bride

You can't expect to see him and survive  
You'll swallow his tongue of thorns  
His mouth, dripping with flies  
In his glorious kingdom of fire  
But I believe he wept  
I will make them all lie down  
Down here hope lies dying  
With lust, you're kicking mankind to death  
We live and die without hope  
You tramp us down in a river of death  
As I stand here now, my heart is black  
I don't want to die a lonely man  
This is a weary hour