

## The Distance, Busy With Shadows

### My Dying Bride

In heaps they were  
The dead stacked high  
I crept and sang among them

Black was I, yet bent to it;  
God and I had shunned them

It fell at my feet  
No!  
It didn't just come to me to heal its wounds  
I will kiss it

It is within me now.  
I feel the birth of doom  
And the fruit of my body,  
Stares right out of this room