

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