

The Manuscript

My Dying Bride

Within the words lies something cold
A glow of light from one so old
Every page calling my name
Symbols excuse me of all blame

Your presence here astonishes me
The colossal things that you will read
Just breathe my name to set me free
Your soul alive will be my fee

And one by one the numbered fall
My duty is its own reward
Better do ill than suffer it
Alarming fingers of my wrist

My name is dark and my want will claim thee
The command to weep has now been given
This is how the words are freed
And the lashing whip of utter greed

A ruined soul and empty man
A lost shadow so old and damned
An awful martyrdom, so holy and feeble
A winter face, lonely eyes
A husk containing bitter lies
To sleep now, buried away