

## Vanité Triomphante

### My Dying Bride

I often hunt you in my dreams,  
But your wicked claw awaits me,  
Aboard this snow-lit island,  
Veins like tortured winter trees,  
'Tis the service of my hand,  
That silence climbs upon thee.

You are sweet and fine to listen to !  
Long tresses about your neck,  
Yet much is false.  
This mighty evening,  
I've seen no face.  
This is crushing me.  
My quill it aches.

And old ships die like swans,  
Against our frozen icy shore,  
Pass your dying body,  
I leave you in your thoughts

Trees dance and fail  
Tell them I came  
My beauty pale  
Was yours the same?

Viens, il est temps de partir  
Je vais regretter ta haine  
Ta vanité triomphante  
Fera sa révérence

I laid them in books  
Just your heart and mine  
For lovers to read  
The lonely to pine

Through my broken skin  
And cherry tree blood  
The real world falls in  
A false life of love