

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