

My Dying Bride

"And All Their Joy Was Drowned"

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I arrived splashed with blood and tried to fix my hair.
My soul left on your path,
It's better off there.

My name is read out loud
And I menaced through the door.
A thunderstorm of eyes watch,
As I'm fierce across the floor.

Candles spit and ribbons rear,
Strings, [ball and chain?].
Dancers glide and passions collide.
I'm scouring the room...
I know my enemies, everyone
And white fruits and pearls
Carousel, all about me.
The lace, those ribbons and curls

Kindness is not my gift,
A blade of glass my secrecy,
Is poised,
At my wrist.

They perish from my sadness,
I saw gold in your eyes,
Your gift here tremendous
Like the God between your thighs.

And all their joy was drowned.
Not of course,
That I care

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