

My Dying Bride

"The Barghest O' Whitby"

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I doubt I shall ever come back
Moving thin and wane, an old danger
A thorn am I with sunken back
I am the enemy of you, traitor.
And the world cold. I'm still on track
Your heart so cruel - mine is greater.

It is the sky that bleeds my name
And in it's breath my heart's contained
I watched you fleeing from my ruin
A scent of blood is your undoing
Through oak that groan under the rain
Under my feet, the world arcane
In suffering I was always right
Within the silver moon tonight
From my lips the word is sung
And in this voice thy will be done

A great show of fear
Fear that I am near
And very far is dawn
'Twas such a promising morn
Come, look back at me
I sense you on the breeze
The fall from your throne
This is all I need

Tell me what remains
A hunger within yourself?
So many miles before I sleep
Your truth is weak
Are those tiny rivers
Down your rosy cheek?

Laid out against the sky
In the corners of the night
Falling from my mouth
The words of punishment
I will make you see
Your traffic of misery

It is my sins that you deplore
Count them fair, for I have more
To my mouth I carry you
In crimson teeth, the breath I drew

I make you dust, as you were flesh
Honoured to see a performance in death
We have no time, no time at all
There's empty rooms and shadowing halls

Fevering thoughts all hollow and old
Shivering veins now running cold
When dawns were young and woodland green
And silvery moons as often seen

In Hawsker dark is where you came
And tore the night asunder
My master at your knife to blame
And wove his eyes with thunder

To Nor' east, just along the coast
Your colleague of the scars
Takes pen to quote the pirates ghost
A lesson from those Tsars

Justice done with dark blood and scum
I'm torn toward the North
From Northern moors they know I'll come
So Whitby is the source!

Where you would sit and wait for me
I arrive at Saltwick Bay
Ans so you shall taste my grief
Drawing the cut, I'm away

My form is bloody and it is true
It is the night I wear around me
From lies I grew a spit of untruth
I help the frail sky to its sleep
Nameless, I come and without end
Within the moor and without end.

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