

My Dying Bride

"The Burning Coast Of Regnum Italicum"

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My black, feathered breast
Unto comes o'er mast & sail
Look upon a broken site
Torn apart through wind & hail

Lead me to the chaos of water
As I reveal myself to you
A fall from God is a blessing unknown
It's rivers deep from which I drew

Where is the burning city?
Great Naples, it's kings alone
A hunger roared and reared
A fool suffers in Rome

Mon enfant, prends patience,
Bientot la nuit tombera.
Dors, si tu peux,
Et reve de pays merveilleux.

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