

My Dying Bride

"The Cry Of Mankind"

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You can't expect to see him and survive
You'll swallow his tongue of thorns
His mouth, dripping with flies
In his glorious kingdom of fire
But I believe he wept
I will make them all lie down
Down where hope lies dying
With lust, you're kicking mankind to death
We live and die without hope
You tramp us down in a river of death
As I stand here now, my heart is black
I don't want to die a lonely man
This is a weary hour
This is a weary hour

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