

My Dying Bride "The Light At The End Of The World"

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An isle, a bright shining isle stands forever, alone in
the sea
Of rock and of sand and grass and shale, the isle
bereft of trees.

- Small. A speck in the wide blue sea. 'Tis the last of all
the land.
A dweller upon our lonesome isle, the last, lonely man?
-

By the Gods he is there to never leave, to remain all his
life.
His punishment for evermore, to attend the eternal
light.

The lighthouse, tall and brilliant white, which stands at
the end of the world.
Protecting ships and sailors too, from rock they could
be hurled

Yet nothing comes and nothing goes 'sept the bright
blue sea.
Which stretches near and far away, 't is all our man can
see.

Though, one day, up high on rock, a bird did perch and
cry.
An albatross, he shot a glance, and wondered deeply,
why?

Could it be a watcher sent? A curse sent from the
Gods,
who sits and cries and stares at him, the life that they
have robbed.

Each year it comes to watch over him, the creature
from above.
Not a curse but a reminder of the woman that he loved.

- Oh weary night, under stars, he'd lay and gaze.
Up towards the moon and stars. The suns dying haze.
Time and again, Orion's light filled our man with joy.

Within the belt, he'd see his love, remembering her
voice -

The twinkle from the stars above bled peace into his
heart
As long as she looks down on him he knows they'll
never part

One day good, one day bad
The madness, the heat, the sun,
Out to sea, he spies upon land.
His beloved Albion.

Cliffs of white and trees of green
Children run and play, "My home land"
he cries and weeps, why so far away?

Eyes sore and red.
Filled with tears, he runs towards the sea.
To risk his life, a worthy cause, for home he would be.

Into the sea, deep and blue, the waters wash him clean.
Awake. He screams. Cold with sweat. And Albion a
dream.

- Such is life upon the isle, of torment and woe.
One day good. One day bad. And some days, even
hope.

The light at the end of the world burns bright for mile
and mile
Yet tends the man, its golden glow, in misery all the
while?

For fifty years he stands and waits, atop the light,
alone.
Looking down upon his isle the Gods have made his
home -

The watcher at the end of the world through misery
does defile.
Remembers back to that single night and allows a tiny
smile.
(His sacrifice was not so great, he insists upon the
world.
Again he would crime, Again he would pay, for one
moment with the girl)

Her hair, long and black it shone,
The dark, beauty of her eyes,
Olive skin and warm embrace, her memory never dies.

'Twas years ago, he remembers clear the life they once
did live.
Endless love and lust for life, they promised each
would give.

Alas, such love and laughter too, was short as panting
breath
For one dark night, her soul was kissed by the shade of
death.

(Agony, like none before, was suffered by our man).
who tends the light now burning bright on the very last
of land.

(Anger raged and misery too like nothing ever before).
He cursed the Gods and man and life, and at his heart
he tore.

- A deity felt sympathy and threw our man a light
'Your woman you may see again, for a single night. -

But think hard and well young man, there is a price to
pay:
to tend the light at the end of the world is where you
must stay.

Away from man and liufe and love.
Alone you will be. On a tiny isle.
A bright shining isle in the middle of the sea.

- "I'll tend the light, for one more night with the woman
whom I love",
screamed the man, with tearful eyes, to the deity
above.

And so it was that very night his lover did return.
To his arms and to their bed, together they did turn.
In deepest love and lust and passion entwined they did
fall.
Lost within each other's arms they danced (in lover's
ball). -

- Long was the night filled with love.
For them the world was done.
Awoke he did to brightest light,
his woman and life had gone.

To his feet he leapt.
To the sea he looked.
To the lighthouse on the stone.

The price is paid and from now on
he lives forever alone.

Fifty years have passed since then and not a soul has
he seen.
but his woman lives with him still in every single dream.

'Tis sad to hear how young love has died to know that,
alone, someone has cried. But memories are ours to
keep.
To live them again, in our sleep. -

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