

My Dying Bride "The Prize Of Beauty"

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I cannot turn my life unto you
what must i do?

a storm of ebeny hair
a hail of wickedness
handsome as a god
wild and shameless
given the prize of beauty
image of wretchedness
divine like no other
kiss the poison breast
flamed like the sun
lives made undone
words soft as snow
souls claimed and won
an opiate drugged haze
beds of shapeless dust
cries all night
dreams of my filthy lust
lair of hopelessness
mires of sorrow
never fails
our lives are borrowed
hold fast my soul

she waits for me in my dreams
every night misery brings
haunts my day. haunts my wake
oh, my lord cant you feel her grow
inside of me. tearing my mind
for once my lord please help me
believe in you

she claims the day in her name
over you and over me
we dare to be ourselves
next to her and all her war
she comes our way and takes the day
from my hands, it is her way

the milk of woman fill up my
branching veins and lonely heart

trembling children she adores
and gives flight to her art
when april sheds her fitful rain
glory be, we may live again

truly my hope will perish within her
truly as always i cannot forgive her
cruelly she keeps me near to her
forever to this day

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