

My Dying Bride

"The Snow in My Hands"

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I've seen them. so dark. Black. And yet fine.
The flower they carry had once been mine.
Get away from me, man of stories.
Robe of lies.
Stay far from me.
I lie to myself (it's no hurting).
I need help, but not from you or yor father.
No! Jesus Christ.
Who's my saviour?
Lose myself in gods death.
No! I can't bear all this pain.
I had watched the snow all day.
Falling. It never lets up. All day falling.
I lifted my voice and wept out loud,

"So this is life?".

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