

## Ray Childish "The Corpse Bride"

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The church bells are chiming and the night is chill  
the ivy is climbing up the ancient brick mill  
no birds are singing, 'cause the tunes get stuck in their  
throats

I don't hear cicadas, I don't hear the buzz of bees  
the air's so goddamn icy that all plants around me  
freeze  
I am sitting here all curled up  
dressed in the whitest bridal gown anyone has ever  
seen

I'm running my hand over the cold gravestone I'm  
sitting on  
the full moon that's been a-shining has disappeared,  
yeah, it is gone  
only the candles' flames are flickering in the southern  
winter breeze  
you'll need ot get a good deal closer to see my face is  
drained in tears

Everyone's been saying prayers o'er the graves of their  
beloved ones  
so many people passed me by, but no one's looked at  
me but once  
I'm the corpse bride, I'm your corpse bride, hon

I've been waiting here a hundred years for you to  
finally come

You'll come riding on a stallion, all white and skin and  
bone  
with a crow on one shoulder, on the other a petty drone  
you will take me straight to church with a priest already  
waiting  
we'll exchange our wedding rings like this couple on  
the painting

While we'll be walking down the aisle accompanied by  
cheers  
in the back, the priest, will start to hand out the beers  
outside it'll be raining razorblades and butcher knives

the night will be even blacker for the merely squeaking  
bat hives

Everyone had said their prayers o'er the graves of their  
beloved ones  
so many people passed me by, but no one's looked at  
me but once  
I'm the corpse bride, I'm your corpse bride, hon  
the clock strikes midnight and in an eye-wink you will  
finally come

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