

My Dying Bride, Thornwyck Hymn

I will be the weight of my sins
And I will be the one who caves in
A choir of sorry girls
With their hearts full of pearls
A foul and torrid feast
Sinks men down to their knees

The twisted waters are where I will be
The sisters calling from deep in the sea
The twisted waters they call out my name
I will swim with them but they're not to blame

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The sisters calling from deep in the sea
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A final kindness, a final kiss
As the golden arm of evening comes
A final kindness and all is bliss
I wither coldly and then I am gone