

Santuario di Sangue

My Dying Bride

With your baronial motif
Mankind at your feet
and your opulent guests
With whom you do test
The whisper of your blood
The call to those you loved
Who lay down for you
For you to run them through

Carelessly dressed
I grovel highness
Beneath your stars and your moon
and your feminine doom

Beneath the shiver of your sea
and the gold that you bleed
On the wings of your charm
A promise of great harm

The light within us fades
As we shy away from day
The passion of her bite
and the glory of her sight
In a hive of open lore
We await the call to war
In an issue of drying blood
Lies the victim of our love

Regale me with lies
and punish me outright
The crisis of my empire
The volume of your desire

Your enfolding dark
Your beauty and your mark
I give you my veins
As we lay down in pain

I couldn't help the things we did
No matter where or how I hid
We live for every single night
Victorious in every fight