The Blood, The Wine, The Roses
Lust and contrast in My Dying Bride’s music

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Black Sabbath

Black Sabbath (1970)

‘Black Sabbath’
Candlemass
*Nightfall* (1987)
‘Dark Are the Veils of Death’
Death

Leprosy (1988)

‘Left to Die’
My Dying Bride
*Turn Loose the Swans* (1993)
‘Turn Loose the Swans’
Death is present the candle has burned out,
The scythe is raised he's eager to reap.
The extreme unction prepares for the last flight,
But God knows where you will rest.
Dark are the veils of death.

To sail the seas of eternal damnation,
To cross the desert of woe and despair,
Or drink the chalice of divine ambrosia,
Your life will be put to the test.
Dark are the veils of death.
Time stands still as you pass away,
No more tomorrow this is your last day,
On this fucking earth.

Bodies fall onto the ground,
Blood flies through the air,
Shredded victims lie in pain,
Death is never fair.

Death
*Leprosy* (1988)
‘Left to Die’
Anathema
*Serenades* (1993)
‘Under a Veil (of Black Lace)’

With loving passion, oh your radiance,
A serenade I cry.
Your silk lined coffin the lachrymatory,
To hold a mourner's tears,

Ethereal splendor,
Pale skin and down cast eyes,
Scent of paradise,
Like her, forever remains unknown.

Through tear stained eyes,
My view is growing weaker.
Please help my grief be vanquished.
Thy bed of roses, funereal drapery,
Impale my on your thorns.

My Dying Bride
*Feel the Misery* (2015)
‘And My Father Left Forever’

With a dying fall his voice left him.
It shouldn’t be this way ...
When I wake up I want to see you.
Bring me the life that is within you.
I charge myself off your body,
But in my arms, the darkness deepens ...
And my father left forever.
It shouldn’t be this way.
I sang long psalms of bitter verse,
but God had turned away.
Men are free at the blood of Christ.
I wish it was this way.
Breathing is faster and breathing is deeper,
And falling no longer bothers me.

My Dying Bride
*Turn Loose the Swans* (1993)
‘Turn Loose the Swans’

Adieu d'amour.
Vast is the heirs ballroom.
Let the rich give you presents.
Heaven pours from her throat,
As she sings and as she dances ...

You are sweet and fine to listen to.
Long tresses about her neck.
Yet much is false.
This mighty evening I've seen no face.
This is crushing me.
My quill it aches.

Turn loose the swans that drew my poets craft.
I'll dwell in desolate cities.
You burned my wings.
Sear Me
The Return to the Beautiful
Sear Me MCMXCII
De Sade Soliloquy
The Thrash of Naked Limbs
The Dark Caress
The Whore, The Cook and the Mother
Base Level Erotica
The Light at the End of the World
La Figlia della Tempesta
Black Heart Romance
The Blue Lotus
L'amour Detruit
The Blood, The Wine, The Roses
The Crown of Sympathy
From Darkest Skies
Black Voyage
Two Winters Only
A Kiss to Remember
Fall With Me
Your Shameful Heaven
The Sexuality of Bereavement
Like Gods of the Sun
For You
Edenbeast
Sear Me III
I Cannot Be Loved
I Celebrate Your Skin
Hang over me the drape  
Of superfluous horror  
Aside Nocturnal trapping  
Wallow in my art  
Crying and dying  
My sexual ecstasy

The crimson stream  
That flows from you

Magnificent, supine,  
Red heaven gapes at me  
Dragged across putrid ground  
Mother scorns my glove  
A vile red heap  
I gorge my selfish dream

Polite garden party  
If only they knew  
Lick the eyes  
To make them shine  
Peel the peach  
Cold with time

The weight of fantasy  
That is not even mine  
Smell her wounds  
Rich more than wine  
The crimson stream  
That flows from you.
My Dying Bride

Like Gods of the Sun (1996)

‘A Kiss to Remember’

Open me
And drink up my scarlet
Kiss me deep
Kiss me deep and love me forever more
Bloody love
Bloody love inside of you
Swallow me
Thank God, there's nothing I can do

Come with me my friend, come and see the end
And let me swallow up your pain
Leave the village lights, step into the night
Open your mouth to my bloody rain

And at your second birth, we will slay the earth
And stalk mankind 'til Heaven burns
Just lay down for me, naked for me to see
It's just one kiss, that's all I need

Take me down
Down to the bloody shore
Dig me deep, dig me deep
And leave me forever more
Lay me down
Down with all of them
And forget me
Like you forgot the rest of them
Our great God lies naked next to me
I witnessed death in his beauty
I feel him when he breathes, as we fall
and I clasp him to me as we fall
Shouldering your sadness unto me
The great caldera moon to the east
The annihilation from your eyes
Flowing deep into me from your eyes
You wallow in your suffering
and swim in your senseless grief
The shadow of your body
Is cast upon only me
Goodnight my love, goodnight.
I fall upon your body
Fall with me into my frozen flesh

My hungry death
You tremble before me
and swallow my dying breath
Caress me, undress me, forget me
As winter comes
Your pale skin, crystal eyes
I will weep forever, oh my god why?
As fire fell upon great Alexandria
Our arms were close around us
Forever gods turned away
Give the word and down comes beautiful rain
glorious pain
Armies of salvation laid to waste
The host lifts its desire from it's face
In a memory from a past life leaps the beast
Devouring all around, the colossal feast

My Dying Bride
For Lies I Sire (2009)
‘Fall with Me’
All are welcome here
To the Eden Feast
Enter if you will
This is Edenbeast
Faces stay hidden
Behind their dark masks
In arms they enter
The Great Hall of Sin
Eden, calls again
For sick minds. For me
Inside there all laid bare
Take your pick. Devour now
Lust clawing at your feet
Desires for you to greet
Every woman a handsome treat
Young seed for you to reap
Anyone that you desire
Leave your faith at the door
Any pleasures you require
Lay all around, upon the floor

Some call this blasphemy
And try to end it all
They question our sanity
And preach Christliars' call
"Seat yourself young man
Do you see them feed?
As the feast goes on,
Do you feel their greed?"
It's my fear that tears me down
But this night we'll have no tears
I want you. Beautiful gown
Take my hand. We'll have no tears
Kiss me deep. I want you now
In my arms, we'll have no fears
Inside there. All laid bare
Take your pick. Devour now
When you've had your fill
Of poisonous flesh
Leave this place of sin
And watch your back for death
‘I’m [...] not the type that tends to act as if bad things don’t exist. I feel that a lot of people don’t want to understand this kind of music cause it confronts them with things in their life that they don’t want to face and ignore by acting like it doesn’t exist, while for me it seems better to accept things as they are and draw strength out the fact that there are people with similar experiences that translate those experiences into music.’

‘Metal, by nature, seemed until that point to only explore ugliness and shallow things; mostly, it was about gore and carnage, or politics and other problems external to ‘the self’. These doom bands turned their lyrical attention towards inner things; they represented an exploration of ones humanity, and about what we as humans are filled with, or not filled with, or what we once were filled with and want to know why/how we lost it.’

‘This music was part of my “human education”. They ask the important questions, the “cursed” questions.’
‘Listening to music is a personal experience, I don't feel to be part of a community. I like talking with other guys about the music I love, but everyone of us feels the music, especially this kind of music, in a very personal way.’

‘I have to say, when talking about metal communities, I'm just like with my nationality: yes, I'm Chilean and a metalhead, but I don't feel like a part of a Chilean or metalhead community directly. I despise nationalities as I despise metal labels.’
‘I listen doom everyday. While having breakfast, surfing internet reading the newspaper, while cleaning the house, walking, on my way to work, while relaxing and thinking on the couch/bed but mostly when I don't feel really good and I need to dream about something.’

‘I’d like to be alone, not doing anything like work, so that I can devote my whole self to listening to that album. There are some days in which I feel like I’m not sad but I need to listen to those bands [My Dying Bride, Paradise Lost, and Anathema] not to feel better but to be with somebody, but to just feel that comfort again.’
‘Despite being mournful in character, it brings me a sense of calm and ironic joy. A phrase I often joke with my fiancée about (who is also a fan) is how "delightfully depressing" a certain song is, for example. [...] It is a genre of contrasts.’

‘Their ability to translate awful experiences and the harder parts of life into beautiful and haunting music that speaks to me and allows me to empathise and put my own woes into perspective. I also find that these bands are very skilled musicians, weaving their melodies in a way that is sometimes intentionally jarring and often just really beautiful. It’s that combination of the ugly and the beautiful, that makes it feel like it’s more real somehow.’
Thank You!

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