

## **Cradle Of Filth**

### **"An Enemy Led The Tempest"**

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As pride precedes a downfall,  
So he took his place  
Before the firewall  
Of dissonant choirs  
Whose faith in one  
Was embraced in this wraith  
Whose fate was hung  
Between forgiveness and the damage done  
Ã,Â  
An electric scent  
Over drear decay  
Lent a violent surge  
To their serenades  
Through white glades  
As his winged parade  
Bent to silhouette  
And to sharpen dull razorsÃ,Â  
Ã,Â  
Within vast skies  
Unversed in starknees  
His might grew  
And blew light hues to grey...  
And worse, a third of stars to darkness  
Ã,Â  
Then thunder  
Seethed and wreathed  
In thickening night  
A line was drawn  
Midst wrong and right  
And across the throats of thieves  
As love fell choked,  
The tempest broke  
From Heaven's farthest shore  
Descending to eclipse all hope,  
Repentance might stay holy war  
Ã,Â  
He would not heel  
Nor fake a bow,  
Murmur curses to the wind  
Enraged, he raved in a Balrog howls  
Upon a storm firstborn of sin  
Ã,Â

Incensed anew,  
Rebellions tore  
Like frenzied beasts of prey  
Through temple doors...  
Through east before  
The midnight masses

And where once bliss  
Reigned so serene  
In sweeter glades  
Now viens ran openly...  
Like eyes that shied from kindered ashes  
Ã,Â  
When suddenly  
There shone a hideous light  
And a voice like three insanities  
Soared up in thistled speech  
Thou hast bred hate where  
There dwelt none and for this grave mistake  
How thou art falling morning sun.....

The proud will be abased  
Ã,Â  
He would not heel  
Nor fake a bow,  
Murmur curses to the wind  
And lo - the wrath of God swept down...  
Ã,Â  
Thou art no more  
An Angel filled with light,  
But a leech to be abhorred  
And thou shalt suffer  
My burning will,  
Quoth this raven...  
Nevermore  
Ã,Â  
Neverfuckingmore...  
Ã,Â  
Ã,Â  
And with these words  
Like heavy stone  
Cast against that  
Gilded throne  
With many legions  
Still in tow,  
He turned his wings to flee  
His eyes a picture of distaste,  
dawn to tears and in their place  
The dawn of time and fates to face,  
Through all eternity...  
Ã,Â

I wept for him a deep red river  
That ran like blood  
Through scarred ravines  
To sluice away the guilt  
That slithered  
Like a Serpent tongue to Eve  
For once as I  
In Heaven climbed too high  
For truth to truly see  
My sunken mind,  
Drunken and blind,  
Saw the lie - that fool was me...  
Ã,Â  
Ã,Â  
Alone and cold,  
Face to the crack,  
Beyond dark gates  
With no way back  
His crown of gold  
Faded to black  
Like a bruise  
Upon the heart that lingers

With thrill-kill  
Culture shock wave lengths  
Of rope to hang high  
Ten commandments by  
...snaked about his upraised fingers...  
Ã,Â

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