

## **Cradle Of Filth**

### **"Balsamic And Anathema"**

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"No human power can stop the will of heaven from being asserted."

Worming through the mark  
Of Ezekiel and Mark  
Through the chapters of Honorius  
Gilles, as in a trance  
Screwed the pages up and danced  
Courting something vainly glorious

He walked the gravest night  
That decrepit final juncture  
Of doom and negativity  
Reeking of death  
And the gloom of Stygian light

When suddenly, the faintest whisper!  
A curtain opened in a painted vista  
Moonbeams swept into his dream...  
Balsamic and anathema

Balsamic and anathema

Prelati full of stars  
Magical, ecstatic stars  
That sparkled, no debacle sought to douse  
His fiery omnipresence  
Hissed at heaven, evanescent  
He was there to thwart the burning of his Faust

The gates were prised, the phantom horses  
Snorted, restless to be gone  
With enchantment's eyes upon the door, he cried-  
'Come with me now!'

Gilles balked, the thought of life  
Accused and pursued  
And overridden by morbidity  
Saddened his breath  
For those destined for his knife

Then suddenly - the strangest feeling

One that left the angels reeling  
Atonement crept into his midst  
Balsamic and anathema

Balsamic and anathema

Prelati, full of stars  
This abductor of his heart

Promised him horizons free of pain  
But all the grand designs  
Magic sings and midnight wines  
In the dream-world couldn't hope to swerve his aim

He would stay and face his slayers  
Cardinals and courtroom players  
Whilst Prelati must now flee before  
The pure and azure dawn...

The gates were wide, the phantom horses  
Snorted, restless to be gone  
With enchantment's eyes upon the door  
Once more he cried  
'Come with me now!'

Prelati full of stars  
Tried to pull him from the dance  
Summoning his Barron to perform  
But as the Demon rose  
In sweet miracles of prose  
And propaganda, came a proper bible storm

Lightning - grinning, froze  
On this murder-site of crows  
And from the scattered ashes stepped a sylph  
The maiden Joan of Arc  
Crept more beautiful and dark  
A paradise, a cradle free of filth

She was chaste beyond all graces  
The face of faith illuminated  
More precious than Prelati's spell  
A Goddess in a dream...

And trembling in her arm  
Her eyes a thousand golden psalms  
That glittered as on Christmas night  
He wept like Hallowe'en

He held the scene, the poignant gleam  
Of peace and great serenity

Close to his heart, her parting kiss  
He slept to wake released in bliss

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