## Cradle Of Filth "Beneath The Howling Stars"

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Midwinter wrongs the rites of Spring Her spinal chill rakes the earth Whilst pensive souls at zero sing Woebetidings of rebirth Under cold stares of Mars maligned Near-suicides cross their hearts And unborns writhe in tepid brine For something wicked this way starts

Beneath the howling stars

Elizabeth, paragon of vice Watches the sun set pyres alight As Bane and Tyranny, Her Dobermans sleep Like spellbound paramours at Her feet

A chatter of bells without Raise hellhounds, teeth on edge From sleighs hastened through snow lit red Guests espied from the garret ledge

Great gloomy mirror tell Her face She will outblind them all That heavenly bodies would fall from grace To possess such a lustrous pall

For beauty is always Cruel... For beauty is always...

(Let destiny in chains commence... Damnation under Gods seeking recompense Enslaving to the whims of this mistress)

As the dance ensued
Elizabeth's mood
Tempered by the craft of a vitreous moon
In slick black iciness it grew
To consume
The wench Her tower tombed
Tending to Her costume
Bore the brunt of the storm
When the needle askewed

She has Her dogs maul the bitch's wrists through Restored to jaded bliss
This evisceratrix
Descended to the ball
With painted blood upon Her lips
Passing like a comet so white
As to eclipse
The waltz wound down, transfixed

Devoid of all breath in the air Even Death paled to compare To the taint of Her splendour So rare and engendered 'Pon the awed throng gathered There...

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She danced so macabre
Men entranced divined from Her gait
That this angel stepped from a pedestal
Had won remission from fate
By alighting to darker spheres
Delighting in held sway
For She was not unlike the Goddess
To whom the wolves bayed

"Whilst envy glanced daggers
From court maidens, arboured
Who whispered in sects
Of suspicions abroad
That Elizabeth bewitched
See how even now the whore casts
Her spells upon the Black Count
Whom Her reddened lips hold fast"

Tongue unto tongue
Swept on tides without care
For the harpies who rallied
Their maledict glares
A halo of ravens tousled Her hair

Chandeliers a tiara For passions ensnared

"Phantasies sexed
When their eyes, moonstruck met
Their friction wore a way
Through the sea of foreplay
Lovers at first bite
She an Eve tempted to lay

Gasping at rafters
Flesh pressed in ballet"

But caprice, honours leashed She absconded the feast To prowl wonderland Beasts in hand from the Keep Of Feudal dilemma Well mantled in furs Through cullis to watch Dogstars howl at the earth

On this violent night Unholy night Winds lashed their limbs together As the ether vent its wintry spite

She wished His kiss on Her frozen landscapes
To excite the bleak advance
From castle bowers
Wherein small hours
The Devil never came by chance
A lone charm tied to Her inner thigh
Sent lusts nova as hooves trod
Cobbled streets where lowlives fleet
Were flung to a wayward god

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Pounding upon the pauper ridge
Earshot of a hunched beldame
Elizabeth teased, would He dare to please
Such elderly loins enflamed?
To this He feigned a grim disdain
Playing to Her slayful eye
But the hag replied...

"This girl that chides Will soon be as plagued with age as I"

Her consort laughed a plume of icy breath For Elizabeth's grace could raise A flag of truce in burning heaven
Or the dead from early graves
Yet still She seethed
This proud Snow Queen
Embittered with the cursed retort
And because He sought Her loves onslaught
He gutted the crone for sport

Soon in full moon fever they were wed Lycanthropic in the conjugal bed Littered with aphrodisiacs To tease dynastic union And beget them further maniacs

Elizabeth
Free reigned, now a Countess
Outwielded and outwore
Her title like a favoured dress
Whilst Her errant Lord
Whose seasons savoured war
Stormed black to fell the infidel
Her embers, tempered, roared.

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