

## **Cradle Of Filth "Born In A Burial"**

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Sibilant and macabre  
Walpurgis sauntered in  
Skies lighten with five-pointed stars  
The work of crafts surpassing sin

As she graced her window ledge  
An orphaned gypsy nymph  
This issue of the forest's bed  
Skin flushed with sipped absinthe

Her eyes revealed, as Brocken's peak  
Tried once concealing Hell  
A snow white line of divine freaks  
In riot where they fell

The circus lurches in a ring of promised delight  
For seven days and seven festival nights  
What wicked wonders lie within the confines  
Of the panther's den

She watches from a maypole on the rip of her tongue  
The restless spirit of Christmas to come  
A Gretel sick of merely sucking her thumb  
Than gingerbread men

Spawned, scorned, abhorred by the aerial  
She was the light of the world going down  
War-torn, forlorn and malarial  
She was found born in a burial gown

Born in a burial gown  
Born in a burial gown

Unloosed, the chain of her god-given cross  
Seduced now pagan ribbons swathe her repose  
In a carnival of souls sold and similarly lost

Too many decades misfit and mislaid  
So innocence, a tender legend of prey  
Parades her second coming, now they're running  
afraid

Spawned scorned, abhorred by the aerial  
She was the light of the world going down  
War-torn, forlorn and malarial  
She was found born in a burial

She was born, born in a burial gown  
She was born, born in a burial gown

Now she moves with a predator's guile  
Beyond the fire-lit circle of life  
She soothes your cold heart for a while  
Then matches its beat, synching in with a knife

She wrestles her dreams with a delicate case  
Espied by her cross on the wall  
And should she awake, through embrace or mistake  
She would take Jesus, blessed foot forward and all

Sibilant and at last  
The circus crawled away  
With another lover in its arms  
Dancing on her grave

Born, born, born, born, born  
Born in a burial gown  
She was born, born, born, born  
Born in a burial gown  
Born in a burial gown

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