

Cradle Of Filth

"Desire In Voilent Overture"

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Nights came tralling ghost concertos
Heartstrings a score of skeletal reaper bows
Playing torture chamber music allegretto
Conducting over throes trashed to crescendo

Skinless the dark shall scream
Hoarse Her symphonies

Deathmashed as the moon
That had lifted Her dreams
And frowned on the winding steps down
To where the vulgar strayed,
Taunting sick Her tender prey
She glided in Her bridal gown

How sleep the pure
Desire in Violent Overture

An emanation of phantom madness
The Countess beheld in shroud
By girls bereft of future vows
Soon to wed in white the frosted ground
Burning like a brand on the countenance of god
A yearning took Her hand to His Seraphim, bound

Deep red hissed the cat whips
On the whim of her ill-will
Whilst She entranced, nonchalant, abliss
Flayed further songs of overkill

How weep the pure
Desire in Violent Overture

In a crescent-whime cellar of crushed roses
Pooled blood and broken dolls
A torchlit shadow theatre souled
With the echoed cries of lives She stole

Killing time
She struck the hours dead
In Her control

Thus menopaused
Her click of hacked out cunts
Began to toll

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