

## **Cradle Of Filth "Haunted Shores"**

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Herodias and I have led a phantom cavalcade  
Through veiled and pagan history where superstitions  
reigned  
And Christendom sought to pervert, but poets of my  
name  
Sang of penumbral victories that sorcery had claimed  
The Graal and mighty Caliburn as votive offerings  
To an England rearsen under vast majestic wings

These are the shores whereto my soul  
Blood drenched and unredeemed  
Shalt seek solace in secrets told  
Through the whispers of a dream

From the woods Pendragon-born, I rose Arcturius  
A proud, audacious King mantled in the  
Vehemence of lust  
Death and destiny undaunted me, I drew a throne  
divided  
In awe of the glorious battles won, my dark Goddess  
provided  
Then treachery, a wingless beast, came crawling to my  
court  
And now I lie at cursed Camlann, from wounds a traitor  
wrought

I fear the Augean light  
Is sweeping through Camelot  
How bittersweet my triumphs seem,  
Now Autumnal leaves succumb to frost  
Morganna art thou near me?  
Languid, I wend my path to grave  
Cast my sword to the sulphyd grasp  
Of the naiad neath the silvered lake  
When waters stirred lay silent

Mistress let the mists descend  
Thy tears cannot thaw Death's cold heart  
His sombre gaze defies legend  
More so than thine, else thy dew-lidded eyes  
Art for the Banshees song  
Or our souls entwined like vein upon

The haunted shores of Avalon

The haunted shores of Avalon

Bury me in velvet dream  
Lest I unduly wake  
And seek to reconcile my thirst  
With the cowardly tailors of my fate  
Unleash mastiffs of snarling night  
To overthrow, plague and burn  
As slumber lures me 'mongst the dead  
To scheme of my return

Archaic ghostly echoes breathe like thunder of the  
storm  
A tempest fools miscall divine as they crouch awaiting  
dawn  
Their ignorance has forged for me over  
Centuries a sword  
Burnished to flash like lightning on the precipice of war  
The wolves are dead in Albion whilst the  
Passive flocks roam free  
This my penetrant spearhead shalt pierce these foul,  
Trespassing breeds

I have awoken from the past  
Glenfully with the shadows over England's bitter skies  
I prize mine wounds in a soil sweated drink  
Remember me as king when I cradle hell to stars  
Like lovers in my arms, nestled vipers to my breast  
Venom forces workthius arts of devil's and priestess  
Thus I shall rule anew through the sinews of a song  
Played upon a storm  
By the ghosts of Avalon  
And all in league will bow to me, from death they shall  
ascend  
To whisper weals of war to stir the dark one in men  
The principle black metal masterplan

[RALLYING WAR SPEECH... CRONOS]

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