

## **Cradle Of Filth "Swan Song For A Raven"**

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Forgive the day's  
Last serenades  
Her skies they bruise like Nordic women  
Deep crimson stains  
That Death would claim  
His robes of office swim in

As would I  
For his dark eye  
Has fixed, a basilisk, a scythe  
On charred remains  
With shared disdain  
For those I chose to mortify

Their cries  
Have paralysed  
And the smoke has choked these vistas  
But still I lie  
Though tears have died  
On the grave of my Clarissa

A verse for her whispered to the earth  
(A lover's curse is a see-through coffin)  
Praises her curves so oft concurred

Though she was:  
No Snow White on the night she died  
Her shadower's boon when the moon glazed over  
Lipped with blood and secrets pried

For on and in they spread her wide  
That seraph bride  
The Devil's pride  
Shalt soon avenge with swift reprise

But they would writhe  
For my dark eye  
Bewitched, was fixed like Mordecai's  
On Esther's reign  
And in this vein  
I saw their lust still stain her thighs

Their cries  
Have paralysed  
And the smoke has choked these vistas  
But still I lie  
Though tears have died  
On the grave of my Clarissa

Beneath these trees where the mist enwreathes  
Her spirit flees, seeing chains of torches  
A fleeting kiss stirring leaves of poetry:

I was:  
No dark knight, breaking men like ice  
I was like a lycanthrope until the moon glazed over  
Lipped with blood and last goodbyes

Now I dream  
Enwrapt in pure clouds of the sweetest oblivion  
Where beauty streams  
Freed from the teeth of those beasts that had come  
To tear out her spells  
In red lettered cells  
Wherein even the crown prince of Hell  
Come out of his arrogant shell  
Would falter to better

But her face soon dispels  
And as black feathers fell  
From heaven's smoke  
So I woke to insanity  
Her exquisite corpse  
Found fit for their sport  
Of course  
Would burn on the morrow with me:

And there on this night  
Strung up in my sight  
Naked she sways  
Displayed for their vulgar delight

I scream through my bars at the stars  
That for these crimes of mine solace me  
I will fear not the flames  
That to passion are tame  
Not nearly the same searing pain  
(I pray) As held sway upon losing her  
Nor the mettle of roars  
That will settle like ashes and scores  
As with our ghosts in the fog  
When we both turn no more

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