

Death and the Maiden

Cradle of Filth

I spy the spreading fear
That crawls wormlike beneath
This aging mask of time
That grasps to call itself belief

So down here in the valley of the shadow of death
To the best denomination I have taken her soul
To show just what faith-tested means

Never seen the sun
Never been undone
Never thought her feeble screams
Would court such fascination

Never in a thousand years

I am the lord of the bored underworld
Her hand is pleased in mine
Together we will climb
Past the pearly castellations
A wealth of treasures to find

We'll fly crows of ill-omen
Across a leaden sky
To red squares of holy roman
Catholicism in an eye
To deeply sow where sorrow rose
Having all tomorrows
For our wedded union to impose

The world in misery succumbs to frost

Without her here I'm lost
The seasons absorb the cost
Together our paths are crossed
Eros and thanatos

One by one
Love's raised horns sound their sweet surrender
And one by one
Her defences fall, debris
My will be done
I shall storm the gates where fates defend her
And once I've won
Her heart will belong to me

I saw her there
Gathering despair
By the light of the moon
On the vale of Nysa

I walked the endless night
Before she pressed from me
The swallowed seed of winter's bite
Undressed persephone

So down here in the shadow of the Vally of kings

Let this sticky situation spur on fertility
Come be my perennial Queen

Never seen the sun
Never been undone
Never thought her velvet ports
Would wean such masturbations
Never in a thousand years

Whithout her here I'm lost
The season absorb the cost
Together our paths are crossed
Eros and thanatos

One by one
Love's raised horns sound their sweet surrender
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Her defences fall debris
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Hades
I've slept delightfully within these open arms
Plucked I'm a magnet to your charm
Lost in a skeletal dance

I rent the meadow's earth
To embed her as my bride
This wond'rous light of life
That rights the wrongs I've breed inside

Her mouth no longer plaintive
Those lips no longer dry
We waltz the great halls naked
Candeliit and oft obliged
To deeply sow where sorrow froze
Having all tomorrows
To bathe in the savored afterglow
To slave at the favoured crafts we know