

Achingly Beautiful

Cradle of Filth

Night
That fatal raven alighted
On the cusp of my bewitchment

The beast in the clouds had swallowed the moon
A silverback thundering across the cosmos
In silence now stars followed her tune
Winking from existence on the brink of chaos

I penned an open sonnet
To the pearly gates ablaze
As I gazed upon this angel
Intoxicating everything

The ball became her court
Her presence there electrifying
Candelabra fought
To tear themselves away

She was a flame, divine
My pathic call of duty, irrefutable
Her eyes, they paralysed me, froze the flow of time
A glimpse, so achingly beautiful

Fleeing from the manor
In the manner of this crime
We sheltered from the pelting
Helter-skelter of the skies
In the Greek gazebo
Speaking tragedian rhyme
Death would never settle
For one petal at a time

He would pluck the fucker!

Lo, this malleus eve
Is heaving to the pulse of souls

She was the game, sublime
A knight takes queen in ruby, indisputable
Then her eyes, they paralysed me for a second time
A glimpse so achingly beautiful

Drinking in her flora
This Aurora to the storm
I was burning in the furnace
Of a love that went to war
With ravenous desire
Fires lit the heavens for
Caressing in the rainfall
A less painful metaphor

For this hunger...

On marbled tomb
Breathless, cocooned
A long red dress shrouds

Like Ophelia, this Goddess

Mourning then crawls
Black velvet palled
To pass fervent lips
Betwixt her deliciousness

Miserere Mei Diva
Forgive me forever my bride
But a gift was delivered
However perverse
On that night you exquisitely died

Seraphina rise...

Arcane perfection
Her legend was etched

...to queen demon revised

A fell resurrection
Unparalleled in this world or next

Awaken, forsaken
By others soon taken as prey
Now you shall stand in the grandeur of love
A wonderland in which to play

The beast in the clouds spat back the moon
And arrayed in a crown of glittering cobwebs
She slid to her feet like a prophet of doom
Born to immortal darkness
As mortality slipped away

She was a flame, divine
My gnathic call of duty, irrefutable
Her eyes imparadised me with their wicked shine
A glimpse so achingly beautiful

Now she stirs the night just like the perfect Lorelei
As she spurs the dark horse foaming in my soul

Death is fleet, sweet, oft discreet
The beast in beauty's mask
Her skies, bediademed, complete
Now freed of days grown overcast