

## An Enemy Led the Tempest

Cradle of Filth

As pride precedes a downfall  
So He took His place before the firewall  
Of dissonant choirs whose faith in one  
Was embraced in this wraith whose fate was hung

Between forgiveness and the damage done

An electric scent over drear decay  
Lent a violent surge to their serenades...  
Through white glades as His winged parade  
Bent to silhouette and to sharpen dull razors

Within vast skies unversed in starkness  
His might grew  
And blew light hues to grey...  
And worse, a third of stars to darkness

Then thunder seethed  
And wreathed in thickening night  
A line was drawn midst wrong and right  
And across the throats of thieves

As love fell choked, the tempest broke  
From heaven's farthest shore  
Descending to eclipse all hope  
Repentance might stay holy war

He would not heel nor fake a bow  
Murmur curses to the wind  
Enraged, he raved in Balrog howls  
Upon a storm firstborn of sin

Incensed anew, rebellions tore  
Like frenzied beasts of prey  
Through temple doors...  
Thrown east before the midnight masses

And where once bliss reigned so serene  
In sweeter glades  
Now veins ran openly...  
Like eyes that shied from kindred ashes

When suddenly  
There shone a hideous light  
And a voice like three insanities  
Soared up in thistled speech...

"Thou hast bred hate where there dwelt none  
And for this grave mistake  
How thou art fallen Morning Sun  
The proud will be abased"

He would not heel nor fake a bow  
Murmur curses to the wind  
And Lo, the wrath of god swept down...

"Thou art no more an angel filled

With light, but a leech to be abhorred  
And thou shalt suffer My burning will"...  
Quoth this raven: "Nevermore"

Never fucking more

And with these words like heavy stone  
Cast against that gilded throne  
With many legions still in tow  
He turned his wings to flee  
His eyes a picture of distaste  
Drawn to tears and in their place  
The dawn of time and fates to face  
Through all eternity...

I wept for him a deep red river  
That ran like blood through scarred ravines  
To sluice away the guilt that slithered  
Like a serpent tongue to Eve  
For once as I, in heaven climbed  
Too high for truth to truly see  
My sunken mind, drunken and blind  
Saw the lie; That fool was Me...

Alone and cold, face to the crack  
Beyond dark gates with no way back  
His crown of gold faded to black  
Like a bruise upon the heart that lingers

With thrill kill culture shock wave lengths  
Of rope to hang high  
Ten commandments by...  
Snaked about his upraised fingers