

# Beyond Eleventh Hour

## Cradle of Filth

"All mirrors lead to my palace  
My exotic pleasure temple  
Wherein my court is both gracious and insatiable  
Pure and obscene  
For where pumps the true heart of life  
There too seeps corruption  
And from this my new Eden of nightshades, black  
henbane, sphinxes,  
opium and roses weaned on tears and blood  
Will rise up like lust  
And the shadow of my dark consort shalt extend  
Himself across the face of the world...

...And Hell will come with Him"

Part of the garden, her dark Eden  
Fed blood by poisoned fronds  
My heart hardened in her wet season  
Treading mud in her slough of despond  
But only now  
A path lies straight before me  
The maze is ploughed half through with hate  
Andpher crop is dripping red

Beyond eleventh hour

Her beauty and brute power  
Grows stronger by the day  
And with each rose that she deflowers  
The longer her throes of madness stay

In her grip on shredded sheets  
Once our fingertips had dug and clutched  
She whispered dreadful things to me

She wanted war with God  
The underdog baring sharpened teeth  
With her armies raised from suffering  
To ascend on jet black wings

She'd break off holy limbs  
On the racks of her witch hunt  
And crush the church beneath her heel  
The Pope in homage to her cunt

A dark horse forcing nightmares  
To wring submissives dry  
A vampire madam batterfang  
With vicious streaks a mile wide

Beyond eleventh hour

Her kiss has turned dismissive  
Her glance holds slight contempt  
Instead those eyes burn on the prize  
Of fates she really likes to tempt

In her grip on shredded sheets  
Gasping from conquered peaks of passion  
She whispered dreadful things to me

She wanted war with God  
The underdog baring sharpened teeth  
With her armies raised from suffering  
To ascend on jet black wings

She'd tear down mighty spires  
Then rear them up anew  
Orders forged to her desires  
The eleventh hour nearly through

Lilith, the abyss, the slithering mists  
That cause all souls to stray  
How to resist those seductive gifts  
On the shore of her unholy ways?

She calls my name so softly  
From deep banks of scented fog  
I almost lose myself before it starts  
But my spirit keeps its silence  
As I drift across the lake  
A glimpse of harem secrets  
Now her velvet curtain parts

She is glaring like the moon

The wind dies down. eavesdropping  
As I bow before her throne  
And she descends to greet me  
Like the royal bitch to which shes grown

"Come closer, what have you to say?  
Black cat got your tongue?

"I am not your slave  
Nor are you my saviour"

"But Isaac, I'm the only one..."

I hold those cold deceiving eyes  
Her once hypnotic gaze  
And pledge eternal love, then walk away  
Thunder seethes behind me  
Death adjusts her favourite mask  
Another lover smothered by her sanguinary darkness

Clasped in the garden, here you heard  
This story blustered through  
I asked her pardon, swore my word  
I'd score her sweetmeats just like you

For only now  
The truth lies prone before me  
I couldn't leave her even if she stormed  
The heavens as were promised

Beyond eleventh hour

Lilith, the abyss. the slithering mists  
Will come for you this eve

Lustrous the cusp of her lingering tryst  
Before those fatal kisses bleed

Beyond eleventh hour

She will make of you a plaything  
Scant amusement for her bed  
And when naked flesh forgets to sing  
She'll take your fucking soul instead

Midnight strikes, the candles sputter  
Muttering their reeking spells  
I snuff their tongues, my heart a-flutter  
These words I speak are gates to Hell