

# Cruelty Brought Thee Orchids

Cradle of Filth

Hear Me now!

All crimes should be treasured if they bring thee pleasure somehow...

Maleficent in dusky rose  
Gathered satin lapped Her breasts  
Like blood upon the snow  
A tourniquet of Topaz  
Glistened at Her throat  
Awakening, pulled from the tomb  
Her spirit freed eclipsed the moon  
That She outshone as a fallen star  
A regal ornament from a far flung nebular

Her likeness hung in the black gallery  
Commanding unease  
Demanding of Death to breathe...

Midst the whirl and daylight fauna  
Of society at court  
Elizabeth bedazzled, Her presence sought applause  
Though Her torchlit shadow  
Thrown upon damp cellar walls  
Greeted nothing but despair from slaves Her nights enthralled

Thirteen Winter solstices had shown  
Her path, that the dark  
Had marked its dominion  
Spaying the confessor  
Whose caresses she'd known,  
As whipcord in the House of Dog  
Her cold cunt meat on holy bone

Raped of faith, She now embraced  
The narcissistic unrest frozen on the mirror's face  
With this disdain, inside these veins  
(Highborn wanton that She was)  
She sought to keep what age would claim  
Her soul was sold and for this toll  
Reeking pyres ever smouldered  
On the whims of one so in control  
Elizabeth, mysterious.  
Cruelty brought thee orchids  
From the bowels of the abyss

Once upon atrocity when midwives stifled cries  
And carved abortive runes in reddened wombs  
Exhumed by scrying eyes  
Madness came upon  
Her like an amorous lover's seed  
Lifesblood splashed upon Her skin  
In gouts torture unleashed

And to Her dead reflection  
Twas as if Her pallor gleamed  
Like an angel's warmed by candles  
Where erotic stains had cleaved  
So demons dragged this libertine

Lusts screaming for release  
Upon the flesh of maidens preened  
As canvas for caprice

Exacting obeisance  
Her gaze held a seance  
Of spirits too trapped under glass to commune  
A sleeter mistress than Luna  
Whose threats to consume Her  
Met with torments giving vent to Her swoon

Flat on Her back  
Pack-prey for the reams  
Of verses and curses  
That haunted Her dreams  
Midnightmare chimed  
Thirteen in Her mind  
A disciple of scars  
Branded years hissed behind  
Ridden split-thighed  
By the Father of lies  
An ovation of wolves  
Blushed the skies as they writhed

But Heaven is never forever  
She came, a spent storm  
From the clouds...

Leaving serpents in office  
Inside every gate  
To lick righteous holes  
Blinding Lords to the fate  
Of virgins forced naked  
To defile on rent knees  
Hacked and racked backwards  
Menses choking their pleas

"More. Whore. More.  
Twitching make me wet with thee  
Carcass rub me raw"