

# Darkness Incarnate

## Cradle of Filth

"Something thicker than despair  
Rides upon the midnight air  
The smell of blood, the taste of prey  
We spy you hiding Gilles de Rais"

Under August swelter  
After banquet and soiree  
When spiced wine and song  
Have further heated veins  
To the ninth degree as tenacula  
Hold another body in their sway  
Gilles retires from the grasping fires  
That will ashen the remains

Darkness incarnate

Demons in his semen  
That once clung about the throats  
Of children dragged from cellars to his rooms  
Now permeate the castle  
All who sleep dream of the goat  
That dark eclectic harbinger of doom

Nightingales sang of tragedy  
Whispers were made of blasphemy  
Vain, insane, this brute aloof  
Drew tainted veils over bitter truth

The stairs ran helter-skelter  
His bedchamber besieged  
By phantoms who sheltered  
In it's furs, remorse  
Sought to overwhelm him  
Like a lantern of disease  
That shone on rotten faces  
Of those murdered out in force

Darkness incarnate

Fleeing ghosts so indisposed  
To his Satanic love  
Of children dragged from cellars to his feast  
He rose, a carnal wind opposed  
To those that sat above  
Tearing out into the forest like a beast

The night wind sang of tragedy  
Whispers were made of blasphemy  
Vain, insane, this brute aloof  
Drew tainted sails over naked truth

Madness clouded everything  
Like a lycanthropic shroud  
And through it's ghastly lineaments he saw  
The trees become obscenities  
Semen drip from every bough  
As if he rooted Nature like a whore

Dryads tongued under skirts of leaves  
Surrendering branches that slenderly pleased  
The Mocking orifices and the forest on her knees

Then once besotted, knotted trunks now grew  
Rotten, venereal, cancerous, blue  
The clotting of his heart to a rank cantankerous tune

"Death is only a matter of a little pain"

Beneath the sallow moonlight  
In a wonderland of pain  
Gilles fled back to the castle  
Terrified and drained  
He sought his deep red velvet bed  
And the sleep it preordained  
Exhausted, forced into the dead  
The creep of nightmares came again

Madness clouded everything  
Like a lycanthropic shroud  
And through it's ghastly lineaments he saw  
Hundreds of slain children  
Some came crawling disembowelled  
To where he stretched out howling on all fours

Corpses tore at his legs and knees  
As he clawed to the cross, begging reprieve  
From a Lord that soared above the awful scene

He sobbed and wept, no voice was left  
To scream, the dream was not drubbed yet  
He heard the horrors hiss beside him,

'Herod, you'll regret...'

'Who hears the tears of nightfall?  
Who steers the spears so spiteful?'

"Oh my dearest angels, go pray to God for me"