

# Death and the Maiden

## Cradle of Filth

I spy the spreading fear  
That crawls wormlike beneath  
This aging mask of time  
That grasps to call itself belief

So down here in the valley of the shadow of death  
To the best denomination I have taken her soul  
To show just what faith-tested means

Never seen the sun  
Never been undone  
Never thought her feeble screams  
Would court such fascination

Never in a thousand years

I am the lord of the bored underworld  
Her hand is pleased in mine  
Together we will climb  
Past the pearly castellations  
A wealth of treasures to find

We'll fly crows of ill-omen  
Across a leaden sky  
To red squares of holy roman  
Catholicism in an eye  
To deeply sow where sorrow rose  
Having all tomorrows  
For our wedded union to impose

The world in misery succumbs to frost

Without her here I'm lost  
The seasons absorb the cost  
Together our paths are crossed  
Eros and thanatos

One by one  
Love's raised horns sound their sweet surrender  
And one by one  
Her defences fall, debris  
My will be done  
I shall storm the gates where fates defend her  
And once I've won  
Her heart will belong to me

I saw her there  
Gathering despair  
By the light of the moon  
On the vale of Nysa

I walked the endless night  
Before she pressed from me  
The swallowed seed of winter's bite  
Undressed persephone

So down here in the shadow of the Vally of kings

Let this sticky situation spur on fertility  
Come be my perennial Queen

Never seen the sun  
Never been undone  
Never thought her velvet ports  
Would wean such masturbations  
Never in a thousand years

Whithout her here I'm lost  
The season absorb the cost  
Together our paths are crossed  
Eros and thanatos

One by one  
Love's raised horns sound their sweet surrender  
And one by one  
Her defences fall debris  
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Hades  
I've slept delightfully within these open arms  
Plucked I'm a magnet to your charm  
Lost in a skeletal dance

I rent the meadow's earth  
To embed her as my bride  
This wond'rous light of life  
That rights the wrongs I've breed inside

Her mouth no longer plaintive  
Those lips no longer dry  
We waltz the great halls naked  
Candeliit and oft obliged  
To deeply sow where sorrow froze  
Having all tomorrows  
To bathe in the savored afterglow  
To slave at the favoured crafts we know