

Enshrined in Crematoria

Cradle of Filth

This night is chilled by ghost
And the woods are full of werewolves
My heart is punning with the stars
I fell the darkness rising

I'm blessed, addressed
By a voice of sweet caresses
Intoxication feeds
This freed reality
My inspiration speaks
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A sight of winged delight
Two great cherubin abreast her
Encase her grave, like once I prayed
Upon her sacred chest there

None more tragic for the lovelor addict
Than the death of beautiful girl

Although I was the author of sin
That compelled her wings to furl
She represents the pleasant scent
Of asphodel in this wretched world

Announce the presence of God again
The Ark of the Tragedian
Glitters like bright Hittite treasure

At best, obsessed
With her loss and my excesses
Judgementalism heaped
Upon the mercy seat
Means nothing to her sleep
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The trees are gaunt
But the cemetery beckons
Before her marble colonnades
I fell a stirring in a temple

As Israel waited with bated breath
At the foot of Mount Sinai
So I sated my wait for death
And miracles from on high
In wine and finite poetry
As fires bathed the sky

Announce the presence of God again
The Ark of the Tragedian
Church to her virgin measure

My tethered heart, a sacrificial lamb
Thrashes madly as the Lioness approaches

Announce the presence of God again
The Ark of the Tragedian

Is built on biblical pleasures

In may need for this batharsis
Her dark commandments teach
Through my prolific reach
A teste so bittersweet
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I find phantasmagoria
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