

# 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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