

Frost on Her Pillow

Cradle of Filth

Facedown I sprawl in the forest's cathedral
Where she lies in thrall
To a slippery coffin

I first saw her grin in this graven lair
My heart starting to canter
Snow white skin and raven hair
Lips full red as a blood decanter

But hatred hunted there
In tyranny's mirror
Magickal rites
Turned with jealousy
On a young reflection

Back then spring's breeze sweetened the night
Now the evenings are longing
Shadows delight
And the frost on her pillow
Glitters by the moonlight

Months saw my lost to her elegant, decadent ways
This past midnight cinderella
With a smile like the winter sun
On a misty day
And star-grazing eyes raising cappellas

But poison stunted there
Seven trees weaving
Arbour on nights
Spent in ecstasy
Neath their woodland awning

She fell foul to withcraft's designs
A weeping willow

Wicked willed to sleep
There's frost on her pillow
At the cost of mourning

Now the lands fall grey, devils revel and obey
A cruel beauty drifted from a dark novella
The queen of hearts tarred
By the cards she's swift to play
In turrets over all where angels smell her ways

Our fairy tale is over
My love lies dead
The kingdom writhes in a red dementia
Misadventure strides instead

A sore, wilde picture like Dorian Gray
Pressed against the glass in pain
One final graven kiss to say
My love I will avenge
Those fleeting hours of flowers bloomed
Beneath the tree-entangled moon

Why did you have to leave so soon
My illuminary friend?

But hated hunted there
In tyranny's mirror
Justified spite
Turned armageddon
On a stunned reflection

Back then Hell's freeze strangled the night
Summer is coming
New flames ignite
And the frost on her pillow
Is lost to the morning light