

Her Ghost in the Fog

Cradle of Filth

The moon, she hangs like a cruel portrait
Soft winds whisper the bidding of trees
As this tragedy starts with a shattered glass heart
And the mid-nightmare trampling of dreams

But oh, no tears please
Fear and pain may accompany death
But it is desire that shepherds its certainty
As we shall see

She was divinity's creature that kissed in cold mirrors
A queen of snow, far beyond compare
Lips attuned to symmetry sought her everywhere
Dark liquored eyes, an Arabian nightmare

She shone on watercolors of my pond life as pearl
Until those who couldn't have her, cut her free of this world

That fateful eve when the breeze stank of sunset and camphor
Their lanterns chased phantoms and threw
An inquisitive glance, like the shadows they cast
On my love picking rue by the light of the moon

Putting reason to flight or to death is their way
They crept through woods mesmerized
By the taffeta ley of her hips that held sway
Over all they surveyed save a mist on the rise
A deadly blessing to hide her ghost in the fog
They raped and left, five men of God, her ghost in the fog

Dawn discovered her there beneath the cedar's stare
Silk dress torn, her raven hair flown to gown her beauty bared
Was starred with frost, I knew her lost
I wept 'til tears crept back to prayer

She'd sworn me vows in fragrant blood
"Never to part, lest jealous Heaven stole our hearts"
Then this I screamed, "Come back to me
For I was born in love with thee
So why should fate stand in between?"

And as I drowned her gentle curves
With dreams unsaid and final words
I espied a gleam trodden to earth
The church bell tower key

The village mourned her by goodbye
For she'd been a witch, their men had longed to try
And I broke under Christ seeking guilty signs
My tortured soul on ice

A queen of snow, far beyond compare
Lips attuned to symmetry, sought her everywhere
Trappistine eyes, an Arabian nightmare
She was Ursuline possessed of a milky white skin
My porcelain yin, a graceful Angel of sin

And so for her the breeze stank of sunset and camphor
My lantern chased her phantom and blew
Their chapel ablaze and all locked in to a pain
Best reserved for judgment that their Bible construed

Putting reason to flight or to flame unashamed, I swept from cries
Mesmerized by the taffeta ley of her hips that held sway
Over all those at bay, save a mist on the rise
A final blessing to hide, her ghost in the fog
And I embraced where lovers rot, her ghost in the fog
Her ghost in the fog, her ghost in the fog