

# Illicitus

## Cradle of Filth

Forlornucopial the wealth of misery  
And favoured haunts of sorrow hold no lure  
Deep swathes of gloom  
that once cocooned me in dark livery  
Now clothed me in suits ill-borrowed from the pure

Alas it's true  
The beast you knew  
Found breath anew  
In the heartstrings of love's assassin

She was a huntress  
And an alabaster bride  
A Venus not averse to taking sides

And in all my centuries  
Bar Carmilla in cerise  
Never had I fallen save for foolish pride

As we walked, our affrighted lanterns  
Fed the lengthy shadows with their tallow lullabies  
The fragrant night air chilled by sighted phantoms  
Clouds drew cobweb threads across a sallow moonrise

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So capricious

Superstitious to the point of philistine  
The glue of secrecy grew paper thin  
Her beauty so delicious  
In the realm of the divine  
The cross about her throat gave up to sin

In expectation  
Her lips to find  
The crates were blazing in my stone cold cellars

That traitor love  
Once its spell ran headlong through my veins

Now I felt it roar again  
Like an urge for murder  
...Her kiss  
The paradigm of bliss  
Hot whispers on the wind  
In swanlike curves I graced salvation

Amidst both world I promised her  
Eternity would be beautiful

Yet on the cusp  
I still not truly dared

Her eyes plied hard a burning will  
Beseeching on her knees  
Like Salome unfulfilled

I hung between two thieves  
Guilt and spilt desire  
Until that flame became a fire  
All consuming

With strength renewed  
I turned again  
Death all lit up by my perfect victim

And she grew  
The scourge of men  
They hissed her name in perverted dictum

Now we walk, our cavorting auras  
Feed the lengthy shadows with their sullen lullabies  
The fragrant night air filled with haunting chorus  
Clouds draw cobweb threads across a bloodied moonrise

Illicitus

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Us