

Libertina Grimm

Cradle of Filth

Howitzer glare and spitfire blade
Wooed by Dresden serenades
Her soundtrack now a bombing raid
Bored of vaudeville

God was six days sober
On the night that she was born
To the glistening star of a bible class
An icon now in religious porn
She was Alice through the glory hole
An ejaculate misconception
Disney-esque, the high priestess
Of greed and deepest dark deception

All best to bury whims
For Miss Libertina Grimm

She, that little red riding crop
Brer Werewold at her stocking tops
Beneath the tightened leather strop
Of the basque of the houndervilles

At the stroke of midnight come
She polished verse and hearses
In a poisonous pen dipped in omen
To her surgeon full of general curses
In the hand of morgue redeemers
Though the dead always pleased her more
Squatting in their coffins
Flirting curtsies to the thirteenth floor

Tip your hats
For sweet Libertina Grimm

Fantasy and candy stores
Snow white and the seven straws
Smoke and mirrors on all fours...
Libertina Grimm

Her brothers grim, her sisters through
The final dance will be the cue
She amputates to fit the shoe
Libertina Grimm

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Mystery kindled in a blackened room
Nine candles lit to improve the gloom
She sees the dark as she feels womb
Full of hidden secrets
They haunt her heart, those precious few
Those Count Lestats and Betty Blues
Those tortured souls just like me and you
Full of hidden secrets

No, don't go
Don't you leave me

So alone
Libertina
No, don't you go
Don't you leave me here
So alone
Where the dead are free to roam