

# 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