

Lovesick for Mina

Cradle of Filth

One might see in Mina
My disease
But it was She who has infected me
For all eternity...

As the sun slips the tearaway stars
Into the scented scheme of night
I kissed her mouth like a dark red rose
Set upon a marbled dream of white
So pure of thought like a Vestal statue
Jewelled with a God-lent grace
I was close to coming when she bid adieu
Fuelled by heartache rent upon her face there

On Mina, obscener
Thoughts obsess my days
Oh Mina, obscener
Thoughts possess me
That I must now obey

They say the darkest hour
Is that before the dawn
When nothing in one's power
Can dissipate the great forlorn
Shadows of fire that haunt me
Like risen whispers of her name

For dawn is a dusk
Wherein needs must
Erupt from the grave, aflame

Written in the dead of night
And riding on the burning wind
Smitten by her read delight
My words alight like leave of sin

Stepping through a mirror
The princess of the emerald glass
Brought me on sip nearer
Love's infernal past...

They say Hell hath no furies
Like a woman scorned by life
When the Heavenly Judge and juries
Participate to chain this wife
With forced virtue, Her secret needs
On warm we nights, with storm-wracked bites
I gave her Eden after the flood

Written in the dead of night
And riding on the burning wind
Smitten by her read delight
My words alight like leaves of sin

Verona, Marishka, Aleera
Brides of old and goddesses all
Forgive my wishes to be always near her

Forever or whenever seas recall

The Aphrodite from my embrace
For as Mars (whom her lips placate)
I tore these shores with wars of hatred
Before our Paris wet his fate
In Helen, one might find mistake
In winning tragedy
For all eternity...

I am still lovesick for Mina
I am still so lovesick for her