

## 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