

# Medusa and Hemlock

## Cradle of Filth

Dim the lights, wrong the rites  
Toss the puerile cross away  
We are gashing from a venomous womb

Burning bright, dead of night  
Pyres stain a milky way  
Lust is splashing the dark side of the moon

In the Samhain mist  
We lay in welcome by the western gate  
With the five fold kiss  
For every soul returning  
From the fecund abyss  
Where nature's travesties congregate  
With a stone cold wish  
To see the wicker man burning

The wind, she whispers  
Through the graveyards of our hearts:  
Wreathed in dreams  
As she weaves her witchcraft  
We breathe, enamoured  
Of the conquering dark

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Harvest past, fires cast  
Ashen shades this Halloween  
We are set now to Beherit the earth

Widdershins, death begins  
To fashion fete to gallow scenes:  
Spirits rising to discredit rebirth

In the Samhain mist  
We lay in welcome by the western gate  
With the five fold kiss  
For every soul returning  
From the fecund abyss  
Where nature's travesties congregate  
With a stone cold wish  
To see the wicker man burning

The wind, she flitters  
Through the forest of our hearts:  
Wreathed in leaves  
As she weaves her witchcraft  
We breathe, enamoured  
Of the conquering dark

I will trace the knot of serpents in your hair  
Plot your face, then ascending marble stares  
You shall pluck me, masked, from roses-in-despair  
Tasting my blood  
That runs from worming tongue like prayer

Under pagan veneer snakes a fear

That makes the stars  
Grieve, just to be  
Uncharted on this eve  
When part of me chars a path  
Through your heavenly constellations

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Back to black, hinges crack  
Rituals call obscenities  
Sheets of demons rush insanity skies

Tread the salt, the dead exult  
Preachers beg our clemency  
Seeking warmth in humanity's eyes

We who kept the candle by the vault

We who kept the candle on the cult