

# Queen of Winter, Throned

## Cradle of Filth

Even a man who is pure in the heart  
And speaks in prayer by night  
May become a wolf when the wolf's bane blooms  
And the winter moon is bright"

Listen to them  
The children of the night  
What sweet music they make

Iniquitous  
I share Carmilla's mask  
A gaunt mephitic voyeur  
On the black side of the glass  
Peering through the mirror  
Deep dark and ominous  
Consorting themes, demons I weave  
Subservience from thee to lost

I am Corinthian light  
A snake in flowers by night  
The last temptation of christ  
Evil in mortal...

Disguise the guilt  
Sharp-eyed, impassive whore  
Burn the asafoetida  
and rank petriachor  
Lure me panthered Faustia  
With cunt and veiled womb  
To prowl thy inner sanctum walls  
In Tirgoviste to resume  
Control

Seduction, my obsessive art  
A pantheon of tragedies inscribed upon the stars  
Like thistled ruin, garbed around thy heart  
Bacchanal Cinderella, desirous midnight passed  
Leaving thee as sacrifice asleep within my arms  
'Midst dreams od robed redemption versed in sexual aftermath  
When we ebb as tides together, carnal souls entwined  
And orgasms expire, come puppet wires and the blind  
(Purge)  
Fires work in me  
A lithe supremacy  
I tear asunder heaven as I would all enemies  
Impaler Lord  
Flesh upon the sword  
My lower lusts are sated, the greater herald war

I am thirst, spearheaded hunger  
Sacrament and pain  
Nails raked in savagery  
When the cruel Countessa came

Exalt!  
The Queen of death-white winter enthroned  
Evil resplendent, in dusk red seething skies

Foam-flecked nightmares drag a moon  
Of Draconian design

A love that never dies  
Nefarious silhouettes to rise

When stars fall pale  
And to drown back in Her eyes  
Is to madden ghosts within  
To unhinge a thousand sins  
From Death's dark vale

"Blessed be these spells of winter  
Unto us that wait with patience in  
This secret garden  
To storm our way into another  
As yes undone"

(Surge)

Desert claims Eden  
And Hyperborean  
Visions of Utopia are driven from the sun  
Iconoclast  
Before thee angels clasped  
In nakedness their ochre flesh  
Shall yield to thy advance

She is all to me  
Mysterious, alive  
The howling in the deep woods  
When cold festal stars aligned

A lurid moon looms; phosphorent, evil  
Yesod vested in despotic upheaval  
Silvering wolves that scarlet forest snow  
Forgotten ones ebter as above, so below

The trees groan aghast as ghostly pallored clouds are rent  
When the drunken earth heaves, sweep aside seas to ascend  
From Sheol's dank haunted wilderness  
Thy seal upon Nuit's starry vault to incense the sleepers,  
dead

Queen of Winter, throned  
The murderess lurked in vulgar caresses  
Vestal masturbation  
(Purity) Overthrown

Darkness  
In raven feathered dress  
Sides with Death at chess  
Their pawns are many and the enemy  
Powerless  
When the miscreants fell dead  
She took to conjuring spells in the cusp of the night  
And the bestial floor shook with terrible life  
I rise before thee Queen  
To feed our lusts on the blood of the weak  
To rule heaven and worlds crawling beneath  
Satanic Tyranny