

## Retreat of the Sacred Heart

Cradle of Filth

She slept in ecstasy  
In hands that fanned her wildest fantasies  
Freed from Christ's frigid regime  
And rigid nails...

She was first in church  
To lick her lips and self-debased  
Each waking second felt like heaven  
In the scarlet One's embrace

And at last, clear memories, aghast  
Relinquished their control  
All things held dear to the wretched past  
Coalesced within her soul

Madness crept into her sight  
Though her sinful hair  
Spoke of nothing to the contrary  
Once dulled eyes leaped alive with life  
Her piece of broken mirror  
Barely recognised

The worm was turning

For her sat grinning Victoria  
Who, no three weeks ago  
Was flogged red to euphoria  
For her dour love of God  
And the ardour of his crows

Cold cloisters kept the dead apart  
At the Retreat of the Sacred Heart

She stepped in ecstasy  
Neath skies that plied her wildest fantasies  
Freed into love's reacquainted dream  
And sudden gales...

Night grew sultry late September  
A man came from the village  
Through the woods  
To help with harvest  
She was burning like the fields  
All her vows lay unfulfilled  
His name was Isaac, silent, blessed  
A mute whose tongue impressed her lately

But now red skies darken  
The roonks lament  
Windswept maelstroms harken  
The approach of Lilith's  
Nightmare kingdom

The woman in her astral dreams  
Became more vivid, livid, obscene  
Scatted on the throne of oayx blasphemies  
Emanating raw desire

And the surging urge to scream

Darkness crept into her face  
She stood erect  
And spook of riches and their whereabouts  
Finding in Isaac the need to place  
A hidden Templar necklace  
Lest the month run out

For now stormed the vainglorious  
In her palace of mass delight  
Her power dawned victorious  
Victoria the key, her mind unfastened  
By flights of morbid fancy  
Psychomancy, rites of ancient wrong  
Sweet seductions, peaked eruptions  
Spiking through impatient song

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The gate to hell was forced apart  
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