

# Suicide and Other Comforts

Cradle of Filth

I pace, alone  
In a place for the dead  
Overcome by woe  
And here, I've grown  
So fond of dread  
That I swear it's heaven

Oh sweet May,  
Dressed in grief  
Roll back the stone

With these words scrawled in a severed hand  
Tears fall like shards of glass that band  
In rivers, like sinners  
Swept with me to join the damned

A darkened sky  
The day that laughter died  
Fell swiftly into night  
And stayed within Her sight  
Staring at the knife  
Oh God, how easy now the sacrifice  
My life, to have Her with me

So farewell to distant thunder  
Those inept stars I've worshipped under  
Fall father, their Father  
Lies in wait in flames below  
Whilst my love, a blood red flower  
Calls to me from verdant bowers  
Graveside, I cry  
Please save me from this Hell I know

A darkened sky  
The day that laughter died  
Fell swiftly into night  
And stayed within Her sight  
Staring at the knife  
Oh God, how easy now to sacrifice  
My life, to have Her with me

An eye for an eye as espied in the bible  
My faith is lost to the burning of idols  
One less cross to press upon the survival  
Of this lorded agony

And I, (much as I have tried  
To bury Her from mind,  
Fate's tourniquet was tied, when She died...)  
Still sense Her presence so divine  
Lithe arms about my throat  
Like pining swans entwined  
Footfalls at nightfall close to mine

Suicide is a tried and tested formula for release

I snatch Her whisper like the wind through cedars

See Her face in every natural feature  
Midst the mist and sleepy hollows of fever...  
With glee deceiving me

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I hear Her voice from where the grave defies Her  
Sirensong to sing along, no finer  
Suicide notes, harmonised in a minor  
Strike a chord with misery

No light nor reef  
No unsinkable of romance keeps me  
Safely from the stormy seas  
Now drowning, resounding  
Death-knells pound my dreams  
Unthinkable to dredge through this  
Listless and lonely winter frieze

A darken sky  
This day hereafter dies  
Falls swiftly into night  
Abd stays within my sight  
Staring at the knife  
Oh God, how ease it was to sacrifice  
My life, to have Her with me

No more a victime of crsade  
Where souls are strung from moral palissades  
I slit my wrists and quickly slip away...  
I journey now on Summerlands  
To grace Her lips with contraband  
The blaze once in my veins