

# Thank God for the Suffering

Cradle of Filth

I, I still recall, the first fullmoon of May  
'Neath whose rays we lay together  
And those bright nights on glassy waves  
When we would glide lightly away  
From the grain  
For wicked flights of pleasure

Those visions fade  
Like ghosts to life's parade  
Though incisions once made Her so vivid  
A scarlet whore  
With both heels in the door  
Of a heaven severed from me, insipid

And midst the writhe of parapets  
Where angels sigh, lonely she sits  
Upon the lip  
Only a slip from whence I beg Her

That I would wish  
Her kiss a chrysalis  
To break to make my fluttered heart amiss  
And in those frozen moments won  
From grief that creeps to wreath the sun  
In drapes inwove with death's head wing  
I thank God for the suffering

Love would have conquered all  
But for the Rapture  
That ancient plan for my defeat  
Denied Faith skies that would have set Her free  
It seems again dreams went to capture

Once dancing in a spotlight waltz  
Through a shadowed dimension  
Given to the rivers that bedizened  
Her eyes  
The world drifted by in lost momentum

With no divine intervention

Regardless that the author  
Of sin was me and I  
Lay chaste of hate in Faith's embrace  
As Mortals warred with more besides

They warred with life itself  
And in those frozen moments won  
From grief that creeps to wreath the sun  
In drapes inwove with death's head wing  
I thank God for the suffering

And I thank God for the suffering  
As I still burn  
For Her return  
I would make my peace with everything

I, I still recall, the first full moon of May  
Consigned to flames like secret letters  
And midst the writhe of parapets  
Where angels sigh, lonely she sits  
Upon the lip  
Only a slip from whence I beg Her

That I would wish  
Her kiss a chrysalis  
To break to make my fluttered heart amiss  
And in those frozen moments won  
From grief that creeps to wreath the sun  
In drapes inwove with death's head wing  
I thank God for the suffering

Love would have conquered all  
Were we not parted  
Her splintered loss rekindles rage  
The winter frost dwindles across my stage  
Lit up once more to score finales started

Love would have conquered all  
Love would have conquered...  
Hate