

The Death of Love

Cradle of Filth

Her penultimate sighs called softly on the kindling wind
Her saintly eyes filling with tears, lifting with truth
And then a golden flash like the onset of heaven
Leaving her screams breaking my heart
And in the grip of fire I knew the death of love

Where will you be when they tense for warfare?
What will you see with your innocence there?
Where will you be my darling?
Where will you be when they tense for warfare?

Where will you be when God is glorifying?
There we will be between the dead and dying
Where will you be my darling?
Where will you be when God is glorifying?

Prophecies and glory forge a massive disdain
For lying passive in the shadows whilst the enemy reigns
Devoted to the votive, holy standard above
By command of the king of heaven came the death of love

Where will you be when they're vilifying?
How will they see when the truth is blinding?
Where will you be my darling?
Where will you be when they're vilifying?

Where will you be when the dark is rising?
How will you keep from it's terrorizing?
Where will you be my darling?
Where will you be when the dark is rising?

Burning was the sunset like the portent of doom
On the saintly iron maiden as she fell from her wound

But visions and ambition never listened to submission
And as she was on a mission from the highest above
To Lord upon the slaughter like a sword through hissing water
She arose where archers sought her for the death, the death of love

The righteous death of love
The righteous death of love

Gilles adored her drama, her suit of pure white armor
Blazed against the English in a torrent of light
And as they rallied onto night
A cancer fled his soul, dissolving

Framed amid the thick of fire
Aflame, a Valkyrie
She made him click without desire
And in his eyes she swam a Goddess

And even when they caught her breath
Her words would leave a scar
For only in the grip of darkness
Will we shine amidst the brightest stars

How will you breathe when their wheels are turning?
How will you know if the sky is burning?
Where will you be my darling?
How will you breathe when their wheels are turning?

Where will you be when Babel builds my fire?
Will you not flee and label me pariah?
Where will you be my darling?
Where will you be when they light my pyre?

Aligned with Joan in all that was enthroned and divine
He swore to score the crimes, jackdaws poured on this dove
Crimes he knew alone derived from minds of the blind
The church unfurled for murder perched upon the death of love

Framed amid the thick of fire
Aflame, a Valkyrie
She claimed the skies were lit with spires
And in his eyes she swam a Goddess

And even when she fought for breath
Her words would leave a scar
For only in the grip of darkness
Will we shine amidst the brightest stars