

# The Night at Catafalque Manor

Cradle of Filth

Lighting forked like a bifurcate tongue  
Flickers on this wicked little pandemonium  
Theatrical the courted orchestra ripples  
The tumult of the skies is alive and highly verbal

It plays for mass destruction

Frightening the sight of darksome banners on the wind  
Tumulus the cumulus is drub of us begins  
A glavanting army of tsunami-like decrees  
Trees are edging backwards I am lost to reverie

I was contemplating the fate to undress  
Tonight is the night for the hands of doom to caress

This eve is enwreathed with sensation

My carriage appears like a fright through the storm  
A bell from a distante church tolling forlorn  
Thrash our a tortuous path until dawn

Oh, the viciousness of this parade  
The heavens has lit so exquisite a stage

I sense the stars up in arms  
Their mercurial charms  
Incensed by the liveried curtain

And hence my journey pockmarked  
By the Stygian dark  
Is intense and delivered uncertain

This eve is in league with clation

As a gatehouse awaits in a shadowy ice  
The foul tempest howls and then suddenly  
Falls as silent as skulls set in lost ossuaries

Passed under the shrouded arches  
The moon spills twixt clouded branches  
Fixed aslant the hill

To the foot of the catafalque manor  
Silvered thus, it extends a glamour  
Like Cinderella bared to dare enamor  
My inner gothic thrilled

Exotic guests, coalesced embark  
(Espied through windows on the park)  
To arrest my villainous heart  
For it is amiss yet yearning still...

I pervade the ball  
And glide amidst rich animals  
So beautiful their prideful litters  
Underneath chandeliers that glitters

Sanguine delights  
In bright Victoriana  
A nirvana life bedights

In light of this I commend the  
Host for his regalities  
A toast I thus engender

But now in a forest of glasses raised  
And gazes held  
I spy a face whose spell  
One would race through blazing hell for

I must confess  
I came here for the game  
For the scent of death  
But never did I foresee heaven torn asunder  
By a seraph who would steal its thunder

My ardor awakend is taken by force  
I ask for a dance a chance for discourse  
She bats me a glance and love strikes like a scorpions...

We play for mass corruption

She waits contemplating her fate to address  
Tonight is the night for the hands of doom to caress

This eve is besieged by temptations

The flames in her eyes catch this mud butterflies  
They burst into blossoms well-versed to imply  
This girl, non pareil is a nymph in disguise

Oh the viciousness of this parade  
The heavens have lit so exquisite a stage

We pass through the throng  
Heedless and headlong  
Possessed by the gathering maelstrom

By her talents impressed  
And the swell of her breast  
Obsessed I am halfway to hell gone

This eve is enwreathed in sensation

As the tempest renews in the turbulent heights  
We fake our excuses soon to take flight  
Forever to wake and remember this night

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