

The Nun with the Astral Habit

Cradle of Filth

The world was her cloister, the abbess Duboir
In the convent at All Hallows fair
A pearl in an oyster she shone like a star
Augmenting her sisterhoods prayers
Her singing touched Angels and melted their hearts
her choirs inspired the search
For the lost holy grail, the Benedict arts
And the best of the Catholic Church

But if one thing
One precious little thing
Would darken this facade
There would be such consequences

Like the night Sister Victoria
Stepped in from the freezing cold
No candles would light at Evening Mass

The days passed by without a sigh
But dusk came thick with dread
Intangible, the air was full

Of wanderlust and approaching bloodshed

In truth, the Abbess with her pious whims
Enjoyed the new girl's pain
Proof to the rest that the briars of sin
Entangled all the world in Satan's name

Victoria Varco, once heiress
To a proud noble estate
Fell pregnant by her recklessness
Who then fell foul to a violent fate
Such was here come in expedient times
And the shame of besmirching her name
Her child was burnt, she was dragged to these walls
For a life in obedient chains

But not one thing
One precious little thing
Would darken this facade

Like the night Sister Victoria
Woke screaming in her room
She spent a week spiralling from heaven

And as the seasons wheezed and pained
Her dream grew more perverse
For no good reasons she would to find
An alluring woman naked save for jewels and verse

When here eyelids close, on a moonlit shore
This intoxicating beauty would appear
The sweetest symphony composed
Those abating lips rose
The whisper dirty secrets in her ear

Clandestine secrets

A dream within a dream
She finds herself this nymph
Abreast a desert dune
And below the crescent moon
Atop a darksome stranger

Ah, the spurting of his seed inside here
Triggers paradise
She rides the beast until the heavens trembled

Forcing eclipse, her lover licks her blood
That drips upon the sand
And almost out of hand
Coarse plots assemble

For somewhere in the convent walls
A templar treasure rests
Forgotten to the vestibules
Like pleasures of the flesh

So, in return for nightly runs
Past tongues and wisdom's hiss
She promised to assist the hunt
for an ancient golden chain amiss