

# The Twisted Nails of Faith

Cradle of Filth

"Mirror, mirror on the wall  
Shouldst not grave pleasures be my all?  
For if I shall see thy Will be done  
Grant Me the Witchcraft of thy tongue"

Three moondials froze in the shadow of six  
As another soul passed to the grasping Styx  
Clutching their trinket crucifix  
Bats blew from caves in a dissonant surge  
Omens of corruption from within the church  
A fetid, dank oasis still clung to fool rebirth

Alone as a stone cold altar  
The castle and its keep  
Like faerytale dominion rose  
A widow to the snow peaks  
Wherein reclined the Countess  
Limbs purring from the kill  
Bathed in virgin white and like the night  
Alive and young and unfulfilled

Was it the cry of a wolf  
That broke the silver thread of enchanted thoughts?  
Of Her life as a mere reflection  
(As the moon's in narrow windows caught)  
That opened like dark eyelids on  
The sigh of the woods that the wind fell upon

Like a Siren weaving song  
From the lilt of choirs choking  
Where the vengeful dead  
Belong...

To the Sorceress and Her charnel arts  
She swept from ebon towers at the hour of Mars  
'Neath a star-inwoven sky latticed by scars  
To unbind knotted reins that kept in canter, despair  
Shod on melancholy, fleet to sanctuary there,  
In netherglades tethered where onyx idols stared

Was it the Kiss of the mist  
That peopled the air with the prowess of absinthe?  
Lost souls begging resurrection  
From Gods upon their forest plinths  
Whose epitaphs read of re-ascending to win  
Remission from despair through a holocaust of sin

In a tongue hilted in invective rectums  
Over signs and seals the sorceress prayed  
To Death, to rend the slender veil  
That Ancient Ones might rise again

As shadows swelled  
The Countess fell  
To masturbating with Her dagger  
As the Witch gabbled spells  
Cumming heavy roses all the way to Hell

As sudden thunder's grue harangue  
Announced two pincer'd worlds

Exuding bane, something came  
With the stench of necrophiled graves  
To these clandestines  
Who shrank from glimpsing horror  
That the growls of mating hounds inclined...

Resplendent  
In pendants  
(Natal trophies torn from bellies of desanctified nuns)  
A demons, bewinged, bedight  
In scum, prowled their circle seeking entry to run  
An arctic tongue upon Her vulva  
Where rubies smeared to alabaster thighs  
Glittered like a contract in the purse of a whore  
Receiving sole communion from the body of Christ

"If blood is what thou carves, foul fiend  
I will yield this witch to thee  
If thou wouldst draw a veil for Me  
O'er lengthening scars of age and grief"

As the Demon slavered foetid vows  
And bore His prey away  
In talons itching to perpetrate  
The nausea of eternal rape  
The Sorceress screaming in His grasp  
Spat a final curse to stain  
The Countess with the promise  
That Her lord at war would be cruelly slain

And She would rot.  
Alone  
Insane.  
On the twisted nails of faith.