

# The Vampyre at My Side

Cradle of Filth

Accompanied by bloodshed  
Neath the Reaper's fallow craw  
In league with fallen angels  
Came a wolf unto my door

A portrait of perfection  
Potent her siren song  
I spread my dreams beneath her feet  
And had them royally pissed upon

Burning with this itching sickness of a tortured soul

Cloying  
She exudes a lure more animal than human  
Intoxicating chemistry  
Baiting masturbators with a dominant handshake

This wicked bitch  
Cruella to the bone  
Each vivid stich  
Just ties me to her throne  
In exaltation  
She builds on endless lies  
Mircalla, Maleresian  
Architect of my demise

Burning with this witching sickness of a tortured soul

Toying  
I shudder at her touch so wonderful  
Akin to a helpless pin  
Snatched in maiden flight by a savage magnet

She's the boot heel kiss of annihilation

Gilded cunt worship  
A war of hormones swarming south  
As Insects hived in her succulent skull  
Make a beeline for the honey mouth

My life once breathed like a ouija board  
Just ghosts of 'yes', mostly ignored  
So I wished for her and like tragedy she came  
Dispensing hatred

Death amongst us all  
The hypnotic guest that permeates the ball  
Is a creature who has leeches me, beautiful  
And beguiling in enticing whispers

And lest she breaks the fall  
Be prepared for shattered miracles  
The moon has never shone so red and terrible  
As on that night my madness rose to kiss her

Strife then seethed like a terrible sea  
Buried in a life lost prematurely

Classic Poe had no horrors on me  
When her claws had dug deep enough

Enough!

Once hurting, for certain  
A curtain of dark ravens has risen  
Asserting 'nevermore'!

Nevermore!

Burning with the lifting sickness of a tortured soul

Joying  
In the turn of her infernal final screw  
Laughter masked Saturnalia  
As the mallet in my linen wished her grin anew

That wicked bitch  
Cruella to the bone  
Each vivid stich  
Just tied me to her throne  
In exaltation  
She built on endless lies  
Mircalla, Maleresian  
Architect of my despise

In exaltation  
My sweet revenge presides  
For I have lived through Sodom and tomorrow  
And the vampyre at my side