

Wester Vespertine

Cradle of Filth

Today was spent in languor
Drifting through the fold
As midsummer vent its clamour
In cobbled streets a thousandfold

I bore cruelty from the sun
The jewellery that it hung
About me, God it stung
Like life's betrayal

Now shadows lengthening
Hear the night side sing
The promise of delightful things to come

Wester Vespertine
When the sun is in decline

Reddened skies underlined in purple
Exemplify cries, goodbyes are verbal

And bats carouse around the tree line
Daylight bows out, free and feline
Dusk comes so sublime
So wester Vespertine

Feel the rush of power this magickal hour
The heavens blaze, their flames devour
The smoke of ruins black against
A bled horizon, mystic, incensed

Nightfall is dressed in fantasy

Ethereal, the end of day enthralls
Voyeurs watching from the stalls
It enfolds the drear and drab
Lifts our hearts to sheer romantic
Pyromantic, necromantic heights
Of bright sensation

Feel the rush of power this magickal hour
The Heavens blaze, the angels cower
Wisps of sulphur at my lips
The abyss at kissed fingertip

Nightfall is blessed with majesty

This night will see indictment
For my needs extol
The virtues of excitement
This soul reigns uncontrolled

Sweet scents, the vents of Mother Earth
Have lent to my rebirth
Her perfume is perverse
And that's the way I like it

Bethlem is opening

Her terrifying wings
The promise of its frightful things to sperse

And Hesperus will shine
Out foremost as stars climb
Dusk comes so sublime
So wester Vespertine

Feel the rush of power this magickal hour
The moon invades the vestal bower
Gas lamps flicker in devotion
Like fireflies on an iron ocean

Nightfall is best left to telestic needs

Crepuscular
This theatre is spurred
To drive the painted nails home
And let man's blithe desires roam
About the city lit to please
The pretty bits this August eve
Revive our sore and tortured souls

Revive my mortared soul

Toward the end
Toward the splendour
Like Lot, the host gives up its ghosts
His gorgeous daughters now surrender
Lammas glamour
Hammered in the dying light
Like a glowing hot sabre set to clangour on the anvil
We'll bang destiny to rights now

Wester, Vespertine
This is our time to taste
To chase, to embrace, to lay waste to the vine
The cup of fornication is a decadent red wine

Wester, Vespertine
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