

## 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 enralls  
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 spere

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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Exemplify cries, goodbyes are verbal

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And dusk comes so sublime  
So wester Vespertine