

# Swansong for a Raven

## Cradle of Filth

Forgive the day's last serenades  
Her skies they bruise like Nordic women  
Deep crimson stains that death would claim  
His robes of office swim him in As would I for his dark eye  
Has fixed, a basilisk, a scythe  
On charred remains with shared disdain  
For those I chose to mortify Their cries have paralyzed  
And the smoke has choked these vistas  
But still I lie though tears have dried  
On the grave of my Clarissa A verse for her whispered to the earth  
A lover's curse is a see-through coffin  
Praises her curves so oft concurred  
Though she was no snow white on the night she died  
Her shadows boon when the moon glazed over  
Lipped with blood and secrets pried For on and in they spread her wide  
That seraph bride the Devils pride  
Shalt soon avenge with swift reprise But they would writhe for my dark eye  
Bewitched, was fixed like Mordecais  
On Esthers reign and in this vein  
I saw their lust still stain her thighs Their cries have paralyzed  
And the smoke has choked these vistas  
But still I lie though tears have dried  
On the grave of my Clarissa Beneath these trees where the mist enwreathes  
Her spirit flees, seeing chains of torches  
A fleeting kiss stirring leaves of poetry  
I was no dark knight, breaking men like ice  
I was like a lycanthrope until the moon glazed over  
Lipped with blood and last goodbyes Now I dream enwapt in pure clouds of the sweetest oblivion  
Where beauty streams freed from the teeth  
Of those beasts that had come  
To tear out her spells in red lettered cells  
Wherein even the crown prince of Hell  
Come out of his arrogant shell would falter to better But her face soon dispels and as black feathers fell  
From heavens smoke so I woke to insanity  
Her exquisite corpse found fit for their sport  
Of course would burn on the morrow with me And there on this night strung up in my sight  
Naked she sways displayed for their vulgar delight  
I scream through my bars at the stars  
That for these crimes of mine solace me I will fear not the flames that to passion are tame

Not nearly the same searing pain, I pray  
As held sway upon losing her nor the mettle of roars  
That will settle like ashes and scores  
As with our ghosts in the fog when we both turn no more

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