

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 inAs would I for his dark eye
Has fixed, a basilisk, a scythe
On charred remains with shared disdain
For those I chose to mortifyTheir cries have paralyzed
And the smoke has choked these vistas
But still I lie though tears have dried
On the grave of my ClarissaA 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 priedFor on and in they spread her wide
That seraph bride the Devils pride
Shalt soon avenge with swift repriseBut 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 thighsTheir cries have paralyzed
And the smoke has choked these vistas
But still I lie though tears have dried
On the grave of my ClarissaBeneath 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 goodbyesNow 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 betterBut 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 meAnd 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 meI 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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