

Suicide and Other Comforts

Cradle of Filth

I pace, alone
In a place for the dead
Overcome by woe
And here, I've grown
So fond of dread
That I swear it's heaven Oh sweet Mary,
Dressed in gray
Roll back the stone With these words scrawled in a severed hand
Tears fall like shards of glass that bend
In rivers, like sinners
Swept with me to join the damned A darkened sky
The day that laughter died
Fell swiftly into night
And stayed within Her sight
Staring at the knife
Oh God, how easy now to sacrifice
My life, to have Her with me So farewell to distant thunder
Those inept stars I've worshipped under
Fall farther, their Father
Lies in wait in flames below
Whilst my love, a blood red flower
Calls to me from verdant bowers Graveside, I cry
Please save me from this Hell I know A darkened sky
The day that laughter died
Fell swiftly into night
And stayed within Her sight
Staring at the knife
Oh God, how easy now to sacrifice
My life, to have Her with me An eye for an eye as espied in the bible
My faith is lost to the burning of idols
One less cross to press upon the survival
Of this lorded agony And I, (much as I have tried
To bury Her from mind,
Fate's tourniquet was tied, when She died)
Still sense Her presence so divine
Lithe arms about my throat
like pining swans entwined
Footfalls at nightfall close to mine Suicide is a tried and tested formula for release I snatch Her whisper like the
wind through cedars

See Her face in every natural feature
Midst the mist and sleepy hollows of fever
With glee deceiving me
Suicide is a tried and tested formula for release
I hear Her voice from where the grave
defies Her
Siren song to sing along, no finer
Suicide notes, harmonized in a minor
Strike a chord with misery
No light nor reef
No unsinkable of romance keeps me
Safely from the stormy seas
Now drowning, resounding
Death-knells pound my dreams
Unthinkable to dredge through this
Listless and lonely winter freeze
A darkened sky
This day hereafter dies
Falls swiftly into night
And stays within my sight
Staring at the knife
Oh God, what ease it was to sacrifice
My life, to have Her with me
No more a victim of crusade
Where souls are strung from moral palisades
I slit my wrist and quickly slip away
I journey now on jeweled sands
Beneath a moon to Summer lands
To grace Her lips with contraband
The blaze once in my veins

Songwriters

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