

Malice Through the Looking Glass

Cradle of Filth

Take away the wine for restlessness plagues me
I am assailed by a specter profounder
Than hatred and grief or the sum of their hideous crime I shalt suffer this confessional of mine
Awaiting the sun to set, crimsoning seas
Only once it is dark doth my misery cease She died to a sky dressed in flame
Eyes full of curses for her killers by choice
Who fell to their god over her vision and voice I am as dusk come to ravish in the light
Steal me from their stares and mute Christ into night
I will answer thy prayers if thou wouldst drink of my life Encroaching evening skies die with such tragedy
And those interred in cold graves dwell on pleasures to be
In deep hysteria where our legends still breathes
Through sweet death and thereafter sweeping nightmares shalt feed

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