

# Born In a Burial Gown

## Cradle of Filth

Sibilant and macabre, Walpurgis sauntered in  
Skies litten with five-pointed stars  
The work of crafts surpassing sin  
As she graced her window ledgeAn orphaned gypsy nymph  
This issue of the forest's bed  
Skin flushed with sipped absinthe  
Her eyes revealed, as Brocken's peakTried once concealing hell  
A snow white line of divine freaks  
In riot, where they fellThe circus lurches in, a ring of promised delight  
For seven days and seven festival nights  
What wicked wonders lie within the confines  
Of the panther's denShe watches from a maypole, on the rip of her tongue  
The restless spirit of Christmas to come  
A Gretel sick of merely sucking her thumb  
Than gingerbread menSpawned scorned, abhorred by the aerial  
She was the light of the world going down  
War-torn, forlorn and malarial  
She was found born in a burial gownUnloosed, the chain of her god-given cross  
Seduced, now pagan ribbons swathe her repose  
In a carnival of souls sold and similarly lostToo many decades misfit and mislaid  
In innocence, a tender legend of prey  
Parades her second coming, now they're running afraidSpawned scorned, abhorred by the aerial  
She was the light of the world going down  
War-torn, forlorn and malarial  
She was found born in a burial gownNow she moves with a predator's guile  
Beyond the firelit circle of life  
She soothes your cold heart for a while  
Then matches its beat, syncing in with a knifeShe wrestles her dreams with a delicate case  
Espied by her cross on the wall  
And should she awake, through embrace or mistake  
She would take Jesus bless foot forward and allSibilant and at last  
The circus crawled away  
With another lover in its arms  
Dancing on her grave

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