

# Beneath The Howling Stars

## Cradle Of Filth

Midwinter wrongs the rites of spring  
Her spinal chill rakes the earth  
Whilst pensive souls at zero sing  
Would be tidings of rebirth  
Under cold stares of Mars maligned  
Near suicides cross their hearts  
And unborn writhe in tepid brine  
For something wicked this way starts Ohh, ohh  
Ohh, ohh  
Ohh, ohh  
Ohh, ohh Beneath the howling stars Elizabeth, paragon of vice  
Watches the sun set pyres alight  
As bane and tyranny, her doberman sleep  
Like spellbound paramours at her feet A chatter of bells without  
Raise hell hounds, teeth on edge  
From sleighs hastened through snow lit red  
Guests espied from the garret ledge Great gloomy mirror tell her face  
She will out blind them all  
That heavenly bodies would fall from grace  
To possess such a lustrous pall For beauty is always cruel  
For beauty is always Let destiny in chains commence  
Damnation under God's seeking recompense  
Enslaving to the whims of this mistress Ohh  
As the dance ensued Elizabeth's mood  
Tempered by the craft of a vitreous moon  
In slick black iciness it grew  
To consume The wench her tower tombed  
Tending to her costume  
Bore the brunt of the storm  
When the needle a skewed  
She has her dogs maul the bitch's wrists through  
Restored to jaded bliss In a wonder white dress  
Descended to the ball  
With painted blood upon her lips  
Passing like a comet so white as to eclipse  
The Waltz wound down, transfixed Devoid of all breath in the air  
Even death paled to compare  
To the taint of her splendor  
So rare and engendered

Upon the awed throng gathered, there Beneath the howling stars  
She danced so macabre  
Men entranced divined from her gait  
That this angel stepped from a pedestal  
Had won remission from fate  
By alighting to darker spheres  
Delighting in held sway  
For she was not unlike the goddess  
To whom the wolves bayed { Whilst envy glanced daggers from court maidens, arbored  
Who whispered in sects of suspicions abroad  
That Elizabeth bewitched see how even now the whore casts  
Her spells upon the Black Count whom her reddened lips hold fast } Tongue unto tongue swept on tides without  
care  
For the harpies who rallied their maledict glares  
A halo of ravens tousled her hair  
Chandeliers a tiara for passions ensnared Fantasies sexed  
When their eyes, moonstruck met  
Their friction wore a way  
Through the sea of foreplay  
Lovers at first bite  
She an Eve tempted to lay  
Gasping at rafters  
Flesh pressed in ballet But caprice, honours leashed  
She absconded the feast  
To prowl wonderland beasts in hand from the keep  
Of feudal dilemma well mantled in furs  
Through cullis to watch dogstars howl at the earth On this violent night  
Unholy night  
Winds lashed their limbs together  
As the ether vent its wintry spite She wished his kiss on her frozen landscapes  
To excite the bleak advance  
From castle bowers  
Wherein small hours  
The Devil never came by chance  
A lone charm tied to her inner thigh  
Sent lusts nova as hooves trod  
Cobbled streets where lowlives fleet  
Were flung to a wayward God Midwinter wrongs the rites of spring  
Her spinal chill rakes the earth  
Whilst pensive souls at zero sing  
Woebetidings of rebirth  
Under cold stares of Mars maligned  
Near suicides cross their hearts  
And unborns writhe in tepid brine  
For something wicked this way starts Beneath the howling stars Pounding upon the pauper ridge  
Earshot of a hunched beldame

Elizabeth teased, would he dare to please  
Such elderly loins enflamed?  
To this he feigned a grim disdain  
Playing to her slayful eyeBut the hag replied "This girl that chides  
Will soon be as plagued with age as I"  
Her consort laughed a plume of icy breath  
For Elizabeth's grace could raise  
A flag of truce in burning heaven  
Or the dead from early graves  
Yet still she seethed this proud Snow Queen  
Embittered with the cursed retort  
And because he sought her loves onslaught  
He gutted the crone for sportSoon in full moon fever they were wed  
Lycanthropic in the conjugal bed  
Littered with aphrodisiacs  
To tease dynastic union  
And beget them further maniacsElizabeth free reigned, now a countess  
Outwielded and outwore  
Her title like a favoured dress  
Whilst her errant Lord  
Whose seasons savoured war  
Stormed black to fell the infidel  
Her embers, tempered, roared

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