

# The Haunted Shores of Avalon

## Cradle of Filth

Herodias and I have led a phantom cavalcade  
Through veiled romantic history where superstitions reigned  
And Christendom sought to pervert, but poets of my name  
Sang of penumbral victories that sorcery had claimed  
The Graal and mighty Caliburn as votive offerings  
To an England rearisen under vast prophetic wings These are the shores where to my soul  
Blood-drenched and unredeemed  
Shalt seek solace in secrets told  
And tranquil as a dream From the woods Pendragon-born, I rose Arcturius  
A proud and mighty king robed in the chivalry of lust  
Death and fate undaunted me, I drew a throne divided  
Glorious the battles won Black Adraste provided  
Then treachery, a wingless beast, came crawling to my court  
And now I lie at cursed Camlann, from wounds a traitor wrought  
From wounds a traitor wrought...I fear the Augean light is gutting Camelot  
How bittersweet my triumphs seem  
Now Autumnal dreams succumb to frost  
Morganna art thou near me?  
My strength wilts near a grave  
Cast my sword to the sylphid grasp  
Of the Naiad 'neath the silvered lake When waters stirred lay silent  
Mistress let the mists descend  
Thy tears cannot thaw Death's cold heart  
His sombre gaze defies legend  
More so than thine lest thy dew-lidded eyes  
Art for the Banshee's song.  
Or our souls entwined like vein upon  
The haunted shores of Avalon The haunted shores of Avalon  
I greet thee Dark Immortals  
On this isle 'neath the moon  
Why hast our kingdom fallen  
To the enemy so soon  
Let loose the hounds of darksome night  
To pillage, plague and burn  
As slumber lures me 'mongst the dead  
To scheme of my return Archaic ghostly echoes breathe like thunder of the storm  
A tempest fools miscall divine as they crouch awaiting dawn  
Their ignorance has forged for me over centuries a sword  
Burnished to flash like lightning on the precipice of war

The wolves are dead in Albion whilst the passive flocks roam free  
Thus my penetrant spearhead shalt pierce these foul trespassing breeds  
These are the shores where to my soul  
Blood drenched and unredeemed  
Shalt seek solace in secrets told  
And tranquil as a dream "I have awoken from the past  
Lengthening the shadows  
Over England's bitter scars  
I prize wide the wounds  
Her soils whetted, drink  
Remember me as king  
When I cradle elder stars  
Like lovers in my arms  
Nestled vipers to my breast  
Venomed forces work these cards  
Of Devils and priestess...  
Thus I shall rule anew  
Through sinews of a song  
Played upon a storm  
By the ghosts of Avalon  
And all in league will bow to me  
From death they shall ascend  
To whisper winds of war to stir  
The dark-one-thing in men  
The Principle '95  
Black Metal masterplan..."

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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