

# The Nun With the Astral Habit

## Cradle of Filth

The world was her cloister, the abbess Duboir  
In the convent at all hallows fair  
A pearl in an oyster she shone like a star  
Augmenting her sisterhoods prayers Her singing touched angels  
And melted their hearts  
Her choirs inspired the search  
For the lost holy grail, the Benedict arts  
And the best of the Catholic Church But if one thing  
One precious little thing  
Would darken this facade  
There would be such consequences Like the night Sister Victoria  
Stepped in from the freezing cold  
No candles would light at evening mass The days passed by without a sigh  
But dusk came thick with dread  
Intangible, the air was full of wanderlust  
And approaching bloodshed In truth, the abbess with her pious whims  
Enjoyed the new girl's pain  
Proof to the rest that the briars of sin  
Entangled all the world in Satan's name Victoria Varco, once heiress  
To a proud noble estate  
Fell pregnant by her recklessness  
Who then fell foul to a violent fate Such was here clime in expedient times  
And the shame of besmirching her name  
Her child was burnt  
She was dragged to these walls  
For a life in obedient chains But not one thing  
One precious little thing  
Would darken this facade Like the night Sister Victoria  
Woke screaming in her room  
She spent a week spiraling from heaven And as the seasons wheezed and pained  
Her dreams grew more perverse  
For no good reasons she would to find  
An alluring woman naked, save for jewels and verse When here eyelids close, on a moonlit shore  
This intoxicating beauty would appear  
The sweetest symphony composed  
Those abating lips rose  
Tho whisper dirty secrets in her ear Clandestine secrets A dream within a dream  
She finds herself this nymph  
Abreast a desert dune

And below the crescent moon  
Atop a dark-some strangerAh, the spurting of his seed inside  
The triggers paradise  
She rides the beast  
Until the heavens trembledForcing eclipse  
Her lover licks her blood  
That drips upon the sand  
And almost out of hand  
Coarse plots assembleFor somewhere in the convent walls  
A Templar treasure rests  
Forgotten to the vestibules  
Like pleasures of the fleshSo, in return for nightly runs  
Past tongues and wisdom's hiss  
She promised to assist the hunt  
For an ancient golden chain amiss

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