

# Thank God for the Suffering

## Cradle of Filth

I, I still recall the first full moon of May  
Neath whose rays we lay together  
And those bright nights on glassy waves  
When we would glide lightly away  
From the grain for wicked flights of pleasure Those visions fade like ghosts to lifes parade  
Though incisions once made her so vivid  
A scarlet whore with both heels in the door  
Of a heaven severed from me, insipid Amidst the writhe of parapets where angels sigh, lonely she sits  
Only a slip from whence I beg her That I would wish her kiss, a chrysalis  
To break, to make my fluttered heart amiss  
And in those frozen moments won from grief  
That creeps to wreath the sun in drapes  
Inwove with death's head wing, I thank God for the suffering Yeah, love would have conquered all but for the  
rapture  
That ancient plan for my defeat  
Denied faith skies that would have set her free  
It seems again, dreams wend to capture Once, dancing in a spotlight waltz  
Through a shadowed dimension  
Given to the rivers that bedizened her eyes  
The world drifted by in a lost momentum with no divine intervention Regardless that the author of sin was me  
And I lay chaste of hate in faiths embrace  
As mortals warred with more, besides  
They warred with life itself And in those frozen moments won from grief  
That creeps to wreath the sun in drapes  
Inwove with death's head wing  
I thank God for the suffering And I thank God for the suffering as still I burn for her return  
I would make my peace with everything I, I still recall, the first full moon of May  
Consigned to flames like secret letters  
Amidst the writhe of parapets where angels sigh, lonely she sits  
Only a slip from whence I beg her That I would wish her kiss, a chrysalis  
To break, to make my fluttered heart amiss  
And in those frozen moments won from grief  
That creeps to wreath the sun in drapes  
Inwove with death's head wing, I thank God for the suffering Love would have conquered all, were we not  
parted?  
Her splintered loss rekindles rage  
The winter frost dwindles across my stage  
Lit up once more to score, finale started Love would have conquered all  
Love would have conquered

Hate, hate, hate[Incomprehensible]  
From grief that creeps to wreath the sun in drapes  
Inwove with death's head wing  
I thank God for the suffering

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