

Tortured Soul Asylum

Cradle of Filth

"Oh, sweet Midian,
I burn for thee at heart.
Don't despair me.
Come bare me on wings of graveyard robbed leather
To where pleasure rings deep secrets
In spurts, after dark..." *

Under full moons waxing lyrically:
Death's poetry floods the soul,
Like the freezing seed of a demon freed
To curse the stars with vertigo.
And in their dance, in trance I've prised wide
Slick rifts twixt obsidian thighs,
Hymeneal gates to darker sides.
A glimpse of plinths where Midian lies.

Midian...

Haunted by this portent,
This obsession in my mind.
With a city sunk below,
Tall cedar groves and graves sublime
Sporting their importance,
Marble wings spread to the skies.
A vale of dreams that it would seem,
The daylights race to leave behind.

These visions struck like a furious fuck
Nailing wet lips to cold cemetery walls.
Flashes of lust to dust
Splashed across my psychic pall,
As hybrid lovers reached their cusp
With final thrusts I saw it all.

Forbidden Midian,
A long fabled Judecca.
A sanctuary for sin...

You rival Heaven
Above Heaven's tragic wreck

(Though the only Angels in repose
Were those with ivy strangled necks)
Small mercies in vistas of dolmen and vault.
Gaunt, haunched edifices
Midst lightfingered mists,
From whence more awful shadows
Drew back rusted bolts
And dared a threshold.
The searing Sun had knelt to kiss.

Shades of dusk, cruelty and myth,
The Tribes of Christ will not forgive -
And shall not suffer their kind to live!

For I, mesmerized, started not from tombs,
Or their waltz so sibilant
Through the gathering gloom!
But from flumes of the moon in bloom,
Baring each a face effaced,
And raped in the womb!

In hidden Midian,
A Vatican lying in state,
For the sanctity of sin...

To rival Heaven
Free of Heaven's tragic wreck
(Though the only Angels that arose
Were those who fell to most requests)
Small mercies in vistas where dolmen and vault
Caught twisted whispers where fistled sisters
Haunched, flaunted orifice
Midst lighter fingered mists.
Whilst I watched without revolt,
Carnalities few beasts permit.

Between the dog and wolf,
Bared fangs met in intercourse.
A nightly rite of teeth and cunt,
For those below who rose to hunt.

Soar sights that preyed on Me for days,
And in laudenum's haze
I painted them all...

The slew of sith and kin

I drew in blood, my veins in thrall
To Deathugees at peace within
Grotesques and wolves in women's skins
The raven winged and missing limb
Suicides and split thighed Seraphim.

And marble stairs
Stargazers dare
Ascend like prayer
(As smoke or ghost or lithe nightmares)

Under full moons waxing lyrically:
Death's poetry floods the soul,
Like the freezing seed of a demon freed
To curse the star with vertigo.
And in their dance, in trance I've prised wide
Slick rifts twixt obsidian thighs,
Hymeneal gates to other sides.
A glimpse of plinths where Midian lies.

Midian...

I know I've seen
Through the black backed mirrors in sanity:
Lucent prides amassed in last retreat,
Prurient souls but no more freaks
Than those leashing dreams at harm's length from Me.
And just like grim ascension prophecies,
My revenge, carved deep, will be
A grisly plot that reads,
Like my filthy white ward spattered with their screams.

When My Deviliverers come from fog for Me...

... Please come for me...

Exhuming the moon,
Through the bars in My room.
The sooner the bitter pills swallowed are through.
But no Genotypes, Aphrodites, Demon archetypes,
No Cenobites rise to clame me from you!

No! No! No!
Don't leave here in this storm weathered cell!
No! No! No!
With prophets and losses,

And dead men from crosses,
My fate is a preview of derelict Hell!

Midian!

Midian!

Lyrics submitted by Anthony.

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