

Thirteen Autumns And A Widow

Cradle Of Filth

OoohSpawned wanton like blight on an auspicious night
Her eyes betrayed spells of the moon's eerie light
A disquieting gaze forever ghosting far seas
Bled white and dead, her true mother was fed
To the ravenous wolves that the elements led
From crag jagged mountains that seemingly grew in uneaseThrough the maw of the woods, a black carriage was
drawn
Flanked by barbed lightning that hissed of the storm
(Gilded in crests of Carpathian breed)
Bringing slaves to the sodomite for the new born
On that eve when the countess' own came deformed
A tragedy crept to the name BathoryElizabeth christened, no paler a rose
Grew so dark as this sylph
None more cold in repose
Yet her beauty spun webs
Round hearts a glance would
BetrothShe feared the light
So when she fell like a sinner to vice
Under austere, puritanical rule
She sacrificed mandragora like virgins to rats in the wall
But after whipangels licked prisoners thrall'd
Never were her dreams so maniacally
Cruel
And possessed of such delightsFor ravens winged her nightly flights of erotica
Half spurned from the pulpit torments to occur
Half learnt from the cabal of demons in her
Her walk went to voodoo to see her own shadow adored
At mass without flaw though inwards she abhor'd
Not her coven of suitors but the stare of their lord{I must avert my eyes to hymns
For his gaze brings dogmas to my skin
He knows that I dreamt of carnal rites
With him undead for three long nights}Aaah
Oooh
Elizabeth listened no sermons intoned
Dragged such guilt to her door
Tomb'd her soul with such stone
For she swore the priest sighed
When she knelt down to atoneShe feared the light
So when she fell like a sinner to vice

Under austere, puritanical rule
 She sacrificed
 Her decorum as chaste to this wolf of the cloth
 Pouncing to haunt her confessional box
 Forgiveness would come when her sins were washed off
 By rebaptism in whiteThe looking glass cast belladonna wreaths
 'Pon the grave of her innocence
 Her hidden face spat murder from a whisper to a scream
 All sleep seemed cursed in Faustian verse
 But there in orgiastic Hell
 No horrors were worse than the mirrored revelation
 That she kissed the Devil's phallus by her own decreeSo with windows flung wide to the menstrual sky
 Solstice eve she fled the castle in secret
 A daughter of the storm, astride her favourite nightmare
 On winds without prayer
 Stigmata still wept between her legs
 A cold bloodedness which impressed new hatreds
 She sought the sorceress
 Through the snow and dark woods to the sodomite's lairNine twisted fates threw hewn bone die
 For the throat of Elizabeth
 Damnation won and urged the moon in soliloquy to gleam
 Twixt the trees in shafts to ghost a path
 Past the howl of buggered nymphs in the sodomite's grasp
 To the forest's vulva
 Where the witch scholed her in even darker themes{Amongst Philtres and Melissas
 Midst the grease of strangled men
 And eldritch truths, elder ill omen
 Elizabeth came to life again}And under lacerations of dawn
 She returned like a flame unto a death'shead
 With a promise to burn
 Secrets brooded as she rode
 Through mist and marsh to where they showed
 Her castle walls where in the restless counted carrion crowsShe awoke from a fable to mourning
 Church bells wringing her madly from sleep
 Tolloed by a priest, self castrated and hung
 Like a crimson bat 'neath the belfry
 The biblical prattled their mantras
 Hexes six tripled their fees
 But Elizabeth laughed, thirteen autumns had passed
 And she was a widow from God and His wrath, finally

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