

Soft White Throat

Cradle Of Filth

A voyeur in league with the great thief night
In an overthrow of woven light
Slid in to rob the prayers
She whispered to the air with thin deliberation
Spare me from the wolves
Clawing past my door
Tear me from the ghouls
That start to gnaw my fingers
Following her heart
And every beat that spoke
I kissed her risen, naked
Soft white throat
Soft white throat
Incense lit at perfection's feet
Has never burnt so sickly sweet
As the fragrance of her breath
When her lips met death with such imagination
Bear me to the moon
The dour toll of bells
Scare me with their boon
Of winters bitter graveyards
Swallowing her fear
I veered beneath her coat
Of soft white meat on
Soft white throat
Crepuscular, the lust in her
Went supernova
Setting maps aflame
Before her veins ran colder
And muscular, the final thrust
In her spilled over
Covering her back
I saw an angel lift her coma

I fell to eyes
Of a bestial past that once
Teaching grief through jaded pupils
Now shone like celestial glass in hell, in hell
And doused in the glow from her parting gift

Never there lay, with curves like snowdrifts
A beauty so frozen in bliss
Slumped to warm the dead to a standing ovation
Spare me from the wolves
Clawing past my door
Tear me from the ghouls
That start to gnaw my fingers
Following her heart
And every beat that spoke
I kissed her risen, naked
Soft white throat
Soft white throat
Crepuscular, the lust in her
Went supernova
Setting maps aflame
Before her veins ran colder
And muscular, the final thrust
In her spilled over
Smothering her cracks
I was the devil on her shoulder
Dear Lord I cry, before I die
Grant me the taste of love
One final time lest I should hide
When seraph call me from above
And should remorse not stay my course
From debt, addresses wept
Will ask no more of you my Lord
Save that my soul in hell is kept

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