

# The Death of Love (Demo)

## Cradle of Filth

Where will you be they tense for warfare?  
What will you see with your innocence there?  
Where will you be my darling?  
Where will you be they tense for warfare?Where will you be when God is glorifying?  
There we will be between the dead and dying  
Where will you be my darling?  
Where will you be when God is glorifying?Prophecies and glory forge a massive disdain  
For lying passive in the shadows whilst the enemy reigns  
Devoted to the votive, holy standard above  
"By command of the king of Heaven"  
Came the death of loveWhere will you be when they're vilifying?  
How will they see when the truth is blinding?  
Where will you be my darling?  
Where will you be when they're vilifying?Where will you be when the dark is rising?  
How will you keep from it's terrorizing?  
Where will you be my darling?  
Where will you be when the dark is rising?Burning was the sunset like a portent of doom  
On the saintly iron maiden as she fell from her woundBut visions and ambition  
Never listened to submission  
And she was on a mission from the highest above  
To Lord upon the slaughter  
Like a sword through hissing water  
She arose where archers sought her  
For the death of loveThe righteous death of loveGilles adored her drama  
Her suit of pure white armor  
Blazed against the English in a torrent of lightAnd as they rallied onto night  
A cancer fled his soul  
DissolvingFramed amid the thick of fire  
Aflame, a Valkyrie  
She made him click without desire  
And in his eyes she swam a GoddessAnd even when they caught her breath  
Her words would leave a scar"For only in the grip of darkness  
Will we shine amidst the brightest stars"How will you breathe when their wheels are turning?  
How will you know if the sky is burning?  
Where will you be my darling?  
How will you breathe when their wheels are turning?Where will you be when Babel builds my fire?  
Will you not flee and label me pariah?  
Where will you be my darling?  
Where will you be when they light my pyre?Aligned with Joan in all

That was enthroned and divine  
He swore to score the crimes  
Jackdaws poured on this dove  
Crimes he knew alone  
Derived from minds of the blind  
The church unfurled for murder perched  
Upon the death of love  
Framed amid the thick of fire  
Aflame, a Valkyrie  
She claimed the skies were lit with spires  
And in his eyes she swam a Goddess  
And even when she fought for breath  
Her words would leave a scar  
For only in the grip of darkness  
Will we shine amidst the brightest stars"

Songwriters

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