

# Mannequin

## Cradle Of Filth

Led to other worlds  
By the girls she curled within  
I took their skins to see her  
Be my Be my mannequin I cannot remember  
How it was that we first met  
Curve of moon and haunted shore  
The stars were not those Heaven sent Did we come together  
At masked palatial balls  
In silks and flesh and leather  
Or did we come at all? I dreamt a midnight castle  
The eerie song of wolves  
And eyes that danced with fire  
As they have forevermore Our rites of sin  
Have long fathered a hymn  
To burden him  
Whom by slip of after whim At genesis  
Dressed her like the wind  
In autumn gowns that pinned her down  
To be my Be my mannequin Always poised on winter  
But never would she break  
My Lovecraft and black witch heart  
That pounded in her wake We kissed on distant balconies  
A law unto her own  
Thirteenth dark commandment  
Of figures pressed to stone Turning cream with fantasies  
That God alone would know  
We graced the vomitorium  
With the sweet excess of Rome Flagrant in the past  
Our names were deeply carved  
On the tree of life  
In long dead languages Led to other worlds  
By the girls she curled within  
I took their skins to see her  
Be my Be my mannequin I tongued the nuns at Louvers  
But not one word possessed  
Her divine right, an archetype  
For mortal goddesses

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