

Lovesick for Mina

Cradle of Filth

One might see in Mina
My disease
But it is she who has infected me
For all eternityAs the sun slips the tearaway stars
Into the scented scheme of night
I kissed her mouth like a dark red rose
Set upon a marbled dream of whiteSo pure of thought like a Vestal statue
Jewelled with a God-lent grace
I was close to coming when she bid adieu
Fueled by the heartache rent upon her face thereOh, Mina, obscener
Thoughts obsess my days
Oh, Mina, obscener
Thoughts possess me that I must now obeyThey say the darkest hour
Is that before the dawn
When nothing in one's power
Can dissipate the great forlornShadows of fire that haunt me
Like risen whispers of her name
For dawn is a dusk wherein needs must
Erupt from the grave, aflameWritten in the dead of night, dead of night
And riding on the burning wind
Smitten by her read delight, read delight
My words alight like leaves of sinStepping through a mirror
The princess of the emerald glass
Brought me one step nearer
Love's infernal pastThey say Hell hath no furies
Like a woman scorned by life
When the Heavenly Judge and juries
Participate to chain this wifeWith forced virtues, her secret needs
Drew on my foreign blood
On warm wet nights, with storm-wracked bites
I gave her Eden after the floodWritten in the dead of night, dead of night
And riding on the burning wind
Smitten by her read delight, read delight
My words alight like leaves of sinVerona, Marishka, Aleera
Brides of old and goddesses all
Forgive my wishes to be always near her
Forever or whenever seas recallThis Aphrodite from my embrace
For as Mars whom her lips placate
I tore these shores with wars of hatredBefore our Paris set his fate

In Helen, one might find mistake
In winning tragedy for all eternity I am still lovesick for Mina
I am still so lovesick for her
I am still lovesick for Mina
I am still so lovesick for her

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