

Thank God for the Suffering

Cradle of Filth

I, I still recall the first full moon of May
Neath whose rays we lay together
And those bright nights on glassy waves
When we would glide lightly away
From the grain for wicked flights of pleasure Those visions fade like ghosts to lifes parade
Though incisions once made her so vivid
A scarlet whore with both heels in the door
Of a heaven severed from me, insipid Amidst the writhe of parapets where angels sigh, lonely she sits
Only a slip from whence I beg her That I would wish her kiss, a chrysalis
To break, to make my fluttered heart amiss
And in those frozen moments won from grief
That creeps to wreath the sun in drapes
Inwove with death's head wing, I thank God for the suffering Yeah, love would have conquered all but for the
rapture
That ancient plan for my defeat
Denied faith skies that would have set her free
It seems again, dreams wend to capture Once, dancing in a spotlight waltz
Through a shadowed dimension
Given to the rivers that bedizened her eyes
The world drifted by in a lost momentum with no divine intervention Regardless that the author of sin was me
And I lay chaste of hate in faith's embrace
As mortals warred with more, besides
They warred with life itself And in those frozen moments won from grief
That creeps to wreath the sun in drapes
Inwove with death's head wing
I thank God for the suffering And I thank God for the suffering as still I burn for her return
I would make my peace with everything I, I still recall, the first full moon of May
Consigned to flames like secret letters
Amidst the writhe of parapets where angels sigh, lonely she sits
Only a slip from whence I beg her That I would wish her kiss, a chrysalis
To break, to make my fluttered heart amiss
And in those frozen moments won from grief
That creeps to wreath the sun in drapes
Inwove with death's head wing, I thank God for the suffering Love would have conquered all, were we not
parted?
Her splintered loss rekindles rage
The winter frost dwindles across my stage
Lit up once more to score, finale started Love would have conquered all
Love would have conquered

Hate, hate, hate[Incomprehensible]
From grief that creeps to wreath the sun in drapes
Inwove with death's head wing
I thank God for the suffering

Songwriters

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