

# Thirteen Autumns and a Widow

## Cradle of Filth

Spawned wanton like blight on an auspicious night  
Her eyes betrayed spells of the moon's eerie light  
A disquieting gaze forever ghosting far seas  
Bled white and dead, Her true mother was fed  
To the ravenous wolves that the elements led  
From crag-jagged mountains that seemingly grew in unease  
Through the maw of the woods, a black carriage was  
drawn  
Flanked by barbed lightning that hissed of the storm  
(Gilded in crests of Carpathian breed)  
Bringing slaves to the sodomite for the new-born  
On that eve when the Countess' own came deformed  
A tragedy crept to the name Bathory Elizabeth christened, no paler a rose  
Grew so dark as this sylph  
None more cold in repose  
Yet Her beauty spun webs  
Round hearts a glance would betroth She feared the light  
So when She fell like a sinner to vice  
Under austere, puritanical rule  
She sacrificed  
Mandragora like virgins to rats in the wall  
But after whipangels licked prisoners, thrall'd  
Never were Her dreams so maniacally cruel  
(And possessed of such delights)  
For ravens winged Her nightly flights  
Of erotica  
Half spurned from the pulpit  
Torments to occur  
Half learnt from the cabal of demons  
In Her  
Her walk went to voodoo  
To see Her own shadow adored  
At mass without flaw  
Though inwards She abhor'd  
Not Her coven of suitors  
But the stare of their Lord "I must avert mine eyes to hymns  
For His gaze brings dogmas to my skin  
He knows that I dreamt of carnal rites  
With Him undead for three long nights" Elizabeth listened  
No sermons intoned

Dragged such guilt to Her door  
Tombbed Her soul with such stone  
For She swore the Priest sighed  
When She knelt down to atone She feared the light  
So when She fell  
Like a sinner to vice  
Under austere, puritanical rule  
She sacrificed  
Her decorum as chaste  
To this wolf of the cloth  
Pouncing to haunt  
Her confessional box  
Forgiveness would come  
When Her sins were washed off  
By rebaptism in white The looking glass cast Belladonna wreaths  
'Pon the grave of Her innocence  
Her hidden face spat murder  
From a whisper to a scream  
All sleep seemed cursed  
In Faustian verse  
But there in orgiastic Hell  
No horrors were worse  
Than the mirrored revelation  
The She kissed the Devil's phallus  
By Her own decree So with windows flung wide to the menstrual sky  
Solstice Eve She fled the castle in secret  
A daughter of the storm, astride Her favourite nightmare  
On winds without prayer  
Stigmata still wept between Her legs  
A cold bloodedness which impressed new hatreds  
She sought the Sorceress  
Through the snow and dank woods to the sodomite's lair Nine twisted fates threw hewn bone die  
For the throat of Elizabeth  
Damnation won and urged the moon  
In soliloquy to gleam  
Twixt the trees in shafts  
To ghost a path  
Past the howl of buggered nymphs  
In the sodomite's grasp  
To the forest's vulva  
Where the witch scholared Her  
In even darker themes "Amongst philtres and melissas  
Midst the grease of strangled men  
And eldritch truths, elder ill-omen  
Elizabeth came to life again" And under lacerations of dawn She returned

Like a flame unto a death's head  
With a promise to burn  
Secrets brooded as She rode  
Through mist and marsh to where they showed  
Her castle walls wherein the restless  
Counted carrion crows She awoke from a fable to mourning  
Church bells wringing Her madly from sleep  
Tolled by a priest, self castrated and hung  
Like a crimson bat 'neath the belfry  
The biblical prattled their mantras  
Hexes six-tripled their fees  
But Elizabeth laughed, thirteen Autumns had passed  
And She was a widow from god and His wrath, finally

Songwriters

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