

Desire In Violent Overture

Cradle Of Filth

Nights came trailing ghost concertos
Heartstrings a score of skeletal reaper bows
Playing torture chamber music allegretto
Conducting overtures, over throes trashed to crescendo
Skinless the dark shall scream
Hoarse her symphonies
Death mashed as the moon
That had lifted her dreams
And frowned on the winding steps down
To where the vulgar strayed
Taunting sick her tender prey
She glided in her bridal gown
How sleep the pure
Desire in violent overture
An emanation of phantom madness
The countess beheld in shroud
By girls bereft of future vows
Soon to wed in white the frosted ground
Burning like a brand on the countenance of God
A yearning took her hand to his seraphic
Deep red hissed the cat whips
On the whim of every will
Whilst she entranced [incomprehensible]
[incomprehensible]Yea
How sleep the pure
Desire in violent overture
Oh, desire in violent overture
In a crescent white cellar of crushed roses
Pooled blood and broken dolls
A torch lit shadow theater souled
With the echoed cries of lives she stole
Killing time
She struck the hours dead
In her control
Thus menopaused
Her clock of hacked out cunts
Began to toll
Thirteen chimes of ancient strain
I conjure forth with dirge, aah

That fills the void with timbered pain
To fulfill my sexual urge
Kill
Oh, frights came wailing from the dark side
Haunting lipless mouths a fugue of arcane diatribes
Velvet, their voices confined her in slumber
Bespattered and appeased
As pregnant skies outside bore thunder
Yea
How sleep the pure
Desire in violent overture
Desire in violent
As when high winds
Attune whipped trees
Her savage nature pitched
Would once again conduct the pleas
Of those she loved to agonies
As if it were
The first time every night
That she carved her seal
In the flesh of life

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