

An Enemy Led The Tempest

Cradle Of Filth

As pride precedes a downfall, so he took his place before the firewall
Of dissonant choirs whose faith in one
Was embraced in this wraith whose fate was hung
Between forgiveness and the damage done An electric scent over drear decay
Lent a violent surge to their serenades
Through white glades as his winged parade
Bent to silhouette and to sharpen dull razors Within vast skies unversed in starkness
His might grew
And blew light hues to gray
And worse, a third of stars to darkness Then thunder seethed and wreathed in thickening night
A line was drawn midst wrong and right and across the throats of thieves
As love fell choked, the tempest broke from Heaven's farthest shore
Descending to eclipse all hope, repentance might stay holy war He would not heel nor fake a bow
Murmur curses to the wind
Enraged, he raved in a Balrog howls
Upon a storm firstborn of sin Incensed anew, rebellions tore
Like frenzied beasts of prey
Through temple doors
Through east before the midnight masses And where once bliss reigned so serene
In sweeter glades
Now veins ran openly
Like eyes that shied from kindred ashes When suddenly there shone a hideous light
And a voice like three inanities soared up in thistled speech
Thou hast bred hate where there dwelt none and for this grave mistake
How thou art falling morning sun The proud will be abased He would not heel
Nor fake a bow
Murmur curses to the wind
And lo the wrath of God swept down Thou art no more an Angel filled with light
But a leech to be abhorred
And thou shalt suffer my burning will
Quoth this raven nevermore Never fucking more And with these words like heavy stone cast against that gilded
throne
With many legions still in tow, he turned his wings to flee
His eyes a picture of distaste, dawn to tears and in their place
The dawn of time and fates to face, through all eternity I wept for him a deep red river that ran like blood
through scarred ravines
To sluice away the guilt that slithered like a Serpent tongue to Eve
For once as I in Heaven climbed too high for truth to truly see
My sunken mind, drunken and blind, saw the lie that fool was me Alone and cold, face to the crack

Beyond dark gates with no way back
His crown of gold faded to black
Like a bruise upon the heart that lingers With thrill-kill
Culture shock wave lengths
Of rope to hang high
Ten commandments by snaked about his upraised fingers

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