

Bathory Aria

Cradle Of Filth

Snuffed tapers sighed
As Death left impressing
His crest of cold tears on the Countess
Benighted like ill-fated Usher
The House of Bathory shrouded
'Neath griefs dark facade
If only I could have wept
In mourning by Her side
I would have clasped Her so tight
Like storm-beached Aphrodite
Drowned on Kytherean tides
And Kissed Her
For from Her alone
My lips would have known

Enigmas of shadowy vistas
Where pleasures took flesh
And pain, remorseless
Came freezing the breath
Of raucous life hushed unto whispers
Benighted.
Inhaling the pale waning moonlight that crept
Through the crypt of Her Lord who so lucidly slept
Benighted.
Exhaling the wail of black widowhood's toll
Waxing eternal night entered Her soul

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