

Beneath the Howling Stars

Cradle of Filth

Midwinter wrongs the rites of spring
Her spinal chill rakes the earth
Whilst pensive souls at zero sing
Would be tidings of rebirth
Under cold stares of Mars maligned
Near suicides cross their hearts
And unborn writhe in tepid brine
For something wicked this way starts
Ohh, ohh
Ohh, ohh
Ohh, ohh
Beneath the howling stars
Elizabeth, paragon of vice
Watches the sun set pyres alight
As bane and tyranny, her doberman sleep
Like spellbound paramours at her feet
A chatter of bells without
Raise hell hounds, teeth on edge
From sleighs hastened through snow lit red
Guests espied from the garret ledge
Great gloomy mirror tell her face
She will out blind them all
That heavenly bodies would fall from grace
To possess such a lustrous pall
For beauty is always cruel
For beauty is always
Let destiny in chains commence
Damnation under God's seeking recompense
Enslaving to the whims of this mistress
Ohh
As the dance ensued Elizabeth's mood
Tempered by the craft of a vitreous moon
In slick black iciness it grew
To consume
The wench her tower tombed
Tending to her costume
Bore the brunt of the storm
When the needle a skewed
She has her dogs maul the bitch's wrists through
Restored to jaded bliss
In a wonder white dress
Descended to the ball
With painted blood upon her lips
Passing like a comet so white as to eclipse
The Waltz wound down, transfixated
Devoid of all breath in the air
Even death paled to compare
To the taint of her splendor
So rare and engendered

Upon the awed throng gathered, there
Beneath the howling stars She danced so macabre
 Men entranced divined from her gait
 That this angel stepped from a pedestal
 Had won remission from fate
 By alighting to darker spheres
 Delighting in held sway
 For she was not unlike the goddess
To whom the wolves bayed {Whilst envy glanced daggers from court maidens, arbored
 Who whispered in sects of suspicions abroad
 That Elizabeth bewitched see how even now the whore casts
Her spells upon the Black Count whom her reddened lips hold fast} Tongue unto tongue swept on tides without
 care
 For the harpies who rallied their maledict glares
 A halo of ravens tousled her hair
 Chandeliers a tiara for passions ensnared Fantasies sexed
 When their eyes, moonstruck met
 Their friction wore a way
 Through the sea of foreplay
 Lovers at first bite
 She an Eve tempted to lay
 Gasping at rafters
 Flesh pressed in ballet But caprice, honours leashed
 She absconded the feast
 To prowl wonderland beasts in hand from the keep
 Of feudal dilemma well mantled in furs
 Through cullis to watch dogstars howl at the earth On this violent night
 Unholy night
 Winds lashed their limbs together
 As the ether vent its wintry spite She wished his kiss on her frozen landscapes
 To excite the bleak advance
 From castle bowers
 Wherein small hours
 The Devil never came by chance
 A lone charm tied to her inner thigh
 Sent lusts nova as hooves trod
 Cobbled streets where lowlives fleet
 Were flung to a wayward God Midwinter wrongs the rites of spring
 Her spinal chill rakes the earth
 Whilst pensive souls at zero sing
 Woebetidings of rebirth
 Under cold stares of Mars maligned
 Near suicides cross their hearts
 And unborns writhe in tepid brine
For something wicked this way starts Beneath the howling stars Pounding upon the pauper ridge
 Earshot of a hunched beldame

Elizabeth teased, would he dare to please
Such elderly loins enflamed?
To this he feigned a grim disdain
Playing to her slyful eyeBut the hag replied "This girl that chides
Will soon be as plagued with age as I"
Her consort laughed a plume of icy breath
For Elizabeth's grace could raise
A flag of truce in burning heaven
Or the dead from early graves
Yet still she seethed this proud Snow Queen
Embittered with the cursed retort
And because he sought her loves onslaught
He gutted the crone for sportSoon in full moon fever they were wed
Lycanthropic in the conjugal bed
Littered with aphrodisiacs
To tease dynastic union
And beget them further maniacsElizabeth free reigned, now a countess
Outwielded and outwore
Her title like a favoured dress
Whilst her errant Lord
Whose seasons savoured war
Stormed black to fell the infidel
Her embers, tempered, roared

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