

# Malice Through the Looking Glass

## Cradle of Filth

Take away the wine for restlessness plagues me  
I am assailed by a specter profounder  
Than hatred and grief or the sum of their hideous crime I shalt suffer this confessional of mine  
Awaiting the sun to set, crimsoning seas  
Only once it is dark doth my misery cease She died to a sky dressed in flame  
Eyes full of curses for her killers by choice  
Who fell to their god over her vision and voice I am as dusk come to ravish in the light  
Steal me from their stares and mute Christ into night  
I will answer thy prayers if thou wouldst drink of my life

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