

# 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  
Encroaching evening skies die with such tragedy  
And those interred in cold graves dwell on pleasures to be  
In deep hysteria where our legends still breathes  
Through sweet death and thereafter sweeping nightmares shalt feed

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