

# 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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