

Cradle of Filth, A Murder Of Ravens In Fugue

Now haranguing grey skies
With revenge upon life
Gnathic and Sapphic
Needs begged gendercide
Delusions of Grandier denounced the revolt
Of desecrating cursed glass, disenchanted in vaults
Encircled by glyphs midst Her sin-sistered cult
With hangman's abandon She plied spiritworlds
To Archangels in bondage
From light to night hurled
Cast down to the earth where torment would unfurl.....
But soon,
Her tarot proved
Hybrid rumours spread like tumours
Would accrue
And blight Her stars
To better bitter truths
Of cold bloodbaths
As bodies rose
In rigid droves
To haunt Her from their
Shallow burials imposed
When wolves exhumed
Their carthen wombs
Where heavy frosts had laboured long
To bare their wounds
To the depths of Her soul they pursued
Wielding their poison they flew
Like a murder of ravens in fugue
And knowing their raptures
Would shatter Her dreams
She clawed blackened books for damnation's reprieve
Baneful cawed canons on amassed enemies
So Hallow's Eve
As She received
Like Bellona to the ball
Those enemies
Fell-sisters heaved
Her torturies
Cross stained flagstones
To Her carriage reined to flee
But She knew She must brave the night through
Though fear crept a deathshear o'er the moon
Like a murder of ravens in Fugue
For each masked, jewelled gaze held dread purpose
Horror froze painted eyes to cold stares
And even Her dance
In the vast mirrors cast
Looked the ill of Her future
If fate feasted there....