

# Cradle of Filth, Bathory Aria: A Murder Of Ravens

Now haranguing grey skies  
With revenge upon life  
Gnathic and Sapphic  
Needs begged gendercide

Delusions of Grandier denounced the revolt  
Of descreying 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  
However scarred  
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 deathshad 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