

# Cradle of Filth, Desire In Violent Overture

Nights came tralling ghost concertos  
Heartstrings a score of skeletal reaper bows  
Playing torture chamber music allegretto  
Conducting over throes trashed to crescendo

Skinless the dark shall scream  
Hoarse Her symphonies

Deathmashed as the moon  
That had lifted Her dreams  
And frowned on the winding steps down  
To where the vulgar strayed,  
Taunting sick Her tender prey  
She glided in Her bridal gown

How sleep the pure  
Desire in Violent Overture

An emanation of phantom madness  
The Countess beheld in shroud  
By girls bereft of future vows  
Soon to wed in white the frosted ground  
Burning like a brand on the countenance of god  
A yearning took Her hand to His Seraphim, bound

Deep red hissed the cat whips  
On the whim of ill-will  
Whilst She entranced, nonchalant, abliss  
Flayed further songs of overkill

How weep the pure  
Desire in Violent overture

In a crescent-whime cellar of crushed roses  
Pooled blood and broken dolls  
A torchlit shadow theatre souled  
With the echoed cries of lives She stole

Killing time  
She struck the hours dead  
In Her control  
Thus menopaused  
Her clock of hacked out cunts  
Began to toll

"Thirteen chimes of ancient strain  
I conjure forth with dirge  
That fills the void with timbred pain  
To fulfil my sexual urge"

Frights came wailing from the Darkside  
Haunting lipless mouths a fugue of arcane diatribes  
Velvet, their voices coffined Her in slumber  
Bespattered and appeased  
As pregnant skies outside bore thunder

How sleep the pure  
Desire in violent overture

As when high winds  
Attune whipped trees  
Her savage nature pitched  
Would once again conduct the pleas  
Of those She loved to agonies

As if it were  
The first time every night  
That She carved Her seal  
In the flesh of life.