

# Cradle of Filth, Ebony Dressed Four Sunset

Inspired to mortal nightmare  
Ebony dressed for sunset  
In the dulcet whispers of the Damned  
The Forest Whispers My Name  
Black candles dance to an overture  
but I am drawn past their flickering lure  
to the breathing forest that surrounds the room  
where the vigilant trees push out of the womb  
I sip the blood-red wine  
my thoughts weigh heavy with the burden of time  
from knowledge drunk from the fountain of life  
from Chaos born out of love and the scythe  
the forest beckons with her nocturnal call  
to pull me close amid the baying of wolves  
where the bindings of christ are downtrodden with scorn  
in the dank, odiferous earth  
We embrace like two lovers at death  
a monument to the trapping of breath  
as restriction is bled from the veins in my neck  
to drop roses on my marbled breast  
I lust for the wind and the flurry of leaves  
and the perfume of flesh on the murderous breeze  
to learn from the dark and the voices between  
This is my will...  
The forest whispers my name...again and again  
I walk the path  
to the land of the Dark Immortals  
Where the hungry ones will carry my soul  
as the wild hunt careers through the boughs  
Come to me, my Pale Enchantress  
In the moon of the woods we kiss  
Artemis be near me  
in the arms of the ancient oak  
where daylight hangs by a lunar noose  
and the horned, hidden one is re-invoked  
The principle of Evil  
evolution has been recalled  
Beneath the spread of Magickal Aeon  
I stand enthralled  
...In the whispering forest