

Cradle of Filth, Nymphetamine

Led to the river midsummer, I wave
A " of black swans on, with hope, to the grave
And through red September, with skies fire-paved
I begged you appear like a thorn for the holy ones

Cold was my soul and untold was the pain
I faced when you left me a rose in the rain
So I swore to the razor that never, enchained
Would your dark nails of faith be pushed through my veins again

Bared on your tomb, I'm a prayer for your loneliness
And would you ever soon come above unto me?
For once upon a time, from the binds of your lowliness
I could always find the right slot for your sacred key

Six feet deep is the incision
In my heart, that barless prison
Discolors all with tunnel vision
(Sunsetter) Nymphetamine
Sick and weak from my condition
This lust, this vampiric addiction
To her alone in full submission
(None better) Nymphetamine

Nymphetamine, nymphetamine
Nymphetamine girl
Nymphetamine, nymphetamine
My nymphetamine girl

Wracked with your charm, I'm circled like prey
Back in the forest where whispers persuade
More sugar trails, more white lady laid
Than pillars of salt

Fall to my arms, hold their mesmeric sway
And dance out to the moon as we did in those golden days

Christening stars, I remember the way
We were needle and spoon, mislaid in the burning hay

Bared on your tomb, I'm a prayer for your loneliness
And would you ever soon come above unto me?
For once upon a time, from the bind of your holiness
I could always find the right slot for your sacred key

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