

# Cradle of Filth, Under Huntress Moon

With the snow fallen thick  
And bonfires alit  
And shooting stars portents of rips  
I ascended to spur  
A mere glimpse of murmur  
From her precious celestial lips

Be it sun to your moon  
Be it moon to your sun  
Together we promised to come  
With a turn of the screw  
And a slip of the tongue  
We eclipsed one another undone

Through the mist, through the woods  
With the night-wraiths I've stood  
Atop murderous peaks calling you  
On storm-lashed beachheads  
Where the fisherman dread  
The things your bewitchments accrue

Those deep creatures bring  
Her cut diamond rings  
A girl with a pearl necklace her  
Advancing in fevers  
Tsunamis and myrrh  
Will she wreak bloody vengeance or purr?

She lights the skies  
Dressed in silver scales plucked from the ocean  
To spite her thighs  
That Lucifer snuck inside  
And with his pride  
Enclaves were upgraded to Goshen  
So paradise  
Could shine from out her skirts

I adorn myself at dusk  
With ornaments to close the noose  
A kiss as red as blood and cold as hell

My body glows with lust  
Anaemic as the flag of truce  
I raised at dawn to catch you in my spell

With every twist I cannot resist her  
Fertile female mind control  
This wanton witch, white rapids sister  
To whom I pour my wine and soul

From a copse of black yews  
Where the moon was drawn through  
Like a sword through a Gordian knot  
She descended to me  
Claiming swift victory  
Over the heart I had near soon forgot

With every kiss this huntress whispered;  
Yield to my sweet embrace  
One night of bliss. I could not dismiss her  
Once her beauty shot me a darker face

You mesmerise my soul Diana  
You mesmerise my soul

