

Cradle of Filth, Balsamic And Anathema

[Limited Edition bonus track]

"No human power can stop the will of heaven from being asserted."

Worming through the mark

Of Ezekiel and Mark

Through the chapters of Honorius

Gilles, as in a trance

Screwed the pages up and danced

Courting something vainly glorious

He walked he gravest night

That decrepit final juncture

Of doom and negativity

Reeking of death

And the gloom of Stygian light

When suddenly, the faintest whisper!

A curtain opened in a painted vista

Moonbeams swept into his dream...

Balsamic and anathema

Balsamic and anathema

Prelati full of stars

Magical, ecstatic stars

That sparkled, no debacle sought to douse

His fiery omnipresence

Hissed at heaven, evanescent

He was there to thwart the burning of his Faust

The gates were prised, the phantom horses

Snorted, restless to be gone

With enchantment's eyes upon the door, he cried-

'Come with me now!'

Gilles balked, the thought of life

Accused and pursued

And overridden by morbidity

Saddened his breath

For those destined for his knife

Then suddenly - the strangest feeling

One that left the angels reeling

Atonement crept into his midst

Balsamic and anathema

Balsamic and anathema

Prelati, full of stars

This abductor of his heart

Promised him horizons free of pain

But all the grand designs

Magic sings and midnight wines

In the dream-world couldn't hope to swerve his aim

He would stay and face his slayers

Cardinals and courtroom players

Whilst Prelati must now flee before

The pure and azure dawn...

The gates were wide, the phantom horses

Snorted, restless to be gone

With enchantment's eyes upon the door

Once more he cried

'Come with me now!'

Prelati full of stars

Tried to pull him from the dance

Summoning his Barron to perform

But as the Demon rose

In sweet miracles of prose

And propaganda, came a proper bible storm

Lightning - grinning, froze

On this murder-site of crows

And from the scattered ashes stepped a sylph

The maiden Joan of Arc

Crept more beautiful and dark

A paradise, a cradle free of filth
She was chaste beyond all graces
The face of faith illuminated
More precious than Prelati's spell
A Goddess in a dream...
And trembling in her arm
Her eyes a thousand golden psalms
That glittered as on Christmas night
He wept like Hallowe'en
He held the scene, the poignant gleam
Of peace and great serenity
Close to his heart, her parting kiss
He slept to wake released in bliss