

# Cradle of Filth, Bathory Aria

[I. Benighted Like Usher]

Snuffed tapers sighed  
As Death left impressing  
His crest of cold tears on the Countess

Benighted like ill-fated Usher  
The House of Bathory shrouded  
'Neath griefs dark facade

If only I could have wept  
In mourning by Her side  
I would have clasped Her so tight  
Like storm-beached Aphrodite  
Drowned on Kytherean tides

And Kissed Her  
For from Her alone  
My lips would have known  
Enigmas of shadowy vistas

Where pleasures took flesh  
And pain, remorseless  
Came freezing the breath  
Of raucous life hushed unto whispers

Benighted.

Inhaling the pale waning moonlight that crept  
Through the crypt of Her Lord who so lucidly slept

Benighted.

Exhaling the wail of black widowhood's toll  
Waxing eternal night entered Her soul

[II. A Murder of Ravens in Fugue]

Now haranguing grey skies  
With revenge upon life  
Gnathic and Sapphic  
Needs begged gendercide

Delusions of Grandier denounced the revolt  
Of descrying cursed glass, disenchanting in vaults  
Encircled by glyphs midst Her sin-sistered cult

With hangman's abandon She plied spiritworlds  
To Archangels in bondage  
From light to night hurled  
Cast down to the earth where torment would unfurl.....

But soon,  
Her tarot proved  
Hybrid rumours spread like tumours  
Would accrue  
And blight Her stars  
However scarred  
To better bitter truths  
Of cold bloodbaths

As bodies rose  
In rigid droves  
To haunt Her from their

Shallow burials imposed  
When wolves exhumed  
Their carthen wombs  
Where heavy frosts had laboured long  
To bare their wounds

To the depths of Her soul they pursued  
Wielding their poison they flew  
Like a murder of ravens in fugue

And knowing their raptures  
Would shatter Her dreams  
She clawed blackened books for damnation's reprieve  
Baneful cawed canons on amassed enemies

So Hallow's Eve  
As She received  
Like Bellona to the ball  
Those enemies  
Fell-sisters heaved  
Her torturies  
Cross stained flagstones  
To Her carriage reined to flee

But She knew She must brave the night through  
Though fear crept a deathshad o'er the moon  
Like a murder of ravens in Fugue

For each masked, jewelled gaze held dread purpose  
Horror froze painted eyes to cold stares  
And even Her dance  
In the vast mirrors cast  
Looked the ill of Her future  
If fate feasted there....

### [III. Eyes That Witnessed Madness]

In an age crucified by the nails of faith  
When rank scarecrows of christ blighted lands  
An aloof Countess born an obsidian wraith  
Dared the abyss knowing well She was damned  
Her life whispered grief like a funeral march  
Twisted and yearning, obsessed an entranced  
With those succumbing to cruelty  
Crushed 'neath the gait of Her dance  
A whirlwind of fire that swept through the briers  
Of sweet rose Her thickets of black thorn had grasped...

She demanded the Heavens and forever to glean  
The elixir of Youth from the pure  
Whilst Her lesbian fantasies  
Reamed to extremes  
O'er decades unleashed  
Came for blood's silken cure

But Her reign ended swiftly  
For Dark Gods dreamt too deep  
To heed Her pleas

When Her gaolers were assailed  
With condemnations from a priest  
Who'd stammered rites  
In the dead of night  
For maidens staining winding sheets

And She postured proud  
When Her crimes were trowelled  
And jezebelled to peasant lips  
Though She smelt the fires  
That licked limbs higher  
To the tortured cunts of accomplices

So ends this twisted fable's worth  
And though spared the pyre's bite  
By dint of nobled bloodlined birth  
Her sins (crimes) garnered Her no respite

Forever severed from the thrill of coming night  
Where slow Death alone could grant Her flight

&quot;The Spirits have all but fled judgement  
I rot, alone, insane,  
Where the forest whispers puce laments for me  
From amidst the pine and wreathed wolfsbane  
Beyond these walls, wherein condemned  
To the gloom of an austere tomb  
I pace with feral madness sent  
Through the pale beams of a guiltless moon  
Who, bereft of necrologies, thus  
Commands creation over the earth  
Whilst I resign my lips to death  
A slow cold kiss that chides rebirth  
Though one last wish is bequathed by fate  
My beauty shalt wilt, unseen  
Save for twin black eyes that shalt come to take  
My soul to peace or Hell for company&quot;

[Quoted words above are from Hammer Film's &quot;Countess Dracula&quot; (1970). The singer is

My soul to Hell for company