## Cradle of Filth, Bathory Aria: Benighted Like Ushe

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 Kytheraen tides

And kissed her For from her alone My lips would have known Egnimas 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 widowhoods toll Waxing eternal night entered her soul