

# Cradle of Filth, 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 Kytheraen tides  
And Kissed Her  
For from her alone  
My lips would have known  
Egnimas of shadowy vistas  
Ang fuck the red wine  
death leave behind  
when i have you  
my candels , light...  
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