Cradle of Filth, Haunted Shores

Herodias and I have led a phantom cavalcade Through veiled and pagan history where superstitions reigned And Christendom sought to pervert, but poets of my name Sang of penumbral victories that sorcery had claimed The Graal and mighty Caliburn as votive offerings To an England rearisen under vast majestic wings

These are the shores whereto my soul Blood drenched and unredeemed Shalt seek solace in secrets told Through the whispers of a dream

From the woods Pendragon-born, I rose Arcturius A proud, audacious King mantled in the vehemence of lust Death and destiny undaunted me, I drew a throne divided In awe of the glorious battles won, my dark Goddess provided Then treachery, a wingless beast, came crawling to my court And now I lie at cursed Camlann, from wounds a traitor wrought

I fear the Augean light is sweeping through Camelot How bittersweet my triumphs seem, now Autumnal leaves succumb to frost Morganna art thou near me? Languid, I wend my path to grave Cast my sword to the sulphyd grasp Of the naiad neath the silvered lake When waters stirred lay silent

Mistress let the mists descend Thy tears cannot thaw Death's cold heart His sombre gaze defies legend More so than thine, else thy dew-lidded eyes Art for the Banshees song Or our souls entwined like vein upon The haunted shores of Avalon

The haunted shores of Avalon

Bury me in velvet dream Lest I unduly wake And seek to reconcile my thirst With the cowardly tailors of my fate Unleash mastiffs of snarling night To overthrow, plague and burn As slumber lures me 'mongst the dead To scheme of my return

Archaic ghostly echoes breathe like thunder of the storm A tempest fools miscall divine as they crouch awaiting dawn Their ignorance has forged for me over centuries a sword Burnished to flash like lightning on the precipice of war The wolves are dead in Albion whilst the passive flocks roam free This my penetrant spearhead shalt pierce these foul, trespassing breeds