

# Cradle of Filth, Her Ghost In The Fog (Edit Version)

&quot;The Moon,she hangs like a cruel portrait  
soft winds whisper the bidding of trees  
as this tragedy starts with a shattered glass heart  
and the nightmare trampling of dreams  
But on,no tears please  
Fear and pain may accompany death  
But it is desire that shepherds it's certainty  
as we shall see...&quot;;

She was divinity's creature  
That kissed in cold mirrors  
A queen of snow  
Far beyond compare  
Lips attuned to symmetry  
Sought her everywhere  
Dark liquored eyes  
An Arabian nightmare...

She shone on watercolours  
Of my pondlife as pearl  
Until those who couldn't have her  
Cut her free of this world

That fateful Eve when...  
The trees stank of sunset and camphor  
Their lanterns chased phantoms and threw  
An inquisitive glance,like the shadows they cast  
On my love picking rue by the light of the moon

Putting reason to flight  
Or to death as their way  
They crept through woods mesmerized  
By the taffeta ley  
Of her hips that held sway  
Over all they surveyed  
Save a mist on the rise  
A deadly blessing to hide  
Her ghost in the fog

They raped left...  
(Five men of God)  
...Her ghost in the fog

Dawn discovered her there  
Beneath the cedar's stare  
Silk dress torn,her raven hair  
Flown to gown,her beauty bared  
Was starred with frost,I knew her lost  
I wept 'til tears crept back to prayer

She'd sworn me vows in fragrant blood  
&quot;Never to part  
Lest jealous heaven stole our hearts&quot;;

Then this I screamed:  
&quot;Come back to me  
I was born in love with thee  
So why should fate stand inbetween?&quot;;

And as I drowned her gentle curves  
With dreams unsaid and final words  
I espied a gleam trodden to earth  
The church bell tower key...

The village mourned her by the by  
For she'd been a witch  
their men had longed to try  
And I broke under Christ seeking guilty signs  
My tortured soul on...

Ice...