

Cradle of Filth, Lovesick For Mina

One might see in Mina
My disease
But it is She who has infected me
For all eternity...

As the sun slips the tearaway stars
Into the scented scheme of night
I kissed her mouth like a dark red rose
Set upon a marbled dream of white
So pure of thought like a Vestal statue
Jewelled with a God-lent grace
I was close to coming when She bid adieu
Fuelled by the heartache rent upon her face there

Oh Mina, obscener
Thoughts obsess my days
Oh Mina, obscener
Thoughts possess me
That I must now obey

They say the darkest hour
Is that before the dawn
When nothing in one's power
Can dissipate the great forlorn
Shadows of fire that haunt me
Like risen whispers of her name
For dawn is a dusk
Wherein needs must
Erupt from the grave, aflame

Written in the dead of night
And riding on the burning wind
Smitten by her read delight
My words alight like leaves of sin

Stepping through a mirror
The princess of the emerald glass
Brought me one step nearer
Love's infernal past...

They say Hell hath no furies
Like a woman scorned by life
When the Heavenly Judge and juries
Participate to chain this wife
With forced virtues, Her secret needs
Drew on my foreign blood
On warm wet nights, with storm-wracked bites
I gave her Eden after the flood

Written in the dead of night
And riding on the burning wind
Smitten by her read delight
My words alight like leaves of sin

Verona, Marishka, Aleera
Brides of old and goddesses all
Forgive my wishes to be always near her
Forever or whenever seas recall

This Aphrodite from my embrace
For as Mars (whom her lips placate)
I tore these shores with wars of hatred
Before our Paris set his fate
In Helen, one might find mistake

In winning tragedy
For all eternity...

I am still lovesick for Mina
I am still so lovesick for her