

Cradle of Filth, Midnight Shadows Crawl To Dark

[Narration:]

"Sometimes I beheaded them
with daggers, with poniards, with knives
Sometimes I suspended them in my room
from a pole or by a hook and chords and strangled them
And when they were languishing
I committed with them the evils of the flesh"
The evening air laps thick about
The stagnant moat that Tiffauges claims
As dusk now slips away
Where taught to run, the rotten tongue
Of a hotter Gtterdmerung
Has started licking like a flame
Whispers in the dismal mist
Are full of crystal promises
Black rites begun in earnest
Ignite Hell's hungry furnace
Behold the bold inauguration of the darkside
Demonic passions climbing
Ill-fated stars aligning
Tonight these sights are guaranteed to feed the master
The tide of blood is rising
His gifts will be providing
Unmasked, the phantom lord De Rais
Haunts the furthest tower
Wherein death has sucked the hour
There, throttled gasps tantamount to foreplay
And drooling razors next to come
Unspool red secrets from the young
The moon grinned full, the games were chaste
When the children first arrived
Now midnight shadows crawl apace
To darken counsel with their lives
Flesh and ecstasy as sport
Are immortal vices of the highest order
Wherein devilry holds sway
Behind blind walls where these cockatrice squalled
Their songs of Necronomicon
Spoke out of Gilles De Rais
Each murdered son, each frozen rose
Handpicked, was gently fed
To the sumptuous one in black and those
Whose lives were thrown in with the dead
The candles lit, the stage was set
As it was in sainted days
When censers swung and banners hung
On the Siege of Orleans on the painted Seine
Now the castle floats in the drifting fog
Torn from it's moorings
Like a shipwreck dredged from Hell
As innocents entreat a shifting God
Their voices soaring
On a silver tide to heaven
On a knife edge as they fell
The blade would plunge in virulent arcs
Such wounds would stretch away
By the fireside, warmed to creative sparks
Of the monster Gilles De Rais
Gilded Gilles De Rais
Comets vomited
The restless bells of crime
Peeled back skin from broken bones
Of angels cut from the nicks of time
Festering faces with painted eyes

The prettiest kept to be thrust inside
Gaping necromantic from the mantle-side
Caked in kissed goodbyes
Days faded in decay
The stench of perfume lied
No horror in the glades of man
Was left for Barron to provide
So unique was the beat of his poisoned heart
And it's sordid, morbid crack
No further atrocity could possibly surpass
Unrewarded, bored, he turned his back