

Cradle of Filth, Soft White Throat

[Special Edition Disc track]

A voyeur in league with the great thief night
In an overthrow of woven light
Slid in to rob the prayers
She whispered to the air with thin deliberation

"Spare me from the wolves
Clawing past my door
Tear me from the ghouls
That start to gnaw my fingers";

Following Her heart
And every beat that spoke
I kissed Her risen, naked
Soft white throat

Soft white throat

Incense lit at perfection's feet
Has never burnt so sickly sweet
As the fragrance of Her breath
When Her lips met death with such imagination

"Bear me to the moon
The dour toll of bells
Scare me with their boon
Of Winter's bitter graveyards";

Swallowing Her fear
I veered beneath Her coat
Of soft white meat on
Soft white throat

Crepuscular, the lust in Her
Went supernova
Setting maps aflame
Before Her veins ran colder
And muscular, the final thrust
In Her spilled over...
Covering Her back
I saw an angel lift Her coma

I fell to eyes
Of a bestial past
That once, teaching grief through jaded pupils
Now shone like celestial glass in Hell

And doused in the glow from Her parting gift
Never there lay, with curves like snowdrifts
A beauty so frozen in bliss...
Slumped to warm the dead to a standing ovation

"Spare me from the wolves
Clawing past my door
Tear me from the ghouls
That start to gnaw my fingers";

Following Her heart
And every beat that spoke
I kissed Her risen, naked
Soft white throat

Crepuscular, the lust in Her

Went supernova
Setting maps aflame
Before Her veins ran colder
And muscular, the final thrust
In Her spilled over...
Smothering Her cracks
I was the devil on Her shoulder

"Dear Lord I cry, before I die
Grant me the taste of love
One final time lest I should hide
When seraph call me from above

And should remorse not stay my course
From debt, addresses wept
Will ask no more of you my Lord
Save that my soul in Hell is kept"