Cradle of Filth, The Forest Whispers My Name

Black candles dance to an overture but I am drawn past their flickering lure to the breathing forest that surrounds the room where the vigilant trees push out of the womb

I sip the blood-red wine my thoughts weigh heavy with the burden of time from knowledge drunk from the fountain of life from Chaos born out of love and the scythe the forest beckons with her nocturnal call to pull me close amid the baying of wolves where the bindings of christ are down-trodden with scorn in the dark, odiferous earth

We embrace like two lovers at death a monument to the trapping of breath as restriction is bled from the veins of my neck to drop roses on my marbled breast I lust for the wind and the flurry of leaves and the perfume of flesh on the murderous breeze to learn from the dark and the voices between

This is my will...

The forest whispers my name...again and again

I walk the path to the land of the Dark Immortals Where the hungry ones will carry my soul as the wild hunt careers through the boughs

Come to me, my Pale Enchantress In the moon of the woods we kiss

Artemis be near me in the arms of the ancient oak where daylight hangs by a lunar noose and the horned, hidden one is re-invoked

The principle of Evil evolution has been recalled Beneath the spread of a Magickal Aeon I stand enthralled ...In the whispering forest