

Cradle of Filth, Under The Huntress Moon

With the snow fallen thick
And bonfires alit
And shooting stars portents of rips
I ascended to spur
A mere glimpse of murmur
From her precious celestial lips

Be it sun to your moon
"Be it moon to your sun"
Together we promised to come
With a turn of the screw
And a slip of the tongue
We eclipsed one another undone

Through the mist, through the woods
With the night-wraiths I've stood
Atop murderous peaks calling you
On storm-lashed beachheads
Where the fisherman dread
The things your bewitchments accrue

Those deep creatures bring
Her cut diamond rings
A girl with a pearl necklace her
Advancing in fevers
Tsunamis and myrrh
Will she wreak bloody vengeance or purr?

She lights the skies
Dressed in silver scales plucked from the ocean
To spite her thighs
That Lucifer snuck inside

And with his pride
Enclaves were upgraded to Goshen
So paradise
Could shine from out her skirts

"I adorn myself at dusk
With ornaments to close the noose
A kiss as red as blood and cold as hell

My body glows with lust
Anaemic as the flag of truce
I raised at dawn to catch you in my spell"

With every twist I cannot resist her
Fertile female mind control
This wanton witch, white rapids sister
To whom I pour my wine and soul

From a copse of black yews
Where the moon was drawn through
Like a sword through a Gordian knot
She descended to me
Claiming swift victory
Over the heart I had near soon forgot

With every kiss this huntress whispered;
"Yield to my sweet embrace
One night of bliss"; I could not dismiss her
Once her beauty shot me a darker face

You mesmerise my soul Diana
You mesmerise my soul