

## A Gothic Romance (Red Roses for the Devil's Whore)

Cradle of Filth

Evening minuetto in a castle by the sea  
A jewel more radiant than the moon  
Lowered Her mask to me  
The sublimest creature the Gods, full of fire  
Would marvel at making their Queen  
Infusing the air with Her fragrant desire  
And my heart reeled with grave poetry....

From grace I fell in love with Her  
Scent and feline lure  
And jade woodland eyes that ushered in the impurest  
"Erotic, laden fantasies amid this warm Autumn night  
She lulled me away from the rich masquerade  
And together we clung in the bloodletting moonlight"  
Pearled luna, what spell didst thou cast on me?  
Her icy kiss fervoured my neck  
Like whispering waves 'pon Acheron's beach  
In a whirl of sweet voices and statues  
That phantomed the dying trees  
This debauched seductress in black, took me....

In a pale azured dawn like Ligeia reborn  
I tore free of my sleep - sepulchre  
On the sea misted lawn where stone figures, forlorn  
Lamented the spectre of Her  
Bewildered and weak, yet with passion replete  
I hungered for past overtures  
The curse of unrest and her ardent caress  
Came much more than my soul could endure....

I, at once endeavoured to see Her again  
Stirring from midnight's inertia  
Knowing not even her name  
On a thin precipice over carnal abyss  
I danced like a blind acolyte  
Drunk on red wine, her dead lips on mine  
Suffused with the perfume of night

For hours I scoured the surrounding grounds  
In vain that we might meet  
When storm clouds broke, ashened, fatigued  
I sought refuge in a cemeterty

Sleep, usher dreams  
Taint to nightmares from a sunless nether

Mistress of the dark  
I now know what thou art

Screams haunt my sleep  
Dragged from nightmares thou hast wed together

Lamia and Lemures  
Spawned thee leche  
To snare my flesh

Portrait of the Dead Countess

Deep stained pain that I had dreamt  
Flaunted demise, life's punishment  
Leaving little strength to seal this wretched tomb....

But poised nectar within my stirs  
Up feverous desire and morbid purpose to search  
Through cobwebbed drapery to where she swoons  
Goddess of the graveyard, of the tempest and moon  
In flawless fatal beauty her very visage compels  
Glimpses of a heaven where ghost companies fell  
To mourning the loss of god in blackest velvet  
Enrobed in their downfall like a swift silhouette

"Fleeting, enshadowed  
Thou art privy to my sin  
Secrets dead, wouldst thou inflict  
The cruel daylights upon my skin?  
Dost thou not want to worship me  
With crimson sacrifice  
So my cunt may twitch against thy kiss  
And weep with new-found life?"

Red roses for the Devil's whore....

Dark angels taste my tears  
And whisper haunting requiems  
Softly to mine ear  
Need-fires have lured abominations here....

Nocturnal pulse  
My veins spill forth their waters  
Rent by lips I cherish most

Awash on her perfidious shores  
Where drowning umbra o'er the stars  
Ebon's graves where lovers whore  
Like seraphim and Nahemah

"Nahemah"

Pluck out mine eyes, hasten, attest  
Blind reason against thee, Enchantress  
For I must know, art thou not death?  
My heart echoes bloodless and incensed....

Doth temptation prowl night in vulvic revelry  
Did not the Queen of Heaven come as Devil to me?  
On that fatal Hallow's Eve when we fled company  
As the music swept around us in the crisp, fated leaves  
UNder horned Diana where her bloodline was sewn  
In a graveyard of Angels rent in cool marbled stone  
I am grieving the loss of life in sombre velvet  
Enrobed in Death's shadow like a swifter  
silhouette....