

Balsamic And Anathema

Cradle of Filth

"No human power can stop the will of heaven from being asserted."

Worming through the mark
Of Ezekiel and Mark
Through the chapters of Honorius
Gilles, as in a trance
Screwed the pages up and danced
Courting something vainly glorious

He walked the gravest night
That decrepit final juncture
Of doom and negativity
Reeking of death
And the gloom of Stygian light

When suddenly, the faintest whisper!
A curtain opened in a painted vista
Moonbeams swept into his dream...
Balsamic and anathema

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Prelati full of stars
Magical, ecstatic stars
That sparkled, no debacle sought to douse
His fiery omnipresence
Hissed at heaven, evanescent
He was there to thwart the burning of his Faust

The gates were prised, the phantom horses
Snorted, restless to be gone
With enchantment's eyes upon the door, he cried-
'Come with me now!'

Gilles balked, the thought of life
Accused and pursued
And overridden by morbidity
Saddened his breath
For those destined for his knife

Then suddenly - the strangest feeling
One that left the angels reeling
Atonement crept into his midst
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Prelati, full of stars
This abductor of his heart
Promised him horizons free of pain
But all the grand designs
Magic sings and midnight wines
In the dream-world couldn't hope to swerve his aim

He would stay and face his slayers
Cardinals and courtroom players
Whilst Prelati must now flee before

The pure and azure dawn...

The gates were wide, the phantom horses
Snorted, restless to be gone
With enchantment's eyes upon the door
Once more he cried
'Come with me now!'

Prelati full of stars
Tried to pull him from the dance
Summoning his Barron to perform
But as the Demon rose
In sweet miracles of prose
And propaganda, came a proper bible storm

Lightning - grinning, froze
On this murder-site of crows
And from the scattered ashes stepped a sylph
The maiden Joan of Arc
Crept more beautiful and dark
A paradise, a cradle free of filth

She was chaste beyond all graces
The face of faith illuminated
More precious than Prelati's spell
A Goddess in a dream...

And trembling in her arm
Her eyes a thousand golden psalms
That glittered as on Christmas night
He wept like Hallowe'en

He held the scene, the poignant gleam
Of peace and great serenity
Close to his heart, her parting kiss
He slept to wake released in bliss