

Benighted Like Usher

Cradle of Filth

Snuffed tapers sighed
As Death left impressing
His crest of cold tears on the Countess

Benighted like ill-fated Usher
The House of Bathory shrouded
'Neath griefs dark facade

If only I could have wept
In mourning by Her side
I would have clasped Her so tight
Like storm-beached Aphrodite
Drowned on Kytherean tides

And Kissed Her
For from Her alone
My lips would have known
Enigmas of shadowy vistas

Where pleasures took flesh
And pain, remorseless
Came freezing the breath
Of raucous life hushed unto whispers

Benighted.

Inhaling the pale waning moonlight that crept
Through the crypt of Her Lord who so lucidly slept

Benighted.

Exhaling the wail of black widowhood's toll
Waxing eternal night entered Her soul