

# Discourse Between a Man and His Soul

Cradle of Filth

I look back on the books of my life I've written so well  
Father I fell  
Farther I fell  
For coveted girls and the sins that follow them  
I have loved and laughed enough for half a battalion of foes  
But nobody knows of my inner demeanour but thee

Nightmares  
Slink in their dark lairs  
Thinking of plots where  
Everything rings with the sting of depravity  
As thou have seen I have not always danced on the edge of the world  
I have oft lost my mind  
In labyrinths, blind  
And broken my bread with the flies

I just don't want to die  
Without thee by my side  
Sated and beautiful  
I will struggle with keys at the gate  
Never a saint, far from decency's grace  
True to my heart  
Bearing off-the-chart latitudes

Father I fell  
Farther I fell  
A reckless Rakehell with misdeeds that still honour me  
I see now that beauty held me mesmerised under a spell  
Father I fell  
Farther I fell  
Down slick mythic wells  
Where emptiness swallowed me

I have lived and gasped enough  
For more than ten thousand shadows  
But nobody knows of my innermost demons but thee

Nightmares  
Slink in their dark lairs  
Eyes are aflame there  
Waiting to sink their despicable teeth into me  
As thou have seen I have not always danced on the edge of the world  
I have succoured and fought  
Like a fucker for naught  
But the right to be left to my dreams

Finally soul I am free  
Joyously thrall'd to recalled memories of yore  
So before I pass I must see thee if only once more  
Oh my beautiful friend  
I will love thee until the end is nigh  
And in time  
I'll find thee in my arms on the vast other side  
Father I fell  
I look back on the books of my life  
I've written so well  
Father I fell

Farther I fell, a reckless Rakehell  
With misdeeds that still honour me  
I see now that beauty held me mesmerised under a spell  
Father I fell  
Farther I fell, down slick mythic wells  
Where emptiness swallowed me