

# Ex Sanguine Draculae

## Cradle of Filth

Rich tapestries of anguish  
Painted lilac by the moon  
Liche motes of dust carouse about  
Their silent, violent scenes of doom

This perilous fort perched on a crag  
In forested mountain gloom  
Flickers with light, the candles drag  
Midnight will be here soon

By their eerie glow  
The windows leer on a vast horizon  
The fallen snow  
Below is lying still  
My soul burns cold  
Wolves advance on the frozen courtyard  
Their yearning fold  
Cry out for blood to spill

I walk these jagged battlements  
That call to foreign shores

Majestic in death  
I grieve no stolen breath  
Just whet eternal appetites  
With the squirming  
Of all life-affirming flesh

Hunger must be fed

Evening has come undressed  
And blessed with her delicacies  
I now confess, I am possessed

The night runs cavalcade  
Fast past this masquerade  
Whispered wings and twisted veins  
Amidst the pain

And the mist it hangs  
With the kiss of dying

Buried in the throats of prey  
Fog-ridden, eyes aflame  
We shun the light of day  
Exalt  
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Not a phantom haunting graves  
I'm a curse supreme  
Imperious to all save for my brides  
Those most beauteous of graces  
Furies, gorgon sisters three  
I feel the weight of ages  
In their unreflective eyes

Siren wiles beguile  
All sin and mystery  
Born sworn selenophiles  
To high tidal, never idle lunacies

Drink deep and we shall see

Our thirst is quenched,  
The furnace yearns  
The dark unfurls its charms  
Midnight ignites, the sight' returns  
The world curls  
In our outstretched palms

Sharply nailed

Beasts obeisant, spells so ancient  
Feast lycanthropy  
These gifts persist where devils kiss  
Where angels fear to dare the bliss  
And love and death clasp tight indeterminably

Murder in these veins seeking sweet gestation  
Peace and sanctity in the passage of evil

Thus by the crack of doom  
The fiery dawn that splits the heavens  
Towards the tomb  
We creep sated and free  
I am the warring Mars  
Allayed by Venus in the velvet cosmos  
The whoring stars  
Stray again this eve for me

I sleep beneath the castle  
Governed by my coven's keep  
Majestic in death  
I grieve no stolen breath  
Just whet eternal appetites  
With the squirming  
Of all life-affirming flesh

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