Her Ghost in the Fog

Cradle of Filth

The moon, she hangs like a cruel portrait Soft winds whisper the bidding of trees As this tragedy starts with a shattered glass heart And the mid-nightmare trampling of dreams

But oh, no tears please Fear and pain may accompany death But it is desire that shepherds its certainty As we shall see

She was divinity's creature that kissed in cold mirrors A queen of snow, far beyond compare Lips attuned to symmetry sought her everywhere Dark liquored eyes, an Arabian nightmare

She shone on watercolors of my pond life as pearl Until those who couldn't have her, cut her free of this world

That fateful eve when the breeze stank of sunset and camphor Their lanterns chased phantoms and threw An inquisitive glance, like the shadows they cast On my love picking rue by the light of the moon

Putting reason to flight or to death is their way They crept through woods mesmerized By the taffeta ley of her hips that held sway Over all they surveyed save a mist on the rise A deadly blessing to hide her ghost in the fog They raped and left, five men of God, her ghost in the fog

Dawn discovered her there beneath the cedar's stare Silk dress torn, her raven hair flown to gown her beauty bared Was starred with frost, I knew her lost I wept 'til tears crept back to prayer

She'd sworn me vows in fragrant blood "Never to part, lest jealous Heaven stole our hearts" Then this I screamed ,"Come back to me For I was born in love with thee So why should fate stand in between?"

And as I drowned her gentle curves With dreams unsaid and final words I espied a gleam trodden to earth The church bell tower key

The village mourned her by goodbye For she'd been a witch, their men had longed to try And I broke under Christ seeking guilty signs My tortured soul on ice

A queen of snow, far beyond compare Lips attuned to symmetry, sought her everywhere Trappistine eyes, an Arabian nightmare She was Ursuline possessed of a milky white skin My porcelain yin, a graceful Angel of sin And so for her the breeze stank of sunset and camphor My lantern chased her phantom and blew Their chapel ablaze and all locked in to a pain Best reserved for judgment that their Bible construed

Putting reason to flight or to flame unashamed, I swept from cries Mesmerized by the taffeta ley of her hips that held sway Over all those at bay, save a mist on the rise A final blessing to hide, her ghost in the fog And I embraced where lovers rot, her ghost in the fog Her ghost in the fog, her ghost in the fog