

# How Many Tears to Nurture a Rose?

Cradle of Filth

Our time together ends  
The sadness is over  
I tried my best to make amends  
But my heart grew cold and black  
I have knelt before your altar  
Read the missives from your psalters  
In many ways, I was bound to falter  
You gave me nothing back

Religious fervour got us no further  
The Goddess silent to the zealots that serve her  
Veneration, masturbation  
Icons of deceit built on fluidic foundations

I'd have offered you the world from an elven spire  
These thoughts shall not prevail  
For in our time, the ships had set sail

Disguise the hurt with wine and fire  
How many tears to nurture a rose?  
How many thorns to tear us both into pieces?

The night, the night grew chill  
And in its arms, I fantasized  
And fell into her darksome eyes

I woke upon the sand  
The madness was over  
I tried my best to understand  
But my mind, bewitched, was gone  
I had crawled within her garden  
Seen the things that would make a soul harden  
Saints and sinners all begging her pardon  
I had hung upon her cross

The taste of bliss turned to venomous piss  
Now the graven angels sing of loss

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Faith bled away from the shore that day  
Nothing but the whispers of the vista at play  
Advanced, answered my  
Lonely prayers, my spent libations  
Thunder coming with a pent frustration  
You could have been my esteemed salvation  
And we'd have had it all  
If you'd only stepped from your pedestal

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How many tears to nurture a rose?

How many thorns to tear us both into pieces?