

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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