Medusa and Hemlock

Cradle of Filth

Dim the lights, wrong the rites Toss the puerile cross away We are gashing from a venomous womb

Burning bright, dead of night

Pyres stain a milky way

Lust is splashing the dark side of the moon

In the Samhain mist
We lay in welcome by the western gate
With the five fold kiss
For every soul returning
From the fecund abyss
Where nature's travesties congregate
With a stone cold wish
To see the wicker man burning

The wind, she whispers
Through the graveyards of our hearts:
Wreathed in dreams
As she weaves her witchcraft
We breathe, enamoured
Of the conquering dark

Medusa and Hemlock

Harvest past, fires cast Ashen shades this Halloween We are set now to Beherit the earth

Widdershins, death begins
To fashion fete to gallow scenes:
Sprits rising to discredit rebirth

In the Samhain mist
We lay in welcome by the western gate
With the five fold kiss
For every soul returning
From the fecund abyss
Where nature's travesties congregate
With a stone cold wish
To see the wicker man burning

The wind, she flitters
Through the forest of our hearts:
Wreathed in leaves
As she weaves her witchcraft
We breathe, enamoured
Of the conquering dark

I will trace the knot of serpents in your hair Plot your face, then ascending marble stares You shall pluck me, masked, from roses-in-despair Tasting my blood That runs from worming tongue like prayer

Under pagan veneer snakes a fear

That makes the stars
Grieve, just to be
Uncharted on this eve
When part of me chars a path
Through your heavenly constellations

Medusa and Hemlock

Back to black, hinges crack
Rituals call obscenities
Sheets of demons rush insanity skies

Tread the salt, the dead exult Preachers beg our clemency Seeking warmth in humanity's eyes

We who kept the candle by the vault

We who kept the candle on the cult