

Necromantic Fantasies

Cradle of Filth

Lovecraft the day
Bend it to Wyrld ways
Life wends, a masquerade
Where nothing is forever
Save the grave
And our desire burning

Look about us now, unbowed
The world is furled in tragedy
And outed from the madding crowd
Hurdles bless our destiny

When the moon is full
And the wolves howl in the forest
Would you take my hand
And lead us both on our dark adventure?
Would we share our dreams
Those necromantic fantasies?
So could we ever be
Apart, when our hearts align like thunder?

Do what thou wilt
Never got their guilt
Death purrs with a sombre lilt
Precious hours
As sylph and Filth
Are built on borrowed time

So let us fly
Twin spirits joined as one inside
As countless devils hone damnation
We shall revel in our own salvation
Before we die
Before high judgement comes crashing nigh
Let's seat our fates together
On the throne of paradise

My soul was caricature, rest assured
It hobbled cold and lame
Then across my defenses of frost
You came, eyes full of flame

So when the stars spill out
And the nights are filled with terror
Will you whisper truth
Right us from their human error?
Would we share our dreams
Those necromantic fantasies?
So could we ever be
Apart, when our hearts align like thunder?

Love conquers all, love conquered me
It put the Magdalen on her knees
So breathe the magic in the air
Tragic tastes sit everywhere
As heavens fix their wrathful eye
On man licking the planet dry

Of leavened tears, lets you and
I just spread our wings...

When the moon is full
And the wolves howl in the forest
Would you take my hand
And lead us both on our final voyage?
Would we share our dreams
Those necromantic fantasies?
Really, could we ever be
Apart, when our hearts lie six feet under?