Sisters of the Mist

Cradle of Filth

Witching hourglasses Bleed the hissing sands of time As this story, gory, a catharsis Leads toward the quite sublime We have such sights to show you

Enslaved from the start She captured my heart I recall our lips trembled a whisper apart And when she died I cried to darkened orders Fell fiends of the abyss (Beware their kiss) Sisters of the mist

Through split lips of torture I scream out her name Clarissa, I miss her Death's fissure remains She hangs in the courtyard Neath a cold, callous moon Her bruised naked carcass Displayed for the boon Of those who desired her Fiery womb If tomorrow we burn Tonight we will seal their doom

Enslaved from the start She captured my heart I recall our lips trembled a whisper apart So when she died I cried in darkened corners Fell fiends of the abyss (Beware their kiss) Sisters of the mist

As guards drunkenly slept, fog crept from dank woods Slithering, slathering, beasts understood That starved, vengeful spirits of similar fates Had answered the prayers I left at their cemetery gates

From the scarred side of midnight Monstrosities came Clarissa, I wished For hellfire to rain These vehement women Lithe Stygian shades Tore through the murk Like a forest of razorblades Fating, castrating Each soul to be taken And freed from my cell On reaching the gallows Enshadowed, I fell

Witching hourglasses

Bleed the hissing sands within As the net of retribution passes Leaving nothing breathing in its skin A waste of good suffering

The coven dispel with the first rites of dawn Sated they fade, now benign I cut down my bride and cry out, forlorn Cradling her body to mine Then for one rent moment A miracle spurred from the pain Death lends her back to my fervent embrace Three final words as she slips to oblivion

Enslaved from the start She captured my heart I recall our lips trembled a whisper apart And when she died I cried on darkened shores Despisal, reprisal for holy fists (Beware their Mephistory) Sisters of the mist Sisters of the mist

Now the sun rises on streets steeped in blood I stagger her corpse to the lake The feared Water Wyrds creature up from the mud To take us to depths far away from the stake

As the cold waves enclose, I shall falter no more Nothing is ghosting me back to the shore And though I have knelt at this altar before Death will unite us, our nights will be glorious Together, victorious And legendary, even in hell