The Death of Love

Cradle of Filth

Her penultimate sighs called softly on the kindling wind Her saintly eyes filling with tears, lifting with truth And then a golden flash like the onset of heaven Leaving her screams breaking my heart And in the grip of fire I knew the death of love

Where will you be when they tense for warfare? What will you see with your innocence there? Where will you be my darling? Where will you be when they tense for warfare?

Where will you be when God is glorifying? There we will be between the dead and dying Where will you be my darling? Where will you be when God is glorifying?

Prophecies and glory forge a massive disdain

For lying passive in the shadows whilst the enemy reigns

Devoted to the votive, holy standard above

By command of the king of heaven came the death of love

Where will you be when they're vilifying? How will they see when the truth is blinding? Where will you be my darling? Where will you be when they're vilifying?

Where will you be when the dark is rising? How will you keep from it's terrorizing? Where will you be my darling? Where will you be when the dark is rising?

Burning was the sunset like the portent of doom On the saintly iron maiden as she fell from her wound

But visions and ambition never listened to submission

And as she was on a mission from the highest above

To Lord upon the slaughter like a sword through hissing water

She arose where archers sought her for the death, the death of love

The righteous death of love The righteous death of love

Gilles adored her drama, her suit of pure white armor Blazed against the English in a torrent of light And as they rallied onto night A cancer fled his soul, dissolving

Framed amid the thick of fire Aflame, a Valkyrie She made him click without desire And in his eyes she swam a Goddess

And even when they caught her breath Her words would leave a scar For only in the grip of darkness Will we shine amidst the brightest stars How will you breathe when their wheels are turning? How will you know if the sky is burning? Where will you be my darling? How will you breathe when their wheels are turning?

Where will you be when Babel builds my fire? Will you not flee and label me pariah? Where will you be my darling? Where will you be when they light my pyre?

Aligned with Joan in all that was enthroned and divine He swore to score the crimes, jackdaws poured on this dove Crimes he knew alone derived from minds of the blind The church unfurled for murder perched upon the death of love

Framed amid the thick of fire Aflame, a Valkyrie She claimed the skies were lit with spires And in his eyes she swam a Goddess

And even when she fought for breath Her words would leave a scar For only in the grip of darkness Will we shine amidst the brightest stars