

The Night at Catafalque Manor

Cradle of Filth

Lighting forked like a bifurcate tongue
Flickers on this wicked little pandemonium
Theatrical the courted orchestra ripples
The tumult of the skies is alive and highly verbal

It plays for mass destruction

Frightening the sight of darksome banners on the wind
Tumulus the cumulus is drub of us begins
A glavanting army of tsunami-like decrees
Trees are edging backwards I am lost to reverie

I was contemplating the fate to undress
Tonight is the night for the hands of doom to caress

This eve is enwreathed with sensation

My carriage appears like a fright through the storm
A bell from a distante church tolling forlorn
Thrash our a tortuous path until dawn

Oh, the viciousness of this parade
The heavens has lit so exquisite a stage

I sense the stars up in arms
Their mercurial charms
Incensed by the liveried curtain

And hence my journey pockmarked
By the Stygian dark
Is intense and delivered uncertain

This eve is in league with clation

As a gatehouse awaits in a shadowy ice
The foul tempest howls and then suddenly
Falls as silent as skulls set in lost ossuaries

Passed under the shrouded arches
The moon spills twixt clouded branches
Fixed aslant the hill

To the foot of the catafalque manor
Silvered thus, it extends a glamour
Like Cinderella bared to dare enamor
My inner gothic thrilled

Exotic guests, coalesced embark
(Espied through windows on the park)
To arrest my villainous heart
For it is amiss yet yearning still...

I pervade the ball
And glide amidst rich animals
So beautiful their prideful litters
Underneath chandeliers that glitters

Sanguine delights
In bright Victoriana
A nirvana life bedights

In light of this I commend the
Host for his regalities
A toast I thus engender

But now in a forest of glasses raised
And gazes held
I spy a face whose spell
One would race through blazing hell for

I must confess
I came here for the game
For the scent of death
But never did I foresee heaven torn asunder
By a seraph who would steal its thunder

My ardor awakend is taken by force
I ask for a dance a chance for discourse
She bats me a glance and love strikes like a scorpions...

We play for mass corruption

She waits contemplating her fate to address
Tonight is the night for the hands of doom to caress

This eve is besieged by temptations

The flames in her eyes catch this mud butterflies
They burst into blossoms well-versed to imply
This girl, non pareil is a nymph in disguise

Oh the viciousness of this parade
The heavens have lit so exquisite a stage

We pass through the throng
Heedless and headlong
Possessed by the gathering maelstrom

By her talents impressed
And the swell of her breast
Obsessed I am halfway to hell gone

This eve is enwreathed in sensation

As the tempest renews in the turbulent heights
We fake our excuses soon to take flight
Forever to wake and remember this night

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