

# The Nun With The Astrail Habit

Cradle of Filth

The world was her cloister, the abbess Duboir  
In the convent at All Hallows fair  
A pearl in an oyster she shone like a star  
Augmenting her sisterhoods prayers  
Her singing touched Angels and melted their hearts  
her choirs inspired the search  
For the lost holy grail, the Benedict arts  
And the best of the Catholic Church

But if one thing  
One precious little thing  
Would darken this facade  
There would be such consequences

Like the night Sister Victoria  
Stepped in from the freezing cold  
No candles would light at Evening Mass

The days passed by without a sigh  
But dusk came thick with dread  
Intangible, the air was full

Of wanderlust and approaching bloodshed

In truth, the Abbess with her pious whims  
Enjoyed the new girl's pain  
Proof to the rest that the briars of sin  
Entangled all the world in Satan's name

Victoria Varco, once heiress  
To a proud noble estate  
Fell pregnant by her recklessness  
Who then fell foul to a violent fate  
Such was her time in expedient times  
And the shame of besmirching her name  
Her child was burnt, she was dragged to these walls  
For a life in obedient chains

But not one thing  
One precious little thing  
Would darken this facade

Like the night Sister Victoria  
Woke screaming in her room  
She spent a week spiralling from heaven

And as the seasons wheezed and pained  
Her dream grew more perverse  
For no good reasons she would not find  
An alluring woman naked save for jewels and verse

When here eyelids close, on a moonlit shore  
This intoxicating beauty would appear  
The sweetest symphony composed  
Those abating lips rose  
The whisper dirty secrets in her ear

Clandestine secrets

A dream within a dream  
She finds herself this nymph  
Abreast a desert dune  
And below the crescent moon  
Atop a darksome stranger

Ah, the spurting of his seed inside here  
Triggers paradise  
She rides the beast until the heavens trembled

Forcing eclipse, her lover licks her blood  
That drips upon the sand  
And almost out of hand  
Coarse plots assemble

For somewhere in the convent walls  
A templar treasure rests  
Forgotten to the vestibules  
Like pleasures of the flesh

So, in return for nightly runs  
Past tongues and wisdom's hiss  
She promised to assist the hunt  
for an ancient golden chain amiss