

# The Promise of Fever

Cradle of Filth

In the beginning  
Rimmed with wind and storm  
A great black wrath of infinite math  
Spat snarling into form  
And there was Heaven  
Lit up with precious stones  
Each one could fall but for the rule  
Of Faith and love and stronger thrones

And therein rose vast wonders  
Affections to be seen  
Fathered from the plundered  
Reflections of a dream

Fogging into nightname  
For Him whose place was set  
With wayward stars that absent, marred  
All creation with their theft

In the beginning  
Bewinged and ringed with dawn  
This favoured Avatar, enthralled  
Swansongs from those that thronged this shore  
With Gabriel and Michael  
He shone with fierce intent  
For loyalty, their joy to see  
Him spur the hymns to heaven (sent)

From sculptured lips of seraphim  
Whom Fate then cruelly rent  
(With sleight fingered strains of harmony)  
Each note to grim portent

As grinning nimbus gathered  
Over spires arabesque  
For Him that blazed with holy praise  
That for a jealous God was meant

Shining Feriluce  
Lustrous scourge of fallen spirits  
Basked in glory, flew  
To lakes in sacred altitudes

Sweet haunting music swathed the breeze  
With curling tongues that lapped His lead  
As through thick mountain mist  
He wandered cursed (with thoughts adrift)  
Until at last, past grasping trees  
He paused to draught forbidden streams  
That whispered siren promises  
To drown His thirst (for sports amiss)

These waters held secrets  
Like raped Russian dolls  
Wherein evil and good  
Tore His soul for control

And drunk with the verse of desire's first words  
The weight of the universe  
Slunk in the rehearsed

Horror in numbers too great to discern  
The rotting of worlds to the conqueror worm  
And love a rare orchid so fragile in bloom  
Espied gasping breath under dark sheeted moons

Shining Feriluce  
Reflected in a jaded mirror  
Climbing from the noose  
Of time in divine servitude

And thus a strange new melody  
Of will and wanton fantasies  
Whetted by the veiled, seen  
Danced from His ashen lips  
In red dawn scores, the silver scream  
Of truth and Her deleted scenes  
Was taken up as far, it seemed  
As god His words eclipsed

(Those waters hid visions  
Like butchers in war  
Perverting the course  
Of life's blood evermore....)  
In the beginning  
Skinned well with gibbous tones  
Of countenance and ignorance  
In equal measures sewn  
A marbled arc of Angels  
Sworn to the morningstar  
Shared His pride and deep inside  
Felt chill shadows sweep their cards