

# White Hellebore

Cradle of Filth

Plucked from the grave on a moonless midnight  
Sucking on staves, she was noted for fight  
Intoxicated, I fell in love  
With this curse and a cure for my rabid dementia

Let thy light white hellebore  
Share thy phosphorous resolve  
Thriving in the dark like a rife fantasy  
Writhing in the ardour of this toxicity

Whet my soul white hellebore  
Let our coming nights involve  
Misting up the panes with thy gift to me  
This twist of witchcraft with insanity petition

White hellebore

White hellebore

Snatched from the womb, pathogenic of face  
Whereon innocence is petalled like a star in disgrace  
Fatal perfection, I fell for thee  
Poisoned by a beauty that exceeded exultation

I crave thy light white hellebore  
Spare thy phosphorous resolve  
A hallucinogen running loose again  
A sliver of magic in this batshit winter

Whet my soul white hellebore  
Let our coming nights involve  
Burning with lust in the seasonal bend  
To returning dusk and the ruts of springtime

Her bite is suffered more keenly for  
Lying concealed in a field of winter roses  
Who could ever have known the score?  
The bitter neath the sweet  
The bittersweet necrosis

The deep erotic wounds she bore

Empire downer  
Madness drowner  
A seasoned crown  
The reason blackened nights surround her

I crave thy light, white hellebore  
Thy phosphorous resolve  
I fucking well miss this paralysis  
The stopping of my heart with the slightest whisper

Whet my soul white hellebore  
Let our coming nights absolve  
A feverous kiss neither of us wish  
To end unfed, but mend upsets  
And send regret to the mendless nevermore

White hellebore

The Sabat calls  
On lofted horns from ancient groves  
That blossom full  
Since frosted morns fell comatose

White Hellebore  
White Hellebore

And I too will lovelorn, die  
At the foot of the world she brings to life