

Amor e Morte

Cradle of Filth

Her bouquets are wilted
Too long has she slept
Their cruel red mouths darkened
To bowed silhouettes
I saw in a new moon
With her scent on my breath
But then all to soon
Came the hunger for flesh I held her in eyes like necropoli
Laying her on a tomb with a view
Lighting her from her feet
To the stars in her hair
Drove sweet blood to her throat
And my lips parted there
In the tone of splintered bone She screams benighted
My limbs ignite
A carnal carnivore
On all fours to go An ebon Nemesis
From torture gardens of Dis
Having never breathed an Eve
As far narcotic as this
Two spellbound hellhounds
Hearts pounding loud
Racing Heaven out of focus
Under quicksilver clouds God is maimed come let us prey
To lunar deities that pave deadways
Twixt the living and the grave
Amor E Morte
To cast our feral shadows there
We made love bleed on a deathbed shared
Where, begging me to feed
To best be were I licked her wounds and ate her rare Argentinum-spurred
Her wanton words incurred
A sin-ridden tongue
To open trading in fur
Never were those gates of pearl
So rubbed to their cusp
Never were the Worlds above
So bitten with the bestial Seraphim fell like guillotines Giving gracious head
Instead of harking prophecies
And how our brothers sang
Amor E Morte
Theirs was a chorus for raucous souls

Shifting shape and lifting napes
 To commemorate
 Erotic stains
 Amor E Morte Unfasten thy masque
 Come skylad to my arms
 Leave thy gown a dark pool at thy feet
 I yearn musky valleys that no man hath seen
 The chill keen of stars
 Over yew and deep wooded ravines
 A hidden meridian
 Where Midian may be In black antlered glades
 Encunted in this forest Goddess
 She whispers my name
 I buck under flames
 Animal nitrates
 Howling through my veins I ride riptides that wrest and writhe to the fore
 New lusts eclipsing lips
 That brought me to this verge of War
 With inner beasts unleashed
 To feast, fuck and run
 Rampart in chase of she wolf pacts
 Forged on heat with setting suns I love the night
 It would murder my soul
 Should I ever fall blind
 For though thy flesh haunts
 I keep also in mind
 The stampede of clouds
 From dusk's predatory sky Purple-versed like the funeral hearse
 That first turned thee over to my
 Unbridled kiss when I found thee in mist
 Dressed for the sepulchre
 My Demon bride God is maimed come let us prey To Lunar Deities that pave deadways
 Twixt the living and the grave
 Amor E Morte
 Ours was a chorus for raucous souls
 Shifting shape and lifting nape
 To commemorate
 Erotic stains Amor E Morte
 Amor E Morte
 More... More... More
 More... More... More
 Amor... Amor
 Amor E Morte
 Amor (Amor)
 Amor (Amor)
 Amor E Morte

