

Sisters of the Mist

Cradle of Filth

Witching hourglasses
Bleed the hissing sands of time
As this story, gory, a catharsis
Leads toward the quite sublime
We have such sights to show you

Enslaved from the start
She captured my heart
I recall our lips trembled a whisper apart
And when she died
I cried to darkened orders
Fell fiends of the abyss
(Beware their kiss)
Sisters of the mist

Through split lips of torture
I scream out her name
Clarissa, I miss her
Death's fissure remains
She hangs in the courtyard
Neath a cold, callous moon
Her bruised naked carcass
Displayed for the boon
Of those who desired her
Fiery womb
If tomorrow we burn
Tonight we will seal their doom

Enslaved from the start
She captured my heart
I recall our lips trembled a whisper apart
So when she died
I cried in darkened corners
Fell fiends of the abyss
(Beware their kiss)
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As guards drunkenly slept, fog crept from dank woods
Slithering, slathering, beasts understood
That starved, vengeful spirits of similar fates
Had answered the prayers I left at their cemetery gates

From the scarred side of midnight
Monstrosities came
Clarissa, I wished
For hellfire to rain
These vehement women
Lithe Stygian shades
Tore through the murk
Like a forest of razorblades
Fating, castrating
Each soul to be taken
And freed from my cell
On reaching the gallows
Enshadowed, I fell

Witching hourglasses

Bleed the hissing sands within
As the net of retribution passes
Leaving nothing breathing in its skin
A waste of good suffering

The coven dispel with the first rites of dawn
Sated they fade, now benign
I cut down my bride and cry out, forlorn
Cradling her body to mine
Then for one rent moment
A miracle spurred from the pain
Death lends her back to my fervent embrace
Three final words as she slips to oblivion

Enslaved from the start
She captured my heart
I recall our lips trembled a whisper apart
And when she died
I cried on darkened shores
Despise, reprisal for holy fists
(Beware their Mephistory)
Sisters of the mist
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Now the sun rises on streets steeped in blood
I stagger her corpse to the lake
The feared Water Wyrds creature up from the mud
To take us to depths far away from the stake

As the cold waves enclose, I shall falter no more
Nothing is ghosting me back to the shore
And though I have knelt at this altar before
Death will unite us, our nights will be glorious
Together, victorious
And legendary, even in hell