

## Saffron's curse - 1/2

**Interprété par Cradle Of Filth.**

Through arcades where shimmering snowfall  
Lay in state with the sad and damned  
A rent lament barely flung above a whisper  
Drew Me like a ghost to the haunts of Man

I Found Her tempting fate between Her wrist and razor  
A kindred spirit in a graveyard  
Beneath the stature of a colder saviour  
Mist hung like thieves wreathed in scant arabesques  
And through the chill earth it bedwed Her drawling breast  
Like a come dream true under etched glass spent  
Making love to the beautiful dead

She has sinned and severed Heaven  
And in it's vulgar sight  
Two figures writhe, but one silhouette  
Extends it's fingers to the light

"Gothic towers tottered on Her heels  
As She fled asylum grounds  
Committing hard crimes to soft cells  
Where now another's screams resound"

From the gaspings in Her passing  
Six feet under or beneath frayed gown  
When Her hands pointed to midnight  
In a white stained chamber bound

I Swept Her from the abyss of another dementia  
Freeing Her soul from the fetters of fate  
To take the reins of pleasure  
Now nightwane mirrors freeze in seizure  
At the glimpse of charmed pins in Her thighs  
Ballrooms filled with black cats scratch  
Out of spite and playful eyes

Pricked as a Witch Her stitches itch  
For familiar lips to lick them dry  
Whilst the dark regrasps, for if She asks  
The Sun forsakes the rite to rise  
And is the first to discern, that this Angel's return  
Is a vengefull call on grace  
For even martyrdom backs from it's suicide pacts  
A leap of twisted fate betrayed...

The scars will last until the stars  
Caught in Her train bewitched

## Saffron's curse - 2/2

Fall into line and yeild the sign  
That Dawn in born to their eclipse

For Our In humankind  
Comes an underdog day Sunrise  
Rippling with fire llike femaledition

Iplintered Her coffin and lay on the floor  
Of a vault with Her clasped as the moon hugs the shore  
What treachery this that She breathed no more?  
Christ you bastard!

I wished Her back but the dead adored Her  
Even wild winds sang in chora for Her  
Saffron from my heart, from the start I swore  
We'd be together more...

Creation froze with the triumph of Death  
But still She stirred and awoke bereft  
Of concern save for the aeons left  
To lead the darkness...

She schemes of growing power and the lengths sucked hard to get it  
I dream of being God but ever living to regret it  
Our fecund nature decrees that Jesus wept come for  
The Devil on Her knees

To grant Her lows a remedy  
And mine desire's wish  
To taste thereof of Heaven's scent  
As sick and twisted as it is  
For Her corset laced with arsenic  
Hides snake curves within Her midst  
Whilst Her halo of white lies supplies  
Her temple to what God forbids.