

Malice through the looking glass - 1/1

Interprété par Cradle Of Filth.

Take away the wine
For restlessness plagues me....
I am assailed by a spectre profounder
Than hatred and grief or the sum of their hideous crime

I shalt suffer this confessional mime

Awaiting the sun to set, crimsoning seas
Only once it is dark doth my misery cease

She died to a sky dressed in flame
Eyes full of curses for her killers by choice
Who fell to their god o'er her vision and voice

"I am as dusk come to ravish the light"
Steal me from their stares and mute christ into night
"I will answer thy prayers"
If thou Wouldst drink of my life....