

## Nocturnal supremacy - 1/2

Interprété par Cradle Of Filth.

Weak midnight promises of love  
Were wept upon Her grave  
And shunned by stars above  
In mortal life lurks my dismay  
An Angel stole my heart  
and Death took Her away

She sleeps beyond the grace of god  
A dreaming beauty  
If wishes could only fray that bond  
The dead would sing for me...

Twelfth moon arose with ghostly voice  
A poet's serenade  
Her name a whisper 'pon my lips  
And lo, Rorasa came

Fear me not my grieving King  
Funereal in breath  
The secrets of the dark I know  
And thus, we shall cheat Death"

My promises wrought though despondence that night  
Have delivered me gifts from the grave  
Rorasa enshadowed and eternal life  
Never a Devil so vain  
The Angel is fallen, for I thought her lost  
And no heaven would silence the pain  
Teach me these secrets, the sensual frost  
Desire for warm blood again

Princess lay down thy florid cheek  
In drunken splendour  
Tonight rare regal fate has cast  
The wolves among the sheep

Dark nature clasp my soul  
Around Her throat mine arms enfold  
To sleep, perchance to dream  
And then...  
To dusk and flesh ascend

The Sun descends, magenta spirits fill the skies  
and wreak erotic maladies where sex and Death abide  
From writhing tides where gothick siren weave their song to shore  
Through the ashes of the battlefields where ravens and angels war  
As phantoms we have fled the basilisk of day

## Nocturnal supremacy - 2/2

To rise as phoenix taloned, nightly taking prey

We rule like the red and risen moon upon the sea  
The stars of judgement silent, for we share joyous  
Eternity  
Damnation  
Salvation  
Stigmata plague

The wine of Bacchus flows  
Listen to the thunder rage

Deceivers dragged before their cross  
I am He that vanquished Death  
And bore the sting of loss  
What vulgar christ will unprise my grasp?  
His temple, ruined, burns  
And sweet Rorasa laughs

I am enamoured and imparadised  
To catch the fires dancing profanely in her eyes  
"I will crush them all  
If this holds thy delight"  
Rather dead forever than to lose her  
Nymph-lascivious Aphrodite