

Cradle of Filth, Dirge Inferno

Carrion my name
For those who choose to mouth the curse
A tragic serenade
With Judas in my stride
The gothic halls of shame
Where statues coldly hold no worse
Than the murders I reclaim
From a dark, forsaken time

Kissing heaven, spent
He wipes lips free of his hectic discharge
Wishing to repent
For the brute that ravaged free
In slight hands beauty weeps
Conquest's deep methodical screwing
Hurt repeatedly
Like the world wound at his feet

Dirge Inferno

As it is written, damn it
So let it be wrung
From throats of those in overthrow
The past at last has come

A savage bite without respite
Pervades the freezing air
This winter chill, grist for his mill
If tears of joy will blear elsewhere
And church bells drown in the cracks of doom
The storms above us hew
As lightning runs like bifurcate tongues
Deflowering two by two

Hissing, malcontent
He storms the skies on electric discharge
Pissing in contempt
On the effigies of the weak
Killing all resolve
The great beast simmers, his scarlet women
Spit their vitriol
On the terrified face of peace

Dirge Inferno

As it is written, damn it
So let it be wrung
From throats of those in overthrow
Our past at last has come

A hellbound heart, the rose and thorn
Have locked to hasten blood
The moon disrobes, to harden droves
Of legions pouring
These rivers press, his breath adorns
Senates and enemy seats
Whilst his power takes as ingratitude
The writhing of the weak

Wormwood my name
The poisoned star that fell to earth
And blistered free of shame
In the pits of self-rebirth
Now those caves become a garret

Overseeing endless barracks
As the waters turn to claret
And the Vatican satins burn