

Cradle of Filth, Imperium Tenebrarum

Swords in hand at the bloody fields of history
We rend our blades through dogma and humility
Carve the future according to our will
Set worlds ablaze with our seething fire
Let you all acknowledge that we are here
As masters to rule this failing humanity
Our beings formed in rage and defiance
With strength to trample the weak and the foolish
And so we march with burning brands
Temples of flame on our path to glory