

# Cradle of Filth, Mother Of Abominations

Mother of abominations  
Our Lady Overkill  
Smothering the congregation  
Grips the cosmic wheel  
A lover of acceleration  
No mercy or brakes applied  
I see dead stars collide  
In her cold unflinching powerslide

Comets tear the skies  
Gushing from a shattered silence  
Never so alive  
Like the rush of cum on nymphetamines  
Minds desanitized  
Nightchords rung on a ladder of violence  
Darkness fantasised  
Sleek and polished black

Instrumental in stripping Gods  
To neuter and mute their staves  
Thereafter  
Her laughter  
Shalt sound aloft their future graves

Heavens above  
Fear the Gorgon eyes of a new moon rising  
Except no love  
When she enters your golden halls  
Millennial the whore  
Riding wide astride the horns of madness  
Clarions forth the war  
Spilling the wine of her fornication  
Perrenial the gore  
Filling the lines between split nations  
Seeping under doors  
In time tides force a wider crack

Mother of abominations  
Our Lady Overkill  
Smothering the congregation  
Licks the royal milk

The scourge hangs at her girdle  
Death slathers near her heel  
Seeking blood to curdle  
When the gathered clouds reveal  
Her roared abortive labour  
Thighs slick with molten steel  
Dripping into sabres  
For Vulcan spawn to wield

Instrumental in stripping Gods  
To neuter and lash her slaves  
Thereafter  
Her laughter  
Shalt sound aloft the crashing waves

Heveans above  
Fear the gorgon eyes of a new caste rising  
Expect no love  
When they enter your golden halls  
On sanguine floods  
Hear the foregone cries of the last surviving  
Skewered like doves

Outside the wailing walls  
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