

# Cradle of Filth, Of Dark Blood And Fucking

Sister midnight comes blaspheming  
Screaming in the keys of faith and fear  
Unentwining our spines twists me to kneeling...  
Spilling like the moonlight on her glistening rear

Defiled at heart  
In this perfect hell  
Under red leaves bleeding  
Over scaled chateau we fell  
To demonocracy  
Where neither Adam or Eve  
Conceived of such iniquities  
From pleasure or pain  
Or the razor's edge inbetween  
Thou art my seventh heaven burning  
Going down as with the sun...

Within like a river fluids moves a torrent  
Bound to please  
On denierred knees  
In any wicked way  
That her whims may warrant

I hang on every verb  
Every dirty word  
Interred  
In her pornoglossa...

Christlike, whipped and weak  
Painted nails driven through the meek  
Yet in obituary  
My dreams still weep  
Of dark blood and f\*\*king thee

Thou art seventh heaven burning  
Going down as with the day  
Baring lunar curvature  
Like canvas for a lick of pain

Writhing like a viper  
Deep inside her Eden  
Forbidden to eat  
I kiss leylines to her feet  
Then baiting wrath  
I steal a path  
Back to the fruits of her womb

Back to the crack of her tomb...

Her roseate sliver  
Quivers with snuff appeal  
The torque of her hips  
Lip-sync me in for the kill  
Tongue-tied, tightrope and spread like disease  
I drain the cup of this Miss Sire  
Her water into wine for me

Thou art my seventh angel squirming  
'Neath the forked tongue of the beast  
Arching toward the fabled  
Like a sculptured nymph seeking base relief...

Whilst the world outside  
(A wood of suicide)

Would die for this release  
Our slow orgasmic fuses greet...

By night and by candle  
At each other's throat  
In a slick drift of red  
Setting god's teeth on edge  
We were as wolves preying inside the fold  
Of a slaughtered lamb throw  
On a four poster bed...

Succulent, Succubus

Laid without rest  
In the dead of the night  
Succulent, Succubus

In thy arms  
And thy wetness  
On glossed lips I taste  
Conspiracies, secrecies, sorceries laced  
With thick unguent rum  
Black-rayed suns and Autumn  
Always in season for our nightfall from grace

Gorge upon my seed  
Starved Persephone  
Succulent, Succubus  
Succour me.  
That I might keep  
Thee with me in Hades  
Succulent, Succubus  
Succour me