

# Cradle of Filth, Rise Of The Pentagram

One dark afternoon  
Like a shadow I flew  
Through the rain that fell sick with lament

To this house of incest  
For when we undressed  
Blasphemies against Venus were rent

Though her sister removed  
Her white body approved  
The barade of my heavenly quests

Yet, all tongues are not true  
Some are forked or askew  
Like an uncivil serpents at best

For ousted from Eden  
I fausted all reason  
Hook in mouth like Saint Peter Pan

To horned fairy groves  
And hot virgin coves  
Where in the promiscuous swam

I elected lovers and rejected others  
Mathistrises that dont give a damn

But for those that still do  
My deep interest grew  
The rise of the true pentagram!