

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!