

# Cradle of Filth, Sweetest Maleficia

[Gilles de Rais:]

"I conjure you  
Barron, Satan, Beelzebub  
By the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit  
By the Virgin Mary and all the saints  
To appear, in person  
So that you may speak to us  
And fulfill our desires

Come at my bidding  
And I will grant you  
Whatever you want, however vile  
And the containing of my life"

He would rise triumphant  
All done up  
On a plume of craven wings  
Trafficking with sycophants  
Sharing his cup  
Amidst other graver things

Alchemists and sorcerers stitched his head  
With the stench of pitch and myrrh

The devout faded out but the pagan remained  
The candles burnt low and still nothing came  
Bearing golden secrets from a cold malevolent race

He would have his demon  
He would have his vice  
All save his soul was up for sacrifice  
Despite their raising not a single hair  
Everything stank of witchcraft there

From the stained chapel to the statued lawn  
In Caprineum on the lake  
To the still lit crypts and the slit of dawn  
Sliding down the towers, it all smelt fake

He needed answers not advice  
Intending to devise  
A lengthy train of torture for the fool  
Who thought a seance would suffice  
Or sighted, furred in dragonflies  
The signature of Satan on a wall

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Alchemists and sorcerers stitched his head  
With the stench of pitch and myrrh

Planchette to Blanchet, from ghosts to a priest  
Returning with a spider for the poisonous feast  
The Italian astrologer Prelati, spinning sin

His fingertips were scented with  
The tears from seraphim cheeks  
Part glamour and a hammer  
Cadaverous and glib  
Commanding in a voice of frozen peaks

He would have his demon  
He would have his gold  
Out of control Gilles' soul was sold

Under mistletoe and the glistening snow  
Kissing in the shadow of abandoned saviors

[Gilles:]  
"So I shall conjure thee  
Demons of the netherworld"

The air was sick with trepidation  
Despair and desperation  
Then he fixed his covenant in blood  
Now all was rich and tapestried  
Fragrant wine to shitty mead  
His new world opened with a claret flood

Time was right, this wretched night  
To etch the circles clear again...

As a labyrinth of razors led a blind man to the stars  
So too Prelati brought the dark  
It's name was Barron, eyes like catastrophic tar  
Imbibed with fire  
They fed him shredded infants on an altar full of scars

Entangled in a dream  
The mirrors full of steam  
He scarce could see Joan's face reflecting through

His last attempt to grasp at God  
Lay blackened in a holy fog  
And now there were only devils to pursue

Gilles was wrapped in a velvet spell  
Of Hell and her seductions

The assassinated days as a Caesar gone by  
Barron, spitting acid, as his magical guide  
Lit demonic pyres where once dying embers writhed

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