

# Cradle of Filth, Tragic Kingdom

Here sat Babylon  
Fattened by the purses of the worst and wrong  
Where the decadent tastes of Hell grew strong  
Like a curse upon  
This tragic kingdom

Dusk descended like a final curtain  
On this stage only death was certain  
Singing through the turrets  
Like a velvet serenade

Played near a grave

Sentries and gentry, afforded the bloom  
Of a red setting sun and a bloodletting moon  
Applauded, then accorded them  
Portents of doom

Almost too soon...

They pissed upon the winds  
That rocked the cradles  
Laughing over those hovels grovelling to wolves  
They kissed and sinned  
Under overstocked tables  
As the world outside grew sodden and mauled

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Gilles sat sipping absinthe  
From a goblet made of bone  
As lightning ripped and danced upon  
The flagstones  
Wayward fantasies marched on home

Now the treetops bowed to whisper  
In a thin Disney veneer  
They knew the howls so exquisitely honed  
Were those of children, disappeared

They'd listened to the winds  
Heard the murdered Abel  
Re-christened in the stone jaws of Tiffauges

Where the list of sins  
Grew beyond a fable  
They now roared abroad, restless with debauch

Restless with debauch

Restless with debauch  
This tragic kingdom  
Would see God's angels walk  
Away...

Satanic, enigmatic  
His black magic was ecstatic  
Megalomaniac in titanic displays  
Dressed in the best  
Wicked britches of the West

He cut a mourning figure in glorious swathe

But all his nightmares would come true  
Drowning in a stream of conscious pleasure

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The moon bleared through the skeletal trees  
Averting her face from congenital deeds

Thus eyes grew murky, haunted, grieved  
About this place laced with demon seed

Blanchet, a priest, his book of lies  
Exonerated him from Gilles' crimes  
Announced his fears, one night of sighs  
A night for cursing nursery rhymes  
In the light of the fire wrestling feckless shadows

The tracks get blacker for this tragical kingdom

Gilles' frightening wealth, his tightening grip  
On the weak and the rubies that his coffer let slip  
Steered to near ruin in successive years  
Of the most of excess and the best of it here  
In the light of the fire wrestling reckless shadows