

Seraphim Shock, Cradle

Frantic bride bleeding
The sea hypnotized
A world void of meaning
An empire's lie
Look in my eyes
Tell me what do you see
My dear twisted mortal
Come make me believe

Hide behind doctrines
And guild ridden saints
Legacy horrors and ministry slaves
Tell me how long
Will we feed this disease
As doom visioned cloth plots
The end to our dream

Accept, ye are gods
All ye angels of light
The Christ that you seek
Has betrayed
The answers you hold
For they rot deep inside
Only the mirror will save

A cradle of filth
And its puppet strings
I will have none