

# Cradle of Filth, Babalon A.D. (So Glad For The M

I bled on a pivotal stretch  
Like a clockwork Christ  
Bears sore stigmata, bored

And as I threw Job, I drove  
Myself to a martyred wretch  
To see if I drew pity  
Or pretty litanies from the Lord

So the plot sickened  
With the coming of days  
Ill millennia thickened  
With the claret I sprayed  
And though they saw red  
I left a dirty white stain  
A splintered know in the grain  
On Eden's marital aid

So glad for the madness

I walked the walls naked to the moon  
In Sodom and Babylon  
And through rich whores and corridors  
Of the Vatican  
I led a sordid Borgia on

I read the Urilia text  
So that mortals wormed  
As livebait for the dead

And as I broke hope, I choked  
Another pope with manna peel  
Dictating to DeSade  
In the dark entrails of the Bastille  
And as he wrote, I smote  
A royal blow to the heads of France  
And in the sheen of guillotines  
I saw others, fallen, dance

I was an incurable  
Necromantic old fool  
A phagadaena that crawled  
Drooling over the past  
A rabid wolf in shawl  
A razor's edge to the rule  
That the stars overall  
Were never destined to last

So glad for the madness

I furnaced dreams, a poet, for of sleep  
Turning sermons with the smell  
On Witchfinder fingers  
Where bad memories lingered  
Burning, as when Dante  
Was freed to map Hell

I sired schemes and the means  
To catch sight of the seams  
And the vagaries inbetween...

And midst the lips and the curls  
Of this cunt of a world  
In glimpses I would see

A nymph with eyes for me

Eyes of fire that set all life aflame  
Lights that surpassed art  
In sight, that no intense device of pain  
Could prise their secrets from my heart

I knew not her name  
Though her kiss was the same  
Without a whisper of shame  
As either Virtue or Sin's  
And pressed to Her curve  
I felt my destiny swerve  
From damnation reserved  
To a permanent grin...

So glad for the madness