

# Cradle of Filth, Coffin Fodder

The time has come  
To rise again  
Freedom lift thy sewerer hem  
Free from beasts and skewered men

My dreams unroll  
Ten thousand fold  
Their world will never take me  
They will never desecrate my soul

The stars I have grasped  
Are so far lonely constellations  
And wishing on those stars  
My spirit bars annihilation

From earthen miseries  
Hosts of most fell forms of greed  
Ghosts of pearly gate remissions

Forever haunting me  
Slit the witch and watch him bleed  
As with any inquisition

Lying from the start  
The preachers piled their craft  
Scoffing elder glories  
And dying, I depart  
To make their sunken hearts  
A coffin for their stories

The time is past  
The falter when  
Freedom slips my sombre pen  
And the gates to wolves break open then

My feelings may  
Seem constant prey  
But claws no more will rake me  
Those whores have fled to darker days

Above and beyond  
I have wronged in my position  
But now the winds are strong  
To soar from Babel's vision

Of cutthroat jealousies  
Dock to dock these mongrels breed  
Dogs of fogged derision

Pacing, soon to be  
Back to pack mentality  
When my killing moon is risen

Trying from the start  
These creatures of the dark  
Were quaffing morning glories  
And dying, I depart  
To make their drunken hearts  
A coffin for their stories

Innovation in ovation  
Imagination stirs

Somewhere the dusk is lining

Red the shore of a roaring sea  
And though loved there is someone pining  
For the waves of blood to run and rescue me:

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