

# Cradle of Filth, From The Cradle To The Enslave

Two thousand fattened years like maniacs  
Have despoiled our common grave  
Now what necrophagous Second Coming backs  
From the cradle to enslave?

Sickle constellations  
Stud the belts that welt the sky  
Whilst the bitter winter moon  
Prowls the cloud, dead-eyed  
Like shifting parent flesh  
Under silk matricide...

Watchful as she was upon Eden  
Where every rose arbour and orchard she swept  
Hid the hissing of a serpent Libido  
In an ancient tryst with catastrophe  
Soon the be kept

Hear that hissing now on the breeze  
As through the plundered groves of the carnal garden  
A fresh horror blows but ten billion souls  
Are blind to see the rotting wood for the trees

This is the theme to a better Armageddon  
Nightchords rake the heavens  
PAN DAEMON AEAON

And what use are prayers to that god?  
As devils bay consensus for the space to piss  
On your smouldering faith  
And the mouldering face  
Of this world long a paradise lost

This is the end of everything  
Hear the growing chora that a new dawn shall bring

Dance macabre 'neath the tilt of the zodiac  
Now brighter stars shall reflect on our fate  
What sick nativities will be freed when those lights burn black?  
The darkside of the mirror always threw our malice back...

I see the serpentine in your eyes  
The nature of the beast as revelations arrive

Our screams shall trail to Angels  
For those damned in flames repay  
All sinners lose their lot on Judgement Day  
We should have cut our looses as at Calvary  
But our hearts like heavy crosses held the vain belief  
Salvation, like a promised nation  
Gleamed a claim away...

This is the end of everything you have ever known  
Buried like vanquished reason  
Death is season  
Drive like the drifting snow  
Peace, a fragile lover, left us fantasising war  
On our knees or another f\*\*ker's shore  
Heiling new flesh  
Read, then roared  
To a crooked cross and a Holy Cause  
What else be whipped to frenzy for?

This is the end of everything

Rear the tragedies  
That the Seraphim shall sing

Old adversaries  
Next to Eve  
Now they're clawing back  
I smell their cumming  
As through webbed panes of meat  
Led by hoary Death  
They never left  
Dreaming sodomies  
To impress on human failure  
When we've bled upon our knees

Tablatures of gravel law  
Shall see Gehennah paved  
When empires fall  
And nightmares crawl  
From the cradle to enslave....

This is the end of everything