

Cradle of Filth, Hammer of the Witches

Breastfed red dementias
Familiar with their suckled hostess
Unhinge her bridle scold
A quest for misadventure
Wrests her glare of buckled gnosis
From bloodstained floor to holy centrefold

Death is tensing to explode

Inquisitioners sought her
Scenting the bent in her veins
Stripped and readied for torture
Enslaved to shame

The fist of humanity taught her
Scissors and spiked tourniquet
Dionysian daughter
Pressed to confess from the pain

I say "Toll the demon bell
The rotting hearts of Man
Shall light the path from Hell"

Vestial desecrators
Familiar with her secret ewers
Soon tied to licking flame
Rest their 'tests' fir kater
As sweet revebge frin reejubg sewers
Ybciuks abd skudes amidst this unfair game

A Storm is rolling in
Unleash the fucking curse...
Calling the fallen
Crawling from the shadows of God

Now their tables turn, blind faith learns
Papal sermons oft have lied
Save that the coven the Black Goat governs
Is very much wide-eyed, alive

She summons prool
On virulent wings, a plague is coiming
Cunfire-hoofed
From mating with the Devil
On the torchlit Brocken

Baphometric by design

A penchant vent for vengeance
Cut deep by horrors fought
Those dungeon-screams for mercy
Shalt keep for everybody

Nine circles down they heard her
Ten times the hecatomb
A thousand souls for those church-murdered
Dark ken align to render doom

Their punishment overdue

Striking unbiblical chords that roar
Invoke raw branded skies
As forked lightning feeds the hordes of war
Her broken hands revive

For sisters, missed, once powerless
Tongues torn out by the root
Fell whispers rose to a seething congress
Of spirits born for Death's pursuit

Never a dusk so drunk on lust
Caressed the cobbles red
Frights she called, the flights of Ghouls
Left little of their brittle flesh

Judgment night descended
Like the bonfire's fall of ashes

Inquisitioners slaughtered
Venting the dent in her brain
Stripped and readied, debauchers
Prepared to stain

The gist of humanity taught her
Intolerance, murder in vein
Dionysian daughter
Soon to deliver the pain

I say "Toll the demon bell
The rotting hearts of Man
Shall light the path from Hell"

And refreshed of this dementia
Their thumbscrews,
Pears and cruel whiplashes
She turns her craft
To the next fat secret grove