

# Cradle of Filth, Lustmord And Wargasm (Lick Of C

An Archangel in bondage  
Bediademed, souled  
With a murder of ravens  
But no less Astarte to behold  
Abandoned by Heaven  
To the dead, dark and past  
Cast her dispersions  
On life's brittle glass

And though her eyes still held fire  
As stonewalls caged the beast  
'Gainst the lassitudes of Death  
She fought but fell to greet  
And midst lies in collusion  
She was martyred to teach  
That divinity and lust  
Are forever forbidden to meet

But I swore that they would  
Before the veil could part our embrace  
Twixt her cold, silent hips I kissed  
And promised Christendom in flames

Gravid with madness  
Like a feculent dirge  
That obsesses the heart  
I am covered by words

To avenge her  
Ebon splendour  
And surrender  
My soul to the dead to achieve  
Prophecies of libidinous scourge  
Horripilation braying o'er carious herds

Vexing nightmares  
And their weak prayers  
To a no one there  
To hinder her decree

To weed the world of their disease

As shadows unblind mine eyes to see  
The meat that is their congregation

How they plead to the skies  
But this is mere foreplay to war

Scar-riddled saffron eyes bleed like the conjugal  
Vestal daughters giving throat to the priest  
A psychopant, the despoiler of faith  
Now His skinless crucifixion feeds a winged diocese

For her interred  
I tore a battle banner from his hide  
Splashed in red goetia  
Hues of Hell and deicide  
So came the night  
Its obsidian light  
Is a master whom disasters  
Suck upon like concubines  
And under black skirts  
That whisper of delight  
Darkseeds near fruition

Darked deeds to marry mine

In Death's bed I have lain  
Paying lip-service to shame  
But for dreaming of thee I regain  
A reason to seek life again

Then we smite the divine  
For our true nature is sin  
To strip tender flesh from these swine  
Like the lick of carnivorous winds

The breath of the storm that begins  
By forcing its Herod tongue in  
The womb of the holy virgin  
To taste of immaculate sin

From temptation's peak we will see  
The world unfurled at last  
Now the wolves of time who stalk mankind  
Shall be as one in grim repast

Commemorating sickle moons  
The pack are poised to reap  
A scythe of white roses in bloom  
Whose twisted thorns will keep  
A crown upon a dead man  
Daylights crucified in sleep  
And lives that hide in scripted lies  
To the memories of a scream

And we shall dance amid the ruin  
As Adam and Evil  
Dizzy at the falling stars  
That burn fiercer in throes of upheaval

If all must we damn for this moment  
Then it shall be so  
For our souls have crossed oceans of time  
To clasp one another more tightly  
Than Death could alone

As Zyklon beats reign to make carrion crawl  
The talons of lust rake a clarion call  
To the lick of carnivorous winds

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