

Cradle of Filth, Scorched Earth Erotics

Sunset, expect
This to be your last with Our vast return
As Death is set
At three sixes where hill-beacons burn
Darkness, undress
Your descending skirts yield a thirsting altar
Blood-red, yet still unfed
Lips distend ending, time to falter
Welcome arms wide and crucified...
The slaughter
Lightening freezes seven
Outtakes from the rape of the world
Sins expelled from Heaven
Now befoul from the bowels of Hell
Where the tragic in theory and practice fell
Last prayers, hang in the air
Each unto their own rag and bonemeal saviours
Strung where crippled vultures dare
Golgotha
Coughs another cross to grave God's failure
Once the forests spired
Nurtured in Nature's heart
Now dread cedars feed the pyres
Need-fires lit for greater harm
As Her children toy with razors
Sightless and deeply scarred
And the moon arose to phase Her
Cracks a grin so wide it hides the stars
And lights Our path
Back through the shattered glass
(We come like drumming thunder
Tides enwreathed in scum and plunder
Kraken-teethed to tear asunder
All those too blind to see...)
Where the tragic in theory and practice meet
Deranged, uncaged
We rage like a plague through this age of greed
Sowers of discord, growing wars to reap
A terrible crop to beat a vicious retreat
Scroched Earth, rebirth
Disinterred in the writhe of the lone survivor
Whose worth is worse than the curse
Of Sardonicus choking on his own saliva
Who shares the last laugh now
Dead wedded fates fulfil their vows ?
Foot in mounth of sacred cows
Facedown in dust and poisoned ground...