

# 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  
Scorched 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 mouth of sacred cows  
Facedown in dust and poisoned ground...