

Cradle of Filth, Unbridled At Dusk

A celebration of the damned
The unfettered few who choose to roam
Sharing more than sexual excess
Sowing more than vexing stones

Favourite haunts of depravation
Where the morning fears to tread
Covenant revere the sullen cain
Strike the tethered liar dead

Dark solstice fever burns in me
Like the tugging of my veins to feed
Ravaging Raven-Lust
Unbridled at dusk