Cradle Of Filth "Coffin Fodder"

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The time has come
To rise again
Freedom lift thy sewered hem
Free from beasts and skewered men

My dreams unroll
Ten thousand fold
Their world will never take me
They will never desecrate my SOUL

The stars I have grasped Are so far lonely constellations And wishing on those stars My spirit bars annihilation

From earthen miseries Hosts of most fell forms of greed Ghosts of pearly gate remissions

Forever haunting me Slit the witch and watch him bleed As with any inquisition

Lying from the start
The preachers piled their craft
Scoffing elder glories
And dying, I depart
To make their sunken hearts
A coffin for their stories

The time is past
The falter when
Freedom slips my sombre pen
And the gates to wolves break open then

My feelings may Seem constant prey But claws no more will rake me Those whores have fled to darker days

Above and beyond I have wronged in my position

But now the winds are strong To soar from Babel's vision

Of cutthroat jealousies

Dock to dock these mongrels breed

Dogs of fogged derision

Pacing, soon to be Back to pack mentality When my killing moon is risen

Trying from the start
These creatures of the dark
Were quaffing morning glories
And dying, I depart
To make their drunken hearts
A coffin for their stories

Innovation in ovation Imagination stirs

Somewhere the dusk is writhing
Red the shore of a roaring sea
And though loved there someone is pining
For waves of blood to run and rescue, me
For waves of blood to rescue me...

The time has come
To rise again
Freedom lift thy sewered hem
Free from beasts and skewered men

My dreams unroll
Ten thousand fold
Their world will never take me
They will never desecrate my sight

Their world will never break me They will never desecrate my soul

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