

## Cradle Of Filth

### "Death, The Great Adventure"

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As far as we can discern, the sole purpose of existence  
is to kindle a light in the darkness of being

Sometimes red curtains fall  
Before the act has headed for the wings  
As on that night disaster crawled out from the stalls...

Suddenly the dark, the thickest Stygian dark  
Pressing on all sides with vertigo  
Running from the quickest in the sickest abyss  
My spirit's lifted by an angel of woe

A dredged up dreadful past  
Drags discordant thoughts my way  
Unforgiven and driven to despair  
I sense the mordant wraith Azazel  
Standing there

Now the vision simmers  
I spy a distant gleam  
Racing ever closer  
Through this persistent dream

And by it's welcome glimmer  
Writhing into sight  
The brutish groping nightmares  
That hide beside the light

Then a roar  
And a voice like a pride of lions  
Thunders from the maw  
In a blackened mass  
The creatures flee  
Screaming bloody murder as  
A shining gateway opens for me

Death, the great adventure

At the peril of my soul  
I welcome death, the great avenger

Spared this awful realm  
Where those who stalk the living haunt the murk  
Untethered pleasures keep them tied to flawed  
Human

I'm floating upwards still, to where the tunnel mouth  
reveals  
Two manticores that ward an ebon door  
I must lean resolve as the luminance dissolves  
And I am thrust headlong into the venomous jaws  
I am in darkness again  
But here accursedness is vastly deeper

Unforgiven and given to torment  
I am nothing  
Grotesque, grotesque, bereft of judgement

This abyss, a void  
Where stripped of all but self  
One must wish to be destroyed

To pass on somewhere else

Beyond this pit of wicked shouts  
Of madness and fallacies  
Aeons I failed to rail my doubts  
Before fear left love saving me

Then a roar  
And a voice like a clash of titans  
Thunders from the maw  
In a seething mass  
The horrors flee  
Screaming bloody murder as  
A shrouded sky opens immensely

Listen!  
What Eden shall arise  
Abundant from the cliffs that stunt hell's  
Redundant cries?

A view of breathtaking beauty  
Unveils, as the sun dispenses perversities

Death, death, the great adventure

For the glory of my soul  
I welcome death, the great avenger

The damaged man revives  
With dawning truth, this morning suits

The world I left abruptly  
In exaltation, I find myself alive  
Near-death to steer a long life led corruptly

The sweet silver chord that keeps me moored  
I know that heaven sent her

From the cold to hold her face again  
I rose from death, the great adventure

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