

Cradle Of Filth "Devil To The Metal"

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Polluting the honesty of Christ with poisoned wine
Laced with lines from the end of time
From the herald and the bugler

High voltage bolts the cellar door
Switch thrown at midnight's peak
To start the heart of a scarlet whore
Gauged infernally

A poetess in night's profane station
Threading lies like silver seas
A seamstress for an amputee nation
Wedded to depravities

Devil to the metal

Diluting the authority of life with sewer brine
Laced with grime from the spiral of time
Wherein spins cruel order

The big hand strokes the Little Horn
Not thrown for charity
To win the sins of the decadent, born
To wage eternally

Passion rides the great unholy
Ipsissimus of love's despair
Her ashen grin would shine, if only
Death would not sit smiling there
Her beauty freezes reason

Like Helen at the reins
Of the rampant horse Apocalypse
On the shore that it was made

Devil to the metal

She fucks at unknown angles
Bleeds her victims to the bone
And in their guts untangled
Casts her runic eyes of stone
She will violate the future

Annihilate the past
Paving way in butcher trades
The red brick road through mankind's arse

Abandon reason, life the veil
Darker seasons are released
Storm crows gather in black masses at the pane

Go to sleep beyond the pale
She is set to murder peace
Rome, Jerusalem and Mecca are aflame

'Under pregnant skies I come alive like Miss Leviathan
Dripping with the ripples of concern
All of heaven's eyes are fixed, as only my desire can
Tear them from the stars I start to burn'

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