Cradle Of Filth "Dirge Inferno"

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Carrion my name
For those who to choose to mouth the curse
A tragic serenade
With Judas in my stride

The Gothic halls of shame Where statues coldly hold no worse Than the murders I reclaim From a dark, forsaken time

Kissing heaven spent He wipes lips free of his heretic discharge Wishing to repent For the brute that ravaged free

In slight hands beauty weeps Conquest's deep methodical screwing Hurt repeatedly Like the world wound at his feet

Dirge Inferno Dirge Inferno

As it is written, damn it So let it be wrung, Dirge Inferno From throats of those in overthrow The past at last has come

A savage bite without respite Pervades the freezing air This winter chill, grist for his mill If tears of joy will blear elsewhere

And church bells drown in the cracks of doom The storms above us hew As lightning runs like bifurcate tongues Deflowering two by two

Hissing malcontent He storms the skies on electric discharge Pissing in contempt On the effigies of the weak Killing all resolve
The great beast simmers, his scarlet women
Spit their vitriol
On the terrified face of peace

Dirge Inferno Dirge Inferno

As it is written, damn it So let it be wrung, Dirge Inferno From throats of those in overthrow The past at last has come

A hell bound heart, the rose and thorn Have locked to hastened blood The moon disrobes to harden droves Of legions pouring

These rivers press, his breath adorns Senates and enemy seats Whilst his power takes in ingratitude The writhing of the weak The writhing of the weak

Wormwood my name
The poisoned star that fell to earth
And blistered free of shame
In the pits of self rebirth

Now those caves become a garret Overseeing endless barracks As the waters turn to claret And the Vatican satins burn

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