

## **Cradle Of Filth "Gilded C"**

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Your misery is worn as a veil  
To hide bewitchment of the ugliest kind  
In place of Eve a bitter parody hails  
Daggers from the swagger of a sodomite's concubine

Gilded cunt  
Oh, you gilded cunt

Your thin pretence overstretched and sickly  
Feigns love and light a long time laid in the grave  
My preference leans to killing you quickly  
Scissored in the gizzard that a heart no more maintains

But I am tied  
To the labyrinth and the beast  
The one way track of eyes  
Black and gray like panzers

Loose your shell, shoot the mouth the gates of Hell  
Have often dropped their jaws about  
Satan's agents are perversions to bear  
Side to side with the diversions you use to guide my  
fingers there

Dirty little soul frigger, dirty little soul frigger  
Dirty little soul frigger, dirty little soul frigger  
Dirty little soul frigger, dirty little soul frigger

Gilded cunt  
Oh, you gilded cunt

Nothing is above you save a boreal light  
That halo paid for by a consummated ring of ice  
And below you, will I see you tonight?  
Glower from your tower built of ivory and spite?

For I am torn  
Between the sheets that keep me borne  
And the teeth of a storm  
That reap then rend my stanzas

Click your heels, three times six

The stars are fixed, may I climb and get you one?  
The palace at Versailles never held your tongue  
Nor did heaven ever weather the crosses that you  
came upon

Dirty little soul frigger, dirty little soul frigger  
Dirty little soul frigger, dirty little soul frigger  
Dirty little soul frigger, dirty little soul frigger

Gilded cunt  
Oh, you gilded cunt

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