

Cradle Of Filth

"God Speed On The Devil's Thunder"

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"This is the moment I go to God"

Burning like derision on the prism of night
Still squirming from the sermon, those determined
parasites
Meant to overpower and bedizen his light
He paced his tower prison with a dissonant appetite
The moon was black

Devil may care
Three times he'd glared before his judges
Darkening there
With a Wormwood mind
And a gullet of poison

Asked
He thought the court a farce
His tongue as sharp as glass
A bastard to the last
This truth assassin...

..tautened his claws at the ruinous cast
Flexing vexation at clerics aghast
In uproar he caused the cross to be masked
And the hex of exile from God's Kingdom passed

Back in the mirror, shattered vanity died
The curse even clearer on the sanity side
Banished from the lavish tracts of paradise
From Heaven's shored poured to the sore divide

The moon was black

Devil may care
Their thunder sundered all his veils
Thickening there
His beligerent pulse
To a sickening crawl

Yes
He'd fostered wickedness

Fed vipers at his breast
Inflicted death's caress
So now to suffer...

He'd burn, discern
That his second turn
Would last for eternity
In reckoning flames

That night his plight marched in demented Parades
O'er a rainbow of black magic scars
The blood ran to fear, turned to torment in spades
Deep in the sleep of this heretic, barred

The nightmares were livid, occultist, depraved
His epiphany struggled to come
But dawn found him there, redemptive, prepared
Like Christ to Golgotha, his face to the sun

All fears were smeared
When Joan had appeared
In a shower of tears
Last vestige of innocence

Yearning for her vision of divinity
Of her miracles and dreamt lyrical deeds

He would meet her at the pyre as the fire kissed
And together they'd climb to God, entwined in bliss

Devil may care
He awed the court with a sworn confession
Quickening there
His radiant death
And acute renewal

Thus
The end was glorious
He went like Jesus trussed
To shadow and to dust
At the stroke of seven

And
With thieves at both his hands
The Reaper of these lands
Wept with holy plans
As he choked to heaven

