

Cradle Of Filth

"Honey and Sulpher"

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Praeclarum

Custodem

Ovium

Lupum

All Saints Day, the taint of rain
Blood and mud and thunder all the same
To those who close their ranks to Gille's men

Bricqueville, Prelati and De Sille
Creatures of the dark creeping up and down the countryside
Little angles out to pastume once again

Torture garden rules of thumb apply
To sacred flesh and the naked eye
Golgothic this erotica
Stinking of honey and worse, sulphur

So black was the magic in this tragical kingdom
The superstitions grew
Wise to the wolves that surprised their children
Gagged in sacks and dragged back to

Tiffauges
It's roads now home to a beautiful stranger
Lifting her veil
Spinning her lies
Tender eyes, never-ending danger

It grows
A rose that chose death for it's bedmuck
Prickles in wait
Thanking her spies
Trickling thighs her only hiccup

And though she walks the forest trails

She's far from innocent or frail
She leads them down the path where darkness dwells

That night is rife with celebration
The tower sings
Where so much foul illumination
Strikes a lighthouse for the things
That slither and slather at the border of the pentagram
Mid sour dreams
A beauty pageant for the gathering damned
Of slaughtered lambs and tortured screams

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So black was the magic in this tragical kingdom
In this castle of loup-garou
When moonstruck veins, inflamed, deranged on
A parcel of victims now tied to

Tiffauges
Engorged on the hordes of the anorexic
Cherubim forced
Naked and blind
A holocaust mind designed their exit

A libertine so grim
Sometimes tore them limb from limb
Slitting their throats
Pissing on graves
Jesus save but the devil made him

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