

## **Cradle Of Filth** **"Honey And Sulphur"**

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So potent, was the star under which I was born, That I  
have done what no one in the world has done, Nor can  
ever do.

Praeclarum  
Custodem  
Ovium  
Lupum

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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  
Brittle angels out to pasture once again

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

So black was the magic in this tragical kingdom  
That the superstitious 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 bedmunk  
Prickles in wait, thanking her spies  
Trickling thighs her only hiccup.

And though she walks the forest trails  
She's far from Perrault's faerytales.  
She leads them down the path where darkness dwells.  
That night is rife with celebration, The tower sings  
With 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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(Torture garden rules of thumb apply)  
To sacred flesh and the naked eye  
(To sacred flesh and the naked eye)  
Golgothic this erotica  
(Golgothic this erotica)  
Stinking of honey and worse, sulphur.

So black was the magic in this tragical kingdom  
In this castle of loop-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 saves but the devil made him

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