

## **Cradle Of Filth**

# **"One Foul Step from the Abyss"**

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The feast of fools, 1308  
As January slipped into the grip of winter  
A leather leash tightened  
'Round the throat of fate, fate, fate, fate

Amidst the flock, disease and dementia  
Night was blighted more than ever before  
With screams of lust and obscene adventure  
And scenes of raw debauch

The darkness was aroused with every kiss  
And all who fell under it's spell  
Were one foul step from the abyss  
One foul step from the abyss, one foul step

Sacred village there in all hallows fair  
Feared the templars and their Queen  
For Lilith compared to a royal nightmare  
When she steered their tempestuous  
Fever-dreams

The beast was loose and beauty party  
To the horrors of this sonorous whore  
A seducer, Medusa, a frozen Hecate  
Cloned, cloned, coned, cloned

Stealing seed, here needs were like a cancer  
Growing stronger with each whimpering dog  
Knelt before her, thirteen necromancers  
Called from desert sands to this land of opportunity

The darkness was aroused with every kiss  
And all who fell under its spell  
Were one foul step from the abyss  
One foul step from the abyss, one foul step

Love was drugged by a copious vendor  
A train of servants for here decadent games  
Purring on rugs in fugs of opiate splendor  
Vain Lilith spread her wings again

Stars, they gasped and comets in ovation

Lit the towers, very presence declared  
They watch with lust, despair and veneration  
For the Goddess scatted naked there

The painted eye of the storm

Plagues of sin, played to win  
All hearts and souls in thrall  
To her embraced, her fatal whims  
Desire meant to conquer all

Until that fateful day, 1308  
With a force blessed by the Kings of Hate  
Facing winter gray to disintegrate  
Once noble halls

The villagers in a belligerent horde  
Fraught daughters fanning flames  
Rose like pillars for their militant Lord  
Thoughts of slaughter haranguing hot veins

They assailed the fort beyond the woods  
As the howling broke on the stroke of midnight  
Many lost their sanity at what they  
Fought, fought, fought, fought

Amidst those walls, creed of dementia  
Annihilated by sheer weight of the surge  
Put to the sword, freed from their calenture  
The great estate was given straight to the church

Of Lilith, no limb ranked amongst the dead  
But that she drank the blood of many men  
That dark night, it was said

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